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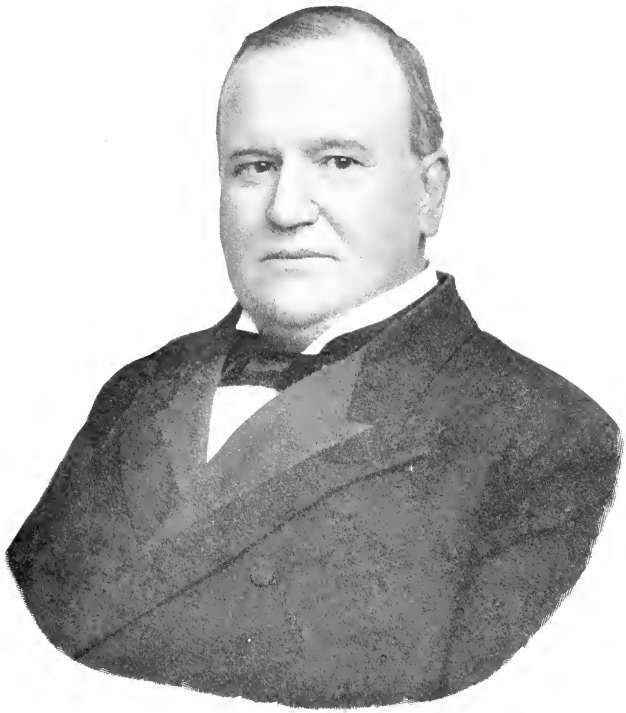

O. O. Bradley

Stories and
Speeches of

William O. Bradley

with
Biographical Sketch
By M. H. Thatcher

TRANSYLVANIA PRINTING COMPANY,
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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

In publishing this volume of "Stories and Speeches" of Senator William O. Bradley, we desire to extend thanks to Hon. M. H. Thatcher, former Governor of the Canal Zone, and the intimate friend of the Senator, for the biographical sketch herewith included, as well as for his compilation of the speeches of Senator Bradley herewith published, and for suggesting their inclusion; also, for other very valuable work rendered in relation to this undertaking and in reading and revising the proofs. We also desire to extend thanks to Mr. Arthur B. Krock, of the Louisville Courier-Journal for valuable services rendered by him to Senator Bradley, shortly before the latter's death, in helping to put the stories in shape for publication. In these thanks the members of the Senator's family most earnestly join.

The members of the Senator's family have felt some diffidence in permitting the publication of these stories for the reason that, with characteristic Bradley candor, the real names of the actors are called, and the stories are told without reservations; and there has been expressed the fear that the feelings of some of the relatives and descendants of some of those who figure in these portrayals might be wounded. We believe, however, that this will not be the case. Some of the ancestors and kinsmen of the chief officers of the publishing company are so named herein, but we know that Senator Bradley loved these men—and, in fact, loved all the sturdy Kentuckians about whom these stories and reminiscences cluster—and what is herein portrayed, though true to life, is portrayed in the spirit of love and humor, and never otherwise. Hence, we do not believe any umbrage can be taken on this score. Moreover, we believe that the frankness with which the stories are told will greatly add to their value. For the most part they refer to Kentucky's yesterday, when the weaknesses and dissipations of men were more open than now, and when candor—always a Kentucky characteristic—went far to redeem those faults which grew up chiefly from the spirit of good fellowship. All this Senator Bradley knew and appreciated, and as he lived through that day as one of its strongest characters, these stories of his observation and experience became part and parcel of his life, and were ever retained in his wonderful memory. It was natural, therefore, that with his remarkable story-telling gifts, and with his recollection of all these humorous incidents, he should desire to record and preserve them. It had been his hope to see the collection in print during his life-time, but the

constant exactions of public duty delayed the completion of the work, and the hope was denied him. The publication is now being made in accordance with his wishes.

Confident that the collection of stories and speeches of so notable a man as William O. Bradley will be widely read and appreciated, and that it shall prove a unique, most valuable, and popular contribution to the literature of the day, and of the days to come, we submit same to the reading public.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Lexington, Kentucky, November, 1916.

William O. Bradley

O wondrous man of magic, golden tongue,
Who, looking ever sunward, didst uprise
And pierce the glory of our civic skies,—
How shall the story of thy life be sung
To keep thine honored name forever young?
How shall we term that dauntless enterprise
Which, in Mischance, finds Fortune's skilled disguise,
And gains and holds the ladder's highest rung?

No song thou need'st: thy deeds have wrought thy fame
And launched it on its journey through the years;
Death only raised and glorified thy name,—
Thine youth eterne began amidst our tears.
By gifts divine the heights thou didst ascend,
And Time shall know and claim thee to the end.

The writer has been asked to prepare a sketch of the life and labors of William O. Bradley, to be published with this volume of his stories and speeches. While deeply appreciative of this honor, and while the work is one of love, the writer is, nevertheless, very diffident in undertaking it. Senator Bradley was made up of such strong and unusual elements that only the pen of a Plutarch could do him justice. It goes without saying, however, that the poor, unaided boy who could mount to the high estate of eminent lawyer, orator, successful political leader, Governor and United States Senator, in the face of the heaviest and most adverse political odds, was no ordinary character.

There is nothing more fascinating than the study of biography; nothing more interesting than to upward trace the career of great-souled men and women who have struggled from the valleys to the summits. The great personages of history are the stars which up-light the night of the past; and they serve the necessary purpose of guiding the present and future generations along the paths of worthy endeavor. Extinguish these lights, eliminate all history of these men and women, and the world would be immediately plunged into darkness and despair. Character has been variously defined, but there is certainly one element which enters into its composition which is its surest proof. It is the element of endurance; it is strength, force; and, having strength and force, it possesses the eternal quality. It is the

law of effort that those who, on this plane of struggle, strenuously strive for right or for wrong, shall live long after they have ceased to labor; and if their labors have been for the right they shall be loved and revered as long as the flower of gratitude blooms in the human heart. What man has done, man may do again. The noblest inspiration must come from the contemplation of the heroic deeds of our fellow beings; and it is of the highest importance that the lives of those who have driven the chariots of progress be faithfully portrayed to the multitude to the end that the multitude may be informed and inspired. Each nation has its history, its heroes, and its historical characters. A few there are, like Shakespeare and Goethe and the prophets of old, who are universal in their influence. They were not of a single country, but were of all the race; and because they spoke fundamentally to our human sympathy and need, by all are they understood. Then, there are others, like Washington and Lincoln, who though identified with great movements, national and local in their immediate scope, yet spoke and wrought mightily for the principles of liberty and justice, and pointed the way to those ultimate conditions of liberty and justice, which, in the course of ages, the race hopes to reach. These, too, with the unfolding of time, shall make their universal appeal. These, too, were, and are, the brothers of all mankind; and all mankind shall come to recognize them as such.

The skill of the biographer depends on at least three essentials, viz.: First, a sufficient statement of details of the subject's life and labors to properly set forth his character and achievements; second, the proper deduction from these facts and their just interpretation; and, third, the ability to present all in such a way as to fix and hold the attention of the reader.

The present sketch, however, is not ambitious. Moreover, in this volume there is not room for an extended narrative. Only the more essential facts of Senator Bradley's life, together with some general comment and deduction, can be given; and these follow.

William O'Connell Bradley was born in Garrard County, Kentucky, near Lancaster, on March 18, 1847, and died in Washington, D. C., on May 23, 1914. He was of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was Robert M. Bradley, and his mother was Ellen (Totten) Bradley. The mother was a woman of fine intelligence and capacity. Under the general law of maternal transmission this could not have been otherwise; for it seems to be pretty well conceded that weak fathers may sometimes have strong sons, but strong sons, rarely, if ever, are the children of weak mothers. But so far as strength of character and unusual intelligence were concerned, Senator Bradley was fortunate as

to both father and mother. The father was a man of great force, intellect, and gifts of speech; and though altogether "self-made," was one of the strongest men Kentucky has produced. He was the son of Isaac Bradley, a sturdy character who had come to Kentucky from Virginia in the earlier days, and his wife, the mother of R. M. Bradley, was Miss Rachel Bretner, a Kentucky woman noted for her beauty. During the period of his practice, R. M. Bradley was considered the leading lawyer in matters of land title in the State of Kentucky. Though eminently successful as a lawyer he was a whole-souled, generous man; and, starting in life poor, and having a large family to support, he never accumulated fortune. Hence, young Bradley, the only son, received from his father no wealth, nor any of the aids which wealth can give; but he received a richer legacy in the gifts of intellect and speech which descended to him. He was educated in the local schools, and never attended college. In fact, in all essential matters he was also a "self-made" man. When he was fourteen years of age, at the outbreak of the Civil War, fired with patriotic zeal, he left school and twice ran away from home, joining the Union Army each time; but, on account of his extreme youthfulness, he was taken by his father from the Army and brought home. In 1861 he was a page in the Lower House of the Kentucky Legislature. Here, he was seized with the ambition for a public career. When only eighteen years of age, because of his unusual precocity, knowledge of the law, and forensic ability, a special Act of the Kentucky Legislature was passed, granting him license to practice law upon the condition that he be found competent by two circuit judges of the State; with the result that he was found thus competent, and was immediately licensed. He at once entered upon the practice of his profession, and straightway gained prominence as a lawyer; and, within a short time, he was, both in popular estimation and in fact, one of the leaders of the bar in Kentucky. In the course of his long practice he appeared in the State and Federal Courts of Kentucky, as well as in the Federal Courts of other States, and in the Supreme Court of the United States.

In addition to William O. Bradley the children of the Bradley household were as follows: Mary E. Bradley, who married S. H. Newell; Emily Frances Bradley, who died in infancy; Almira Pierce Bradley, who married C. B. Bacheller; Margaret Ellen Bradley, who married Dr. W. F. Scott; Catherine Virginia Bradley, who married Colonel Thomas Z. Morrow (parents of Edwin P. Morrow); James Bradley, who died in infancy; Maria Josephine Bradley, who was twice married, first to Captain F. M. Wolford, and next to Dr. Nelson Mays.

In 1867 Mr. Bradley married Miss Margaret Robertson Duncan, of Lancaster, Kentucky, and of this union two children were born, a son, George Robertson Bradley, who died about the age of twenty-four, and a daughter, Christine, now the wife of Dr. John G. South, of Frankfort, Kentucky. The wife and daughter survive the Senator and reside at Frankfort. In this connection, we might say, no father ever more completely idolized his children than did he, and the death of his son in the pride and vigor of young manhood with the prospect of distinction before him, was a severe blow for the father, from the sorrow of which he never fully recovered; though, if that were possible, after the son's death, to the close of his own life, he lavished an even greater affection upon the daughter.

In 1870 he was elected County Attorney of Garrard county, and was the Republican candidate for Congress for the district wherein Garrard county was located, in 1872 and 1876. The district was overwhelmingly Democratic, and he, of course, failed of election; but his races were noteworthy and attracted the attention of the entire country.

He was unanimously elected delegate from the State-at-large for Kentucky to seven Republican National Conventions, and was three times elected chairman of the Kentucky delegation in National conventions. He was also thrice elected a member of the Republican National Committee. At the famous Republican National Convention of 1880, he was one of the immortal three hundred and six who voted for General Grant for the Presidential nomination, and greatly distinguished himself in seconding the nomination of Grant, delivering a speech that is unsurpassed in convention oratory. He was chosen by President Arthur to institute suits against the star-route fraud contractors, but declined the appointment.

In 1884 he succeeded in defeating the motion to curtail Southern representation in Republican National Conventions. In 1887 he made the race as Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky, and reduced the normal Democratic majority of 47,000 of the previous year to less than 17,000, his opponent being Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, the old Confederate "war horse."

In 1888, at the Republican National Convention, he received 105 votes for the Vice-Presidential nomination. In 1889 President Harrison appointed him Minister to Korea, but he declined the honor. In 1895 he was again the unanimous nominee of the Republican party for Governor, and after a remarkable campaign he was elected by a plurality of 8,912 votes; and the entire Republican State ticket was

elected with him. This was the first time that Kentucky ever went Republican.

In 1896 he was indorsed for President by the Kentucky State Republican Convention.

In 1904 he seconded the nomination of Roosevelt for President, again making a distinguished contribution to convention oratory.

Four times prior to 1908 he was his party's nominee for United States Senator. In 1908 he was the unanimous nominee of his party for United States Senator, as determined by legislative caucus; and, in February, 1908, after a memorable fight, he was elected Senator, although the General Assembly was Democratic on joint ballot by a majority of eight votes.

After his election as Governor he received the degree of LL. D. from Kentucky University.

In addition to his convention speeches already mentioned, he delivered addresses and orations on many notable occasions; among them being the dedicatory address at the Kentucky Building at the Columbian Exposition (World's Fair) at Chicago, in 1893; the address at the unveiling and dedication of the Jefferson statue in Louisville in 1902; the address at the dedication of the Kentucky monument at Chickamauga Park in 1898; the address at the launching of the battleship "Kentucky" in 1898; and the oration at the dedication of the new capitol building at Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1910.

In his many campaigns in Kentucky, Senator Bradley came to know its people almost as well as he knew the people of his home county, Garrard. His political adversaries join in the statement that, on the stump, he was without a rival. He never forgot a name or face, nor any circumstance or transaction which signalized any meeting with any person, and this great faculty was of inestimable benefit to him, and served to increase his wonderful power with the people. He knew all by their first names, or nicknames, and thousands of the humblest voters in the most remote sections of the State felt that they knew him as intimately and as sympathetically as if he had been their closest and most generous neighbor all their lives. He was affectionately known to thousands of his followers and admirers as "Billy O. B.," and throughout his life he wore a white Alpine hat, which came to be known far and wide as the "Bradley hat." Like the white plume of Navarre wherever it moved there was leadership and battle.

Kentucky with its wealth of history, tradition and sentiment; with its wonderful beauty of mountain, "Blue-grass" and "Pennyrile;" with its fine, pure strains of blood throughout its borders—has always

been, and is today, a land of orators. They have glorified, and yet glorify, the pulpit, the bar, and the hustings, and this without regard to creed, section, or political party, and one of the greatest of all these was William O. Bradley.

Not only was Senator Bradley an orator of unusual power, but he was, also, in the best sense of the term, a fighter. He seemed to love battle, and never hesitated to accept it when offered; and in any cause he undertook was always on the aggressive, never on the defensive. Yet he was in no wise contentious. He believed this to be a world of struggle; and while he did not seek conflict, he regarded a certain amount of it as necessarily attendant upon the efforts of any one who sought to accomplish anything; and he believed, moreover, that a certain amount of conflict, fairly waged, gave the temper and strength to character which nothing else could give. He believed that achievement was the great joy-giver. It was inevitable that some political enemies should be raised up against him; but even these paid tribute to his remarkable powers of eloquence, to his political sagacity and leadership, to his splendid fighting qualities, to his unmatched loyalty to friends, to his love of State and Nation, and to his openness and candor. In this connection it may truly be said of him—in fact, he said this of himself—that he never turned his back on friend or foe, for he loved the one, and feared not the other. Yet, though he was a man of strong emotions, feeling most keenly any injustice done him, and was accounted a good "hater," he had the capacity for forgiveness, and often surprised both friends and foes by forgiving those he believed had done him grave injury, and supporting them for office or appointment. In fact, he was too good a political general not to know that there were times when, to the success of a party or of a cause, these must be subordinated every personal consideration or sentiment.

Now, while this is intended to be a nonpartisan sketch, it is indispensable that some fuller reference be made to Senator Bradley's political career, and to his relationship to the party of which he was so long the leader in his greatly beloved State. The greater portion of his life was passed in intense political activity. He loved the political game. He was a boy when the Civil War broke upon the country, and his youthful imagination was inspired by love of country; and thus resulted his efforts to join the Union Army. During the stirring period of the war, Kentucky, as a border State, while loyal to the Union Government, nevertheless furnished thousands of soldiers to both armies. The State was torn with dissension and fratricidal strife. Young Bradley, keen of mind, precocious, restless, fearless, and

ambitious, formed his own views upon the important issues, and it was but natural that, with his remarkable powers of speech and leadership, he should plunge headlong into the political sea; and that, in one way or another, he should remain there until the day of his death.

A number of times during his long career, he forswore politics, but without avail. He as inevitably went back into the game as the duck goes into the water. With his gifts any other course was impossible. No one could take his place, and the call of friends and party—not to speak of the call of his own nature—was too strong for him to resist.

For more than forty years he was on the firing line, fighting the battles of the Republican party, and was the party's chieftain during the most of this period. His leadership, which lasted until his death, for length and effectiveness, stands unrivalled in Kentucky since the days of Clay. No man, in fact, has ever had in the State so large and loyal a following as had he; and it was made up, not only of the rank and file of his own party, but, as well, of thousands of others who held opposing political convictions. Though others of fine ability gave effective co-operation, the fact that Kentucky has several times elected Republican Governors and United States Senators is chiefly due to his splendid energy, eloquence, and leadership. He was the father of the Republican party in Kentucky; the party's most ardent champion, its most effective, most trusted, and best loved leader in the South. He bore aloft the party's banner during the dark days following the close of the Civil War, when to be a Republican in the South meant proscription and persecution. During his long period of leadership he fought the battles of the Republican party with dauntless zeal and courage, and with unrivalled skill. For more than a generation, in every important campaign, his voice was heard in behalf of its principles throughout the length and breadth of Kentucky; and, also, in other States, for he was ever in demand. His speech and personality were always worth thousands of votes to his cause. He was the party's master figure in State conventions of Kentucky throughout the period of his active political career, and he had the power to thrill and inspire them at will. Likewise, he was also a commanding power in the National Conventions of his party, and in them he was not only influential from the nation-wide standpoint, but was, moreover, the special and successful spokesman of the party in the South. Wherever he moved he raised up Republican majorities. It was given him to see his planting and sowing in the political field grow unto golden harvest. In Kentucky he saw his party, under his leadership, grow from an inconsequential

and despised minority to a powerful, effective political organization, winning battle after battle, and achieving triumph after triumph.

As Governor of Kentucky he was a splendid executive. He gave to the State one of the best and most economical administrations it has ever known. He was sternly opposed to mob law, dealt with it firmly and skillfully, and his utterances on the subject are among the finest, most effective the country has known. His strong nature, powerful convictions, firm courage, wide experience, and thorough knowledge of human nature, splendidly fitted him for executive achievements.

The negroes were his absolute and devoted friends. He never played the demagogue with them, but always spoke to them with perfect candor and helpfulness. He always had the courage to give the negro a square deal and to defend him in his legitimate rights whenever and however assailed. An example of this was his pardon, while Governor, of the Simpson county negro, Dinning, whose indictment grew out of his defense of his home from the attack of a white mob. The negroes never had a better friend than William O. Bradley, and this they fully understood and appreciated. No wonder it is that they worship his memory.

As United States Senator he labored earnestly and effectively for his State and constituents; and, more than this, he ever sought to advance the interests of our common country. While he was a partisan, in the sense that he earnestly believed that the domination of the principles of the Republican party was necessary for the prosperity and progress of the Nation, he was first of all a patriot. None was more ready than he to cast aside all partisan considerations wherever and whenever the welfare of State or Nation so required. His patriotism was of the highest, most ardent character; and he loved his State with all the passionate devotion that the noblest son bears for the noblest mother.

Reference has been made to his candor. No man more ardently hated hypocrisy and cant than did he. No one ever had to guess where he stood on any question. No man ever was clearer, or more courageous in his convictions. Physically, morally, and mentally his courage was of the highest character. He was absolutely unafraid. He was ever ready to express himself publicly or privately; and his conversation, in forcefulness, strong sense, and striking phraseology was truly Johnsonesque. Had Boswell been his associate what a wonderful biography the world would have of him. He had faults to be sure—for he was intensely human—but they were born of his energy, quick sympathies, and ardor, and sprang not from malice or weakness. On a certain occasion several years ago, the writer said to him, "Sen-

ator, I hope some day to write the story of your life"; whereupon, he turned, and, looking the writer squarely in the eye in that intense and wonderful Bradley way, responded: "If you do, you must paint me as Cromwell wished to be painted, warts, and all." But in the light of his genius with what indistinctness do the "warts" appear.

Senator Bradley was the prince of story-tellers. He had an inexhaustible stock which had come to him during the busy years of his life, both through experience and absorption, and in the marvelous quiver of his memory they were ever held ready for instant use. With true Lincolnesque aptness he always had a story to illustrate his point, and with voice and gesture he gave these stories life. When he grew to manhood, and during the fullest vigor of his career, story-telling was, perhaps, a greater art in Kentucky and in public life generally than it is today. When opportunity permitted he could sit for hours, telling in inimitable fashion, anecdote after anecdote, or relating incident after incident, taken from chapters of his busy life and observation, and he employed these stories with striking effect in his public speeches.

This is an unusual collection of stories; one of the most interesting and distinctly "human" collection ever published. They constitute but a portion of the inexhaustible stock which Senator Bradley held in store. They are of the Kentucky soil. The language quoted is sometimes a little blunt and picturesque, and is of undoubted Kentucky flavor. In the recital of these incidents and anecdotes the Senator has, in a purely unconscious way, sought to hold the "mirror up to nature," and has given us striking portrait-glimpses of some of those who have most prominently figured in the social and political life of the State.

But the stories must necessarily lose much in the printing, and so must his speeches; though the latter, because of the genius and eloquence which they possess, have within them the spirit of immortality. They shall live as long as oratory is regarded with favor among men; they shall live as long as patriotism is revered. The speech seconding the nomination of Grant in 1880 is unsurpassed in convention oratory, and by many of the most competent critics it is regarded as being unrivalled. Great in thought, sentiment, and music of expression, its superb delivery increased its power more than can be told. The Chickamauga address breathed the noblest spirit of patriotism and reconciliation. It was one of the first great utterances in the country indicating the true basis for a complete reconciliation between the North and South. In it he urged forgetfulness of the passions and prejudices of the Civil War, and love and reverence by all for the

heroism and glory common to the participants on both sides of that awful conflict. It is a classic of patriotism, and should be in every history and child's reader in the nation.

The sentence taken from his message as Governor, and appearing on the base of the Kentucky shaft at Chickamauga is, without doubt, the finest inscription appearing on any American battle monument, and is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It is worthy of constant repetition and perpetual remembrance:

> "As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and preserved every star in the Nation's flag."

It was one of the nearest hopes of his heart to see the complete reconciliation of the North and South, and he sought in every way, and upon every occasion, to do all within his power to soften the bitterness resulting from the Civil War; and his speeches constantly breathed this spirit. He lived to see this hope essentially realized.

Another master-piece of oratory was the speech at the launching of the battleship "Kentucky." No finer, nor loftier tribute will ever be paid to his beloved Commonwealth than that paid by him on that occasion. And his speech dedicating the Kentucky building at the World's Fair is of the same high strain.

Senator Bradley was selected as the orator of the day upon the formal dedication of the new capitol building at Frankfort on June 2nd, 1910, and this, too, was a splendid effort, epitomizing the history and the glory of Kentucky, and justly interpreting the spirit of its people and institutions. And, so it was, that whatever subject he touched he illuminated and glorified. He was "of imagination all compact," and had, in the largest measure, every attribute of the orator. At the same time his life had been cast along such practical lines, and he possessed such practical characteristics, that he was, also, a man of affairs.

William O. Bradley was the prince of debaters. In the field of controversy his talents shown with unmatched brilliancy. It is to be doubted whether any Republican in the whole nation had as many joint debates as had he during his long political career, and he met every worthy adversary. His wide information and experience, his aggressive character, his knowledge of human nature, his common sense, his power of forceful, logical statement, his ready wit, his voice and manner—not to speak of his powers of eloquence—all con-

tributed to make him an unrivalled debater. He knew how to give and take, and he loved the rigor of the game.

Some of the statements of Hon. Ollie M. James, senior Senator from Kentucky, in his beautiful and generous tribute at the Bradley Memorial Service in the United States Senate on June 24th, 1916, coming, as they did, from a political opponent, and from a man who, himself, is possessed of great gifts of eloquence and leadership, and who stands high in the councils of his party, and who, also, is thoroughly conversant with the history of Kentucky politics,—are well worth quoting in this, and related, connections:

> "He (referring to Senator Bradley) had more joint debates with Democrats in Kentucky than any other Republican that ever lived in our State. His party was proud of him, and always, with confidence, they gathered to hear him debate with any of the leading Democrats of the State, for they felt certain they had a champion worthy of any foe, and in this they were never disappointed. He lifted the Republican party in Kentucky, in almost hopeless minority, to victory in the State. As a lawyer, Senator Bradley ranked with the very first in the whole country. He was engaged in many of the great legal battles in our State. Before a jury, in advocacy of a cause, he was wonderfully magnetic and powerful."
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> "In addresses upon various subjects he displayed great learning and brilliancy. His address dedicating the Kentucky monument on the Chicamauga battlefield in 1898 will rank with the world's greatest orations."
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> "Senator Bradley easily ranked as the South's greatest Republican. He numbered his friends among the men of all parties. In the discharge of his official duties he willingly served all the people. He was non-partisan in his service to the people of Kentucky."
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> * * * * * * *
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> "Death comes to us all, but it could not have touched a citizen of Kentucky that would have brought more sorrow and tears than when Senator Bradley was summoned to the Court of God. Senator Bradley was a stalwart Republican of the old school; he was an orator with but few equals; a great lawyer, a matchless debater. He is greatly missed and long loved and remembered in thousands of Kentucky homes."
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> * * * * * * *

On this occasion Senator Bradley's successor, Senator Beckham, said:

> "Since coming to the Senate as the successor of Senator Bradley, I have seen that his popularity is well established,

and that his death caused genuine sorrow here, as it did in Kentucky. An acquaintance of twenty years enabled me to appreciate his ability as a leader of men. Through the charm and personality of his manner he achieved success.

"Our political differences were wide and fundamental. But these did not interfere with friendly personal relations between us. He was a foe worthy of the best; he knew how to deal blows, and he knew well how to receive them. Thousands of his friends and admirers in Kentucky join us today in honoring his memory."

It may be well, also, to quote the following from the address of Senator Bradley's colleague and intimate friend, Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, delivered on the same occasion:

"Perhaps the most accurate measure of the personality and character of a public man is found in the opinion of him held by his political opponents or adversaries. In the rough-and-tumble game of politics, in the no-quarter features of political warfare, especially as carried on in the so-called border States occupying the line which once separated the North from the South, the man who can go through a political campaign and retain the personal friendship of his political foes, is an unusual character. The man who can battle politically for a lifetime and go down to his grave beloved personally, alike by friend and foe, is a marvel.

"Such a man was our former beloved colleague, William O'Connell Bradley, who died in this city at his post of duty on Saturday evening, May 23, 1914, and in whose memory we to-day devote this session of the United States Senate.

"He was a noted political campaigner, and his services on the stump extended beyond the limits of his own State in many national campaigns. The late Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, once said that he considered Senator Bradley the best campaign orator he ever heard. Loyalty to his friends was one of his predominating qualities, and he was one of the famous 306 delegates who voted for thirty-seven ballots for General U. S. Grant for a third term in 1880.

"In our personal association with Senator Bradley during the five years and two months he was with us in this body, we, who served with him, recall the predominating traits of his character, adherence to principle, loyalty to friends, generous and genial treatment of his colleagues regardless of party.

"For every employee of the Capitol, no matter how humble his position, he invariably had a cheering word of salutation and a friendly smile.

"He was generous, not for the rewards of generosity, but because that was a fundamental trait of his being. Failing

in one instance in getting a claim through Congress for a constituent, he paid the claim himself.

"And so he lived his life—adamantine in devotion to what he considered the correct principles of government; gentle and yielding in his touch with humanity."

Reference is herein made to Senator Bradley's strong and unwavering friendships; and to the fact that the roster of his friends included those of all political affiliations. He was a strong man, and he attracted strong men. Hence, it was that men like Senator Jo. C. S. Blackburn and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, whom he had often met in debate, Col. Henry Watterson, and many other distinguished leaders of the Democratic party, were numbered among his warmest friends. There was nothing which he would not have gladly done to have personally served them; and there was nothing which any of them could have personally done for him that would not have been done with equal pleasure; and, in fact, such pleasant reciprocal service often obtained between them.

At the time of Senator Bradley's death Col. Watterson, America's most brilliant editor, and long the intimate friend of Senator Bradley, paid to the latter, in the Courier-Journal of May 26, 1914, the following beatiful tribute:

"William O'Connell Bradley was the most affectionate and kindliest of men in his familiar intercourse. He was sprung from a branch of the great line which gave Ireland its mightiest orator, and he possessed many of the characteristics of that extraordinary man. Certainly, in persuasive powers no Kentuckian of his time could approach him before an audience of Kentuckians. He had eloquence and humor, and common sense. That he became Governor and Senator —the two most coveted gifts the people have to bestow—in a State where his party was in a woful minority, attests his genius and resources as a party leader. He lived through trying times and shone undimmed to the last. The Courier-Journal, which entertains for his talents admiration, and for his personality hearty good will, tenders his family the assurance of its profound sympathy and sorrow."

The writer has been unable to find any record bearing upon Col. Watterson's suggestion of kinship between William O'Connell Bradley and Daniel O'Connell; but Col. Watterson based his statement upon the fact that Senator Bradley once told him that his, Bradley's, grandfather, was a cousin of the illustrious Irish patriot.

Any sketch of the life of Senator Bradley would be incomplete if it failed to make reference to his famous debate with General P. Wat. Hardin at the old Auditorium in Louisville, on the evening of September 19, 1895, when the former was the Republican nominee for

Governor, and the latter, a skilled debater, popular leader, and splendid gentleman, was the Democratic nominee. General Hardin had the disadvantage of being avowedly for "free silver," that issue being then acute, and a substantial element of his party being radically opposed to "16 to 1;" whereas, the platform on which he had been nominated declared for "sound money." Bradley was nominated on a "sound money" platform, and declared himself as being in thorough accord therewith. The campaign, which, because of the issues involved, and the character and ability of the leaders engaged in it, became historic, was inaugurated by this debate. Hardin opened, Bradley replied, and Hardin closed. Bradley, in his reply, with telling effect, made use of the irreconcilable difference on this important question between his opponent's personal attitude and the platform on which his opponent stood; and he brought into full play all of his splendid powers of skill and eloquence. The prepared speeches of the two champions were printed in the newspapers at the time, but Bradley's was in large measure extemporaneous because of the issues raised by his opponent, and his printed speech, in no sense, is equal to the one actually delivered. Gen. Hardin made the suggestion of "carbetbagger" and "carpetbaggism" in referring to Bradley and his party; and Bradley responded to this charge in the most powerful and effective manner. There is included with the "Speeches" in this volume a quotation from his reply in answer to this charge.

It has always been claimed for Bradley that on this occasion he achieved a great oratorical triumph, and won by his speech the Governorship of Kentucky. To say the least, this speech started a great tide in favor of his ticket, which, with the skillful campaign that followed, both in speaking and in organization, culminated in the striking victory for that ticket at the polls in the November ensuing.

It was often said of William O. Bradley that he never made a mistake while on his feet; that is to say, he always said the right thing while speaking to an audience. This was eminently true of him. Naturally, he was a splendid impromptu speaker, and his thought was always unusually clear and rapid when he was "on his feet." In his stump speeches his wit and humor greatly re-inforced his logic and eloquence. He always had the power to raise his audiences to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He had a splendid gift of repartee, and the fellow who "butted in" or "interrupted" was usually "squelched" for life.

Of the more notable speeches of Senator Bradley in the United States Senate, we may mention those delivered on the tariff, Panama

Canal tolls question, New Mexico and Arizona Statehood question, and his defense of Kentucky from aspersions cast upon her because of "night rider" troubles. His speech on the tolls question was pronounced by many Senators and publicists to be the ablest delivered in either House on either side of the subject.

As a lawyer Senator Bradley was equally at home before court or jury. Before a jury he was well nigh invincible. No man could beat him before "twelve men in a box." He was, as a matter of course, counsel in many of the most important cases of the country, and practiced in both civil and criminal branches, and in both State and Federal courts, with equal skill and success.

In business matters—both public and private—no man was more scrupulous than Senator Bradley. He was the slave of duty and abhorred debt and obligation. He conducted his business transactions in the most accurate manner, and always had them in hand. While he was generous with his money and his earnings were considerable, because of his professional ability, he did not amass a fortune, though he possessed at his death a comfortable estate. In his business undertakings he was prudent, and regarded material independence as a necessary prerequisite to useful public service. This feature of his life should bring home its lesson to those who are prone to regard genius and business capacity as being wholly incompatible.

An instance of his sterling honesty may be here related. After the expiration of his term as Governor, he was offered by one of the largest railroad organizations of the west, the position of chief counsel with offices on the west coast, and a salary of about $25,000 a year. He did not want to leave Kentucky, but he greatly needed the money, as the Governorship had brought him financial loss, and he wished to retrieve. However, it transpired, in the course of the negotiations that the railroad company would desire him, in addition to performing the duties of counsel, to exercise, on occasion, his political influence in matters affecting the company's interest; whereupon, he denounced the suggestion, and turned down the offer of employment.

Senator Bradley was a Christian believer, but not a religionist. When he was about fourteen years old, he was a member of the Baptist Church. Afterwards, as a young man, upon his marriage, he united with his wife's church, the Presbyterian. Throughout his life he was a student of the Bible. Like many other strong-willed men who fight their way upward, it may be said of him, that he had a religion of his own, broad and tolerant, influenced more or less by his

earlier religious associations, but largely born out of his own struggles, experiences, and meditations.

Senator Bradley had a musical side in his make-up. He was self-trained in everything he did, and while he had no sort of musical education, he had a fine ear for melody, and in his younger days was skillful with the guitar, and sang in splendid voice. It was not often in later years that he could be induced to sing and play, but sometimes he did so; as, for instance, when he and that other rare genius, the "Apostle of Sunshine," Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, were thrown together at Washington in the most intimate relationship. They were from sister States, served together in the Senate, possessed a great many characteristics and sentiments in common, and their friendship was most beautiful. They were bosom companions, and sometimes, when worn with Senatorial cares, and opportunity permitted, of evenings in Washington they would meet in some congenial place, and Taylor with his "fiddle," and Bradley with his guitar, with their old time songs, would make the welkin ring. These were rare occasions, and evoked a great deal of pleasant and interesting comment from the newspapers of the country. Thus, there was given a glimpse of the "human" side of these two wonderfully "human" men.

Senator Bradley was a man of commanding and engaging personalty. He was in the highest degree, magnetic. In form and feature he resembled his mother. He was stockily built, and, until affliction impaired his constitution, he possessed tremendous physical power. As a young man he was wonderfully fleet of foot, was unexcelled as a jumper and wrestler, and delighted in muscular activity. He was about five feet, eight inches in height, and in his later years weighed about 235 pounds. Until infirmity weakened him he was as light on his feet as a child. His head and face were truly classic, and, as models, would have delighted the skill of Phidias or Angelo. In fact, a modern sculptor of genius, Jerome Conner, of Washington, for whom Senator Bradley posed, has made a splendid bronze bust of the Senator, which today graces the rooms of the Kentucky Historical Society at Frankfort. For many years Senator Bradley wore full beard, which served to conceal, to some extent, his splendid features, and did him injustice. In later years he was clean shaven, and the clear-cut, cameo lines of his face marked him as a man of strength. His nose was aquiline and finely moulded; his mouth firm and handsome; his face full and strong; and his head well set on a splendid bust. His eyes were dark hazel, and of unequalled steadiness and intensity. They glowed with intelligence, flashed with courage, and commanded and persuaded by their

magnificence. Orbs of life they were, and orbs of beauty and strength. If the eyes are, indeed, the windows of the soul, then what a wonderful soul must his have been!

Not only did he have brains, will, sentiment, and unflagging industry, which are essentials in the make-up of an orator, but he also possessed that indispensable adjunct, a voice of wondrous volume and beauty. Where could another be found that had within it so much of rich depth and rounded music? A great flute-like voice it was, that would have charmed all hearers, though he were speaking in unknown tongues. Before great audiences and gatherings his tones rang out like those of a mellow bugle, carrying clear and true to the furthest corners of the largest auditorium or assemblage, and delighted the ear of the most remote listener. His speech was compact, forceful, logical, always smoothly flowing, touched with fire and sentiment, and cast in oratorical mold. He always made his point. Thought and tongue acted in perfect harmony, and never did he hesitate for a word. He swept down the highways of speech as gracefully as a noble ship moves over the bosom of the deep. No wonder it was that at the close of his speech seconding Conkling's nomination of Grant at the Chicago Convention of 1880, Conkling embraced him and said, "In the North orators have to be made, but in the South they are born so." Truly, nature did much for him, and, truly, he added much to nature.

His capacity for labor throughout his life was prodigious; it could not have been excelled. Work to him was the atmosphere of existence. His mind acted with the utmost clearness and rapidity, and he toiled incessantly. As Governor, and as Senator, he was always at his post of duty, and the cares of the humblest man, woman, or child, were his own. No call too modest could be made upon him, and he literally yielded up his life in the service of his constituents. The people knew how responsive, sympathetic, and capable he was, and without limit they brought to him their burdens and desires, and without a thought of the care, responsibility, or labor involved he undertook to serve them.

Until in his later years, when afflictions came upon him, he had muscles of iron and nerves of steel. No one could endure more hardship in the matter of campaigning than could he in the days of his vigor. Day and night, from one end of Kentucky to the other, he would travel in every conceivable way, on passenger trains, freight trains, steam-boats, row-boats; on horse-back, mule-back, and by any other means, to fill his speaking appointments, and he never seemed to tire.

The greater portion of the Senator's life was spent in his beloved county of Garrard. He left his Garrard county home at Lancaster in December, 1895, and removed, with his family to the State Capital, Frankfort, and there resided during the four years of his incumbency as Governor. After the close of his term as Governor he removed to Louisville, and there entered actively upon the practice of law and was eminently successful. Louisville was thenceforth his home until his death. During his service as Senator he did not have much time for practice, and on December 1st, 1913, he entered into partership with Judge William G. Dearing and the writer, with offices in Louisville, under the firm name of Bradley, Thatcher & Dearing. He looked forward with great pleasure to the time when, at the close of his term, he should forever retire from politics and devote himself to the practice of his greatly-loved profession. But this hope was never to be realized.

There is, of course, a limit to human strength and endurance, however, splendid these may be; and so, after years of tireless endeavor and of useful service, physical afflictions grew upon the Senator which told on his splendid constitution. For years before his death he had been a sufferer from chronic ailments, though he had fought heroically against them, and by sheer force of will, had held up in mental vigor and activity to the last. Because of his failing health, in May, 1914, he determined not to be a candidate to succeed himself, it being necessary—because the close of his term was approaching—to make some announcement in the premises. This announcement was made to the press on May 14, 1914, and a few minutes afterward, in leaving his office in the Senate Office Building in Washington, and hastening to board a street car to go to his apartments, he sustained a heavy fall, breaking two of his fingers and receiving injuries about his head, and also, probably, internal injuries. However, he resolutely came back to his office for several days and undertook to meet his Senatorial obligations; but the injuries sustained in the accident had evidently rendered acute his other troubles, and he was stricken down and forced to take to his bed. He never arose from it, and on the evening of May 23rd, 1914, in Washington, the end came. His attending physician announced the immediate cause of his death to be "uraemia." On May 26th, 1914, resolutions of sympathy were passed by both Houses of Congress, and both Houses out of respect to his memory thereupon adjourned. His remains were carried to his beloved Kentucky, and on May 26th were interred at Frankfort in the famous cemetery overlooking the Kentucky River. He is buried near the spot where Boone is said to have

stood for the first time and viewed the wonderful sweep of the Kentucky River at the base of the cliffs below. Appropriate committees from the House and Senate made up of distinguished members, and the Senator's personal friends, accompanied the funeral car to Kentucky and were present at the grave. In accordance with his well-known wishes, the ceremonies which marked the funeral were of the simplest character. His family asked that there be no ostentation, and declined to allow his body to lie in State in the Capitol, although for four years, as chief executive of Kentucky, he had guided the State's destinies. At the grave there was gathered an assemblage which was declared to be larger than had ever before gathered in this historic cemetery, and it was made up of every class and variety, rich and poor, black and white, and of every political affiliation, all evincing the deepest sorrow, and each feeling the loss to be distinctly personal. Such was the hold that he had on all who knew him. And as the multitude turned away from the blossom-covered grave on that lovely May afternoon, with their hearts filled with sorrow, and their memories aflame, the speech which was on their lips, and which shall be spoken many a time for years to come, was, "When shall we see his like again?" And now, recalling his splendid abilities and wonderful personality, and briefly reviewing his effective service for the public weal, we know of no better way of concluding this narrative than to repeat that self-same speech, "When shall we see his like again?"

M. H. THATCHER.

Stories of William O. Bradley

TOO MUCH LIGHT.

John Kincaid was one of the old time Kentucky lawyers, who was esteemed by many as the leader of the bar. He was exceedingly poor and acquired an education and read law under great difficulties. He was gifted with a wonderful and unusually logical mind and, besides, was a most diligent student.

One of his ablest arguments was delivered before Judge Bridges (who was his bitter personal enemy), at the conclusion of which the Judge quickly and snappishly decided against him. A member of the bar approached Kincaid, and, after having extravagantly complimented him, expressed great surprise at the judgment. Kincaid, in his usually quiet manner, said:

"I threw so much legal light around his little head that it blinded him."

A PERTINENT AND PERSONAL INQUIRY.

Mr. Kincaid and Hon. Sim Anderson (who was a member of the Lower House of Congress), were engaged in discussing a legal question before the Judge when Anderson announced a legal proposition that astonished Kincaid; whereupon the latter inquired in what book it could be found. Anderson replied by superciliously tapping the side of his head with his finger; whereat Kincaid arose and significantly asked:

"Is that volume bound in sheep or calf?"

AN AFFECTIONATE CANDIDATE.

Judge F. T. Fox was born in Pulaski county, Kentucky, and attained an enviable position as a lawyer, judge and politician. He was a genial man and very popular. In his younger days he was fastidious in dress and was regarded as unusually handsome.

About this time he ran for County Attorney of his native county, which is in what is known as "the mountains" of the State. His opponent was an exceedingly plain man who thought it would be a popular move to dress even more plainly than usual in order to catch the votes of the poor people.

At their first meeting Judge Fox appeared in spotless linen and a neatly fitting suit of broadcloth. His opponent twitted him about this, telling the crowd that Judge Fox was fond of fine dress and show,

was an aristocrat, and if elected would spend his time in making a display rather than in looking after the substantial interests of the county. He also intimated that the Judge thought himself better than the poor people and succeeded in establishing some prejudice in the minds of the audience. The Judge responded:

"What young man is there present, who when he goes to church, and especially when he goes to see his sweetheart, does not dress up in his best clothes? And why does he thus attire himself? In the first instance he desires to show respect for the Lord and his people, and in the second to make himself attractive. If he did not respect good people and did not love his girl he would not care how he dressed.

"Now, fellow citizens," said he, "I am going out to see you, I love you, and for this reason I desire to dress in the very best clothes I can obtain. I do this because I respect you and want your respect.

"My opponent thinks any old dirty clothes are good enough for you, but when he goes to see his sweetheart or to church he dresses far more handsomely than I.

"He has forgotten that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' and presents himself in a garb which a working man would be ashamed to wear while laboring in the field.

"He has no respect for you or himself and is doing this with the hope that he may arouse your prejudices against me and make a few votes.

"He is actually too dirty to make a County Attorney. I dress this way because I love you, and I wish I could take each one of you in my arms and hug you."

The Judge was elected by a large majority.

A REPUTATION FOR IMPARTIALITY.

Judge Fox announced, many years after this, his candidacy for Circuit Judge, and was canvassing in Russell county, when he was accosted by a desperate character who was then under indictment. This man told the Judge he would be glad to support him, and would do so if he would promise to acquit him. The Judge assured him he was his friend and would give him a perfectly fair trial. The desperado listened patiently to the Judge, and responded:

"Any fool would do that; I don't want a fair trial—I want to be acquitted, and I am your friend."

"Well," said the Judge, "I reckon you had better not vote for me, for if I am elected the first thing I will do will be to hang some friend in order to establish a reputation for impartiality."

NO PRIDE OF OPINION.

After Judge Fox was elected, one of his first cases for trial in Garrard county involved the title of a little triangular tract of land containing about an acre. The parties were well-to-do, substantial farmers, but were very determined and were litigating with great bitterness. The Judge substantially instructed the jury to find for the plaintiff, but the jury, to the astonishment of all present, returned a verdict for the defendant. In passing on a motion for a new trial, a few days subsequently, Judge Fox said from the bench:

"Gentlemen, I have been thinking seriously over this motion for sometime and I have concluded that the jury was right and I was wrong. The motion is overruled."

"I SOCK HIM."

At the conclusion of the war, Richard M. Robinson, who was known as "Camp Dick," made an assignment. Among other claims against his estate was one for a large amount of cotton purchased within the Confederate lines. The matter came up for adjudication before Judge Fox.

Judge Allan A. Burton, a very distinguished lawyer, represented the trustee and interposed a plea that the cotton was contraband and the contract against public policy. He produced a number of authorities and made a forcible argument, at the conclusion of which the Judge asked:

"Did your client get the cotton?" to which Burton answered, "He did."

"Was the cotton worth the amount claimed?" queried the Judge.

"It was," said Burton.

"Did your client pay for it?" asked the Judge.

"He has not."

"Well then," said the Judge, "I sock him for the amount of the claim."

Burton appealed but the judgment was affirmed.

NOVEL JUDGMENT.

Usually when his court was nearing the end Judge Fox became restless on account of his desire to return home and most gladly accepted any pretext which was furnished to continue a case.

There was a case pending in equity in which Ben M. Burdett represented the plaintiff and Senator Bradley (then a young attorney), the defendant. The defendant was in possession and his attorney, fearing the judgment would go against his client if the case

should be tried, was anxious to continue it. First for one, and then for another reason, the case had been passed at his instance.

In the meanwhile he procured several newspapers and after carefully folding them to a size corresponding with the papers in the case rolled them all up together, thus giving the bundle very considerable proportions. It was the last day of court when plaintiff's attorney arose and insisted upon a trial; the defendant's attorney objected, but finally the Judge ordered that they proceed with the case. Thereupon, Bradley asked for the papers, which were handed him by the Clerk, and tossing the large bundle on the table, said:

"All right, Mr. Burdett, read your pleadings."

The weather was hot and as the Judge caught sight of the huge bundle, the perspiration broke out on his face, and he exclaimed:

"Mr. Clerk, enter a judgment dismissing the petition in that case and grant an appeal; the Court of Appeals has more time to investigate it than I have."

NECESSITY FOR OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

On the trial of a case before Judge Fox, a witness was introduced by plaintiff and testified to a most unreasonable story. At its conclusion he turned to the Judge, and said:

"Now, Judge, I would not believe this if I hadn't a seen it."

"Neither would I," said the Judge. "Judgment for defendant."

LOST ONE HALF HIS MEMORY.

Judge Fox was fond of telling stories. One of his best was that of a man who told him that he had a neighbor who had lost one half of his memory. The Judge requested him to explain, and the gossip replied:

"He remembers every debt that is owing to him, but has forgotten every debt that he owes."

ADVANTAGES OF "LARNIN."

Among other stories Judge Fox was fond of relating was an experience with an ignorant countryman who resided in his district. The Judge said that while traveling from D—— to S——, he remained over night at the house of an old friend. The next morning he was accompanied by a citizen who had been summoned as a witness. The Judge got a late start, and was anxious to know whether the Commonwealth's Attorney had preceded him. He informed his friend of his anxiety and asked him to notice if there were any fresh horse

tracks in the road. After travelling for some distance his companion pointed out tracks to the Judge, who said:

"Well, he has evidently passed me; these are fresh horse tracks made by his horse."

They rode on for sometime, his companion seeming to be lost in thought. Finally he broke the silence:

"Well, Jedge," said he, "I never knowed before the advantages of larnin'. You say them's hoss tracks, and I reckon you're right, but to save my soul I never could have told whether them war hoss tracks or mar tracks. But you know I'm ignorant and don't know nuthin'."

GOOD LOGIC.

In 1910, when Hon. John W. Langley was a candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, in the Tenth Kentucky district, his wife, mounted upon a mule, travelled with him over the mountainous part of the district, and with her ready wit, handsome face and winsome ways won many a vote for her husband.

After one of the meetings in Breathitt county, she was introduced to a prominent Democrat who, she insisted, should vote for Langley.

"Why, madam, it is impossible, for I am a Democrat," said he.

"Oh!" she replied, "so am I a Democrat, as good a one as you or any other person, but if I can afford to live with him all of the time, surely you can afford to vote for him."

The gentleman was so much pleased with her wit that he agreed to vote as she requested.

HARD ON THE COURT.

Some years ago two lawyers became involved in an unseemly squabble in the Wayne county court, when one of them denounced the other as "the d—dest ass in existence." Thereupon the Judge exclaimed excitedly:

"Hold up, gentlemen, remember the presence of the court."

THE BEST CHILD ON THE PLACE.

Russell Dillon is the son of Captain W. R. Dillon, of London, Ky., who is the head of an extensive family. When Russell was quite a small boy and sleeping in the trundle bed, he tried repeatedly to make a complaint known to his mother, who on each occasion told him:

"Lie still, you little rescal, I am trying to get the baby to sleep, and you keep him awake."

Finally, thoroughly disgusted, he exclaimed:

"All right, mother, all right! Just give all your time to that darned brat and let the fleas eat up the best child on the place!"

NO CHANGE OF OPINION.

L. N. Dembitz was a famous lawyer of Louisville, Kentucky. On the day President Garfield was shot, George M. Davie, another distinguished member of the same bar, came into the law library and exclaimed in an excited tone to Mr. Dembitz:

"President Garfield has been shot by an assassin!"

Dembitz, believing that Davie was playing a prank, without raising his eyes from his book, said:

"You are a fool."

Davie responded: "I will pick you up and throw you out of the window."

"All right," said Dembitz, "you may do that if you choose, but it will not change my opinion."

"OLD NECESSITY."

Senator Wood resided in Taylorsville. Speaking of the Attorney General of Kentucky, he called him "Old Necessity." Some one asked him what he meant, to which Wood replied:

"He knows no law."

IN THE SAME FIX.

When Senator Bradley was a young lawyer in Lancaster, Kentucky, while crossing the public square on his way to the court room, with several law books under his arm, he met an old member of the bar, Colonel D—, who said to him in a jocular way:

"Billy, you have more law under your arm than you have in your head."

"So have you," retorted Bradley.

"I don't see how that can be," said Colonel D—, "I have no law under my arm."

"Neither have you any in your head," replied Bradley, and made good his retreat.

RARE SELF POSSESSION.

An awkward, gangling young man, during the delivery of a sermon at a country church, persisted in talking in a loud whisper to a girl who sat beside him, to the great annoyance of the preacher, who, at length, said:

"Well, I will cease preaching until that young man has completed his conversation."

The young man, not the least disconcerted, continued his conversation for a short while, and then rising and making a bow, said to the preacher:

"Now, preacher, you can precede; I jest wanted to git Jane to 'low me to go home with her and she have said she would."

EQUALLY ASHAMED.

During the campaign for Governor in Kentucky in the year 1899, Senator Goebel, who was one of the candidates, went into the office of Governor Bradley (the two being on the best of terms, personally), to examine some of the official records. He remained for some time and, finally, when he arose to depart, said in a jocular way:

"Governor, I am a little ashamed to have remained here so long, and hope you will not mention it as it might bring me into serious disrepute in my party."

"Well," replied the Governor, "Senator, you remind me of a bashful boy who escorted an equally bashful girl home from church one night. Just as he started to leave the girl's residence, she said: 'Now, John, don't you tell anybody that you beaued me home.' 'Never mind, Sal,' retorted the boy, 'you needn't be afeard of me sayin' nothin' 'bout it, for I'm just as 'shamed of it as you air.'"

GARRARD COUNTY CELEBRITIES.

Many great men have come from Garrard county, Kentucky. It is a small county, but has a wonderful record. Three of the most learned Chief Justices of the Kentucky Court of Appeals lived there. It has produced one United States Senator, three Governors, six Foreign Ministers, seven Congressmen, two Circuit Judges, three Commonwealth's Attorneys, two most successful and distinguished surgeons, two of the most learned and noted divines, a Brigadier General of the Civil War, a Commodore in the Navy, and a host of the ablest lawyers and most gifted orators in the country. Besides, the ladies of Garrard county by subscription sent Rev. Doctor Burchard, of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" fame, to college at Danville; and last, but not least, Garrard county is the birthplace of Mrs. Carrie Nation.

DECLINED TO BE ANGELS.

Among Garrard county's many celebrities was James Mason, commonly known as "Bully" Mason. At times he got in his cups, and on such occasions said many amusing things. In 1873 the cholera

visited the county seat, and many persons fell victims. At the time of its appearance a Baptist Association was being held. In the midst of the devotional exercises some one rushed into the church and proclaimed the fact that the cholera had broken out, and that a man had died but a few minutes before within less than a hundred yards of the church. The most intense excitement ensued, which in a few moments developed into a panic. The church was quickly emptied through the windows and doors, and the ministers, with more haste than dignity, shook the dust of the place from their feet.

Some one informed Mason about the occurrence, whereupon he remarked:

"Well, I was down there yesterday and heard them singing, 'I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand.' I had my doubts at the time whether they meant it."

TRYING TO MAKE HIM A RADICAL.

One morning in the spring time, Mason passed a box of cabbage plants in front of the store of a Republican friend. He inquired to whom the plants belonged. The good-natured answer came:

"I don't know, but help yourself."

At this time many charges concerning whiskey frauds were being made against the Republicans, and Mason, filled with this idea, responded:

"No, sir, I will take nothing that belongs to any man without his consent. You can't fool me. You are trying to make a d——d Radical out of me."

CARPET-BAGGERS.

Mason was an intense Democrat who never forgot that the "d———d Radicals freed the nigger," and had an intense hatred for "carpet-baggers." During the prevalence of the cholera in Lancaster in 1873, a cloud of dragon flies blew into the town and settled down all over the place. Mason was under the influence of liquor, and seeing them as they came down, he rushed out of the house and laying out right and left upon them with his cane, shouted at the top of his voice:

"Down with the d——d 'carpet-baggers.' "

HOW GOVERNOR BUCKNER LOST A VOTE.

In the first campaign of Senator Bradley for Governor, when General Simon Bolivar Buckner, was his opponent, he was accompanied over a large portion of the state by a newspaper man, Col.

C———. The Colonel was an insignificant looking man. He was quite small (about five feet, three inches in height), weighed not over 120 pounds, and was badly marked with small pox. He was a brave, generous, intelligent fellow, but very homely.

One day they were journeying along a mountain road running through Whitley and Knox counties. The weather was intensely hot, for in those days the state election occurred in August. When 12 o'clock arrived they were not near any tavern or station, and were ravenously hungry. Coming upon a little boxed grocery on the side of the road, they observed a sign as follows:

SIDER 5 SENCE A GLAS AND
OTHER ETEBELS IN
PERPORSHON.

They drove up to the little platform, alighted, hitched their horses and went in. A typical mountaineer, tall, raw-boned and possessed of a countenance that indicated that he was "a mighty onproper man to projec with," gave them a hearty reception and asked what they would have.

Two small cans of oysters with accompaniments, among which were two glasses of delicious sweet cider, were soon disposed of. Meanwhile the host stood stolidly, with his hands in his pockets, suspiciously watching their every motion.

When they had finished what was really a delightful repast, Senator Bradley asked the merchant what were his charges, and was surprised to hear him say, "only a quarter a-piece," Handing him a dollar, Senator Bradley ventured to remark that the host was taking a slow course to riches, and requested that he accept something nearer the true value of so good a meal. The man smiled good naturedly and put the money in his pocket. Senator Bradley and Col. C——— then turned to go out, when the latter said to him:

"Stranger, allow me to introduce you to our next Governor, Colonel W. O. Bradley."

A look of astonishment passed over the face of the mountaineer, which was by no means displeasing to Col. C———.

"Well," drawled the storekeeper, "I'm glad to see the Radicals have such a decent looking feller for a candidate. From what I've hearn of him I 'lowed to see a man with horns on his head."

"Mister, you are a clever feller," he continued, turning to Senator Bradley, "an' I like you, but I'm for old Simon Bolivar Buckner. I'm a Dimmicrat and never scratched a ticket, an' I'll have ter vote agin' you."

"All right," said Bradley, "we will not quarrel about that."

Then suddenly—to have a little fun—Bradley said, bowing toward Col. C———;

"Now, my good man, allow me to introduce you to my friend and competitor, General Buckner."

Such a look of disappointment rarely passed over a man's countenance as came over that of the mountaineer. He seemed to be struck speechless. He looked Col. C——— up and down, and finally, having recovered his voice, exclaimed, in a loud tone:

"Well, I'll be durned. You don't tell me that is old Bolivar!"

"Yes, sir," Bradley answered, "this is your candidate."

"I'll be durned," retorted the man. "Mister, I'm the dingdest best Dimmicrat in these mountains, and, as I told you, I never scratched a ticket, but when my party expects me to vote for a dinged varmint, it's a leetle too much, and if I don't give one Radical vote I hope never agin to hear the hawks holler."

Col. C——— by this time was white with rage. Bradley put his hand on his shoulder, shook his head at him and hurried him into the surrey. But as they were preparing to move away the mountaineer appeared in the doorway of his store and exclaimed:

"An' you say that's old Bolivar?"

"Yes," answered Bradley.

The tall man drew a long breath, straightened himself to his full height, and said:

"Well, I'll be d———d."

There is no doubt he voted for Bradley if he did not discover the deception.

"SHELEBRATIN' SHENATOR BECK'S BIRFDAY."

In Lexington lived a remarkably brilliant lawyer, politician and writer, who was a close friend of the late Senator Beck, and whose wife held the Senator in high esteem.

Shortly after his marriage he remained out at night until a late hour, and when he reached home was discovered by his wife to be in an advanced stage of intoxication. Naturally, she was both angered and mortified, and appealed to her spouse to know what on earth was the cause of his unfortunate condition. The first thought that flashed upon the reveler's mind was the great respect she entertained for Senator Beck, and that his only hope lay in taking advantage of it. In a maudlin sort of way he said:

"We've been shelebratin' Shenator Beck's birfday."

To his intense relief, the frown quickly vanished from his wife's face, and she exclaimed:

"Well, that being the case, I will overlook it this time, for really so distinguished a gentleman is entitled to be honored."

A few weeks afterward he returned home at even a later hour than at first, and, if possible, more intoxicated. The wife again appealed to him to know why he gave her such cruel treatment. He was in a confused condition of mind. Remembering her admiration for Senator Beck, but totally oblivious to the fact that he had hitherto escaped her wrath by taking advantage of it, he did not answer until she had several times asked the question, when, gathering all of his energy, he replied:

"We've been shelebratin' Shenator Beck's birfday."

The wife for a time was speechless. At length, gaining self control, she exclaimed:

"Are you not ashamed to tell me that falsehood? It has not been a month since you gave that same excuse for your inebriety."

It was now the turn of the husband to become speechless. What on earth to do he did not know. Finally, a bright idea struck him.

"Now, my dear, don't be angry wis me. We found out we shelebrated the wrong day, and conshequently had to shelebrate over."

His timely escape from a seemingly inextricable difficulty so greatly amused the good wife that she laughed heartily, and for the second time forgave him.

THE DOTY BROTHERS.

For many years there lived in Garrard county two brothers who were noted for kindness, honesty and eccentricities; one, John, and the other, James Doty. The following will illustrate their peculiarities.

INGENIOUS LIBRARY.

Soon after James Doty commenced practicing law, he became convinced of the necessity of having some books, for, in those days, in the backwoods, a library, however small, was an advertisement. Law books were costly, and he was not able to buy them, so Doty had bound some Patent Office reports with the names of leading law books endorsed on the back—such as: "Coke on Lyttleton;" "Shepard's Touchstone"; "Fearne on Remainders," &c., &c.

He owned among other books the then popular novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." He had this rebound and marked, "Warren on Ejectment." With this valuable and pretentious library he soon con-

vinced his clients that he was an exceedingly well read and able lawyer.

SETHIEL A PENSIONER.

The other brother, John Doty, instituted an action against the L. & N. R. R. Co. for damages for personal injury, the breaking of his buggy and crippling of his horse, upon which he had bestowed the name of Sethiel. With the precision for which he was noted, he testified as follows:

"I had started from my home to the town of L——. When I reached the brow of the hill, as the crossing was not far away, I halted underneath an umbrageous elm to listen for approaching trains. Having, I thought, carefully listened and failing to hear anything, I indicated to my faithful steed that he should proceed with commendable dispatch. There was a hill intervening between me and the railroad, and, as I was crossing the track, a train suddenly came upon me from around the turn. There was a crash and everything seemed to be dark. When I recovered consciousness, I was quietly lying about ten feet from the track taking a view of the rolling clouds; the buggy was smashed to atoms; my faithful steed was standing upon three legs with the fourth broken, and from that day to this he has been a pensioner on my hands."

The Jury gave him a verdict.

WONDERFUL EXAGGERATOR.

Years ago there lived in Casey county, General Frank Wolford. He had been a brave soldier during a portion of the Civil War on the Union side, but was discharged dishonorably from the service on account of his violent abuse of President Lincoln, and his declaration in a public speech that the war was a failure. Some years after a resolution of Congress was passed removing the stain. After his discharge General Wolford became an active Democrat, and later was elected to Congress. He was a man of strong intellect and an exceedingly forceful speaker. However, when he deemed it necessary he did not hesitate to tell the most remarkable stories, and invariably had present some members of his command by whom he readily proved them to be true. In this way he drove Colonel Swope, General Fry and other Republican speakers out of his section.

In the campaign of 1872, General Fry, who had also been a Union officer and who was exceedingly fond of General Wolford from the fact that they had served together during the Mexican and Civil Wars, was canvassing the 8th District for Grant. After

he had completed his speech in the little town of Liberty, the Democrats yelled for Wolford to answer him, which he proceeded to do.

The day after the debate, Senator Bradley, the Republican candidate for Congress, met General Fry on his way to his home in Danville. Knowing that the General had other appointments in that section, he was naturally surprised, and asked him why he had abandoned his appointments.

"Because," said the General, "if I go farther I will have to kill Frank Wolford, and I wish to avoid so terrible an act, among other reasons, because of my friendship for him and our close associations during the Mexican and Civil Wars. Yesterday, without even asking me for a division of time, he took notes during my speech, and when I was through, had himself called by the crowd to answer me. I had spoken of General Grant's kindness to the Confederate soldiers, and had also stated that the Republican party was as much opposed to putting negroes into schools with the whites as the Democrats. What do you suppose he said in reply? I was never so astonished in my life. He said that after General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Grant had hung him to an apple tree. I arose instantly and demanded to know whether he was serious or merely jesting. He responded: 'I was never more serious in my life, and you know it is true.' I instantly, and with some warmth, denounced the statement as false. With perfect coolness he responded: 'Fortunately, General, there are some Union soldiers here who were present at the time, and I now ask you boys, have I stated the truth?' Instantly several of the by-standers responded: 'Every word of it is true.'

"I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears; but what could I do save to sit still or kill him? He then said: 'The gentleman tells you that he and his party are opposed to putting negroes into the schools with white people. That is all very nice to say here, where he knows there is not a negro in the county. Less than a week ago he made a speech in Danville at a negro church where five hundred negroes were present, in which he declared that he and his party demanded that the negroes should have equal school facilities with the whites upon terms of social equality.' I sprang to my feet, and most vehemently denounced his statement as a lie. Again, with imperturbable coolness he said: 'Boys, you were there and heard him, did you not?' And immediately his well trained witnesses replied: 'Yes, we did and he knows it.' I picked up my hat and left, for I knew I would kill him if I remained, and I am now on my way home and will not make another speech in his part of the district."

THE TABLES TURNED.

In the campaign of Senator Bradley for Governor in 1887, on Saturday preceding the election, when it was too late to contradict, General Wolford stated in a speech in Glasgow that Bradley (the Republican candidate) had not always been a Republican; that during the war he was a Confederate guerilla, belonging to Champ Ferguson's band, and that he (Wolford) had captured him, but owing to the fact that his brother had married Bradley's sister, had released him.

Bradley was greatly outraged by this slanderous statement, but could say nothing for the election came off the next Monday. However, he bided his time until the next Congressional race, and went down in General Wolford's district to do what he could, to defeat him for Congress. When he arose to make his first speech, the General entered the court room with saddle bags on his arm, and sat down licking out his tongue until it touched his nose, which was his favorite pastime. Bradley, noticing General Wolford's presence, said:

"Fellow citizens, I am glad that General Wolford is present as I desire to make some remarks personal to him. On Saturday before the election last year, when I was a candidate for Governor, the General stated that I was one of Champ Ferguson's guerillas, and that he captured me, but released me on account of family connections. Now, gentlemen, it is not my purpose to dispute his word. You all know him, you know that he is the soul of truth. George Washington could not, and hence, did not lie. Therefore he is not entitled to much credit for telling the truth. But the General is a different man. He can lie, but as you all know he has so much reverence for the truth, that he scorns to do so." (The crowd, who knew the General's failing, smiled good naturedly.)

"What I complain of is, he did not tell the whole truth, and you are all aware of the axiom that the suppression of truth is worse than telling a falsehood. It is all true that I was one of Ferguson's guerillas and that I was captured and released by the General. Up to that time the General was regarded as a great and exceedingly loyal soldier. I discovered that he could be purchased to betray his country; so I went to President Davis and made the fact known to him, telling him that for one thousand dollars I could induce the General to denounce President Lincoln as a tryant and the war as a failure. He promptly furnished me the money, and I returned and had a full talk with the General. I found that he was perfectly willing to take the money. I promptly paid him, and in discharge of his

contract, he did make the public speech as agreed, by reason of which he was disgracefully discharged from the service. Now, General, when you told part of the story, why did you not tell the whole truth?"

The General slowly arose and passed out of the room, saying as he went:

"That's the only man I ever saw who is a bigger liar than I am."

THE "NIGGER" SETTLED IT.

General Wolford was making a speech during the period when the bugaboo of "Nigger Equality," haunted the minds of Democrats, and was constantly exploited to drive the white people into the Democratic fold. He bitterly denounced the Republicans for favoring such equality and recounted an army experience to prove it, saying that Colonel Casey, of Ohio, ate at the same table with his negro cook. For this he severely condemned the Colonel, and as General Wolford was then in command of the Brigade to which Casey's regiment was attached, told the Colonel that he must sleep with the cook.

"To this," said Wolford, "the Colonel demurred, but I told him he had it to do. Finally, the whole controversy was settled by the nigger who indignantly declared that under no state of case would he sleep with the Colonel."

THE LEFT HANDED FIDDLER.

Governor Robert P. Letcher was an old time politician, having been in the Lower House of Congress, Governor, and Minister to Mexico, always successful, until in his old days he was induced to run for Congress against John C. Breckinridge, then a rising young man, when he went down in defeat. He was an exceedingly witty, wily and resourceful man. In one of his races for Congress, while canvassing through the mountains of Kentucky, he and his competitor (who was a rich and aristocratic man), attended a barbecue. Governor Letcher discovered for the first time that his opponent was an expert fiddler, and that by his soul-stirring music he was rapidly capturing votes. This vexed him very much as he had no more music in him than a buzzsaw. What to do was a serious matter with him. Carefully noticing his antagonist he observed that he played left-handed. He immediately called to one side a very dangerous and ignorant man and told him he had something to say to him in confidence which he must never expose.

Said he: "That man is a rich, Bluegrass aristocrat. When he plays the fiddle down in the Bluegrass he plays right-handed, but when he comes here he thinks any thing is good enough for the mountain people. He will not play with his right hand unless he is entertaining rich people whom he calls equals. Now, I want you to ask him to change hands and if he don't do it, I want you to make a public announcement of his insult."

The burly mountaineer thanked the Governor for his kindness and immediately went to the opposing candidate and asked him to please play with his right rand. The candidate replied, that he could not; that he was left-handed. The big fellow said:

"You play with your right hand when you are with the 'ristycrats and you know it, but you think you are better than we'uns and that left-handed fiddlin' is good enough for us."

This the candidate indignantly denied, but to no purpose as his interlocutor announced with an air of authority that he "knowed" what he said "was so," and had witnesses in the Bluegrass by whom it could be proven. The result was that the large crowd became sorely offended, replaced the candidate with a native fiddler, and refused to vote for him, all agreeing that Governor Letcher, who "cut the pigeon wing" with them, was their "sort of a man." The circumstances spread far and wide in the district and assisted in Governor Letcher's truimphant election.

WASTE OF LIGHTNING.

Lieutenant Governor Bill Thorne, noted for his wit and geniality, was employed in a suit against the Western Union Telegraph Company for damages. When the trial came on there was a great drouth prevailing, while the spring before there had been unprecedented floods.

"Gentlemen of the jury," Thorne exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "this soulless corporation is meaner than h——l itself. There is nothing it will not do. Not content with grinding the people by exorbitant charges, not content with failing to deliver dispatches informing people of the approaching death of their loved ones, so that they might be able to see them for the last time, it has actually appropriated the lightning, which God intended for all, to its own use. From one end of the United States to the other, it has drawn down the lightning from the clouds in order to send dispatches to fill its already bloated pocket-book. There is a certain amount of lightning necessary, as you all know, to purify the air and regulate the elements. Last spring they used so much lightning that everything

was thrown out of gear and great floods swept over the land, devastating the crops and drowning thousands of good people. So much rain fell then that later there was none left to fall, and now you are weltering in heat, with a drouth that is parching and destroying your crops and drying up the water courses, so that there is not enough of water for man and beast. Their entire business should be broken up and every mother's son of them confined in the penitentiary. I sometimes wonder why the Lord does not strike them dead for thus interfering with his business and bringing desolation on the people."

A good round verdict was the result of this impassioned appeal.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON."

While in office Lieutenant Governor Thorne, during the absence of the Governor, granted a pardon which caused great excitement and made him the target of a deluge of abuse by the newspapers. About the time the excitement was at its highest pitch, whilst Thorne was in a crowded court room, some one stepped on his foot and politely said:

"I beg your pardon."

The Governor turned on him instantly and replied:

"I will not grant it—I granted one the other day and the infernal fools have not given me any peace since."

MEANEST CLIENTS ON EARTH.

Near the close of W. O. Bradley's term as Governor, Thorne, who had not then been elected Lieutenant Governor, came into the office and remarked:

"Well Governor, your time is nearly out, and, although we differ politically, I want to say I am sorry to see you go. You have made a square Governor and have faithfully done your duty. It is true you would never pardon any of my clients, but I do not blame you, for no man ever had such a h——l deserving, unshirted set of clients as I had."

TOO PARTISAN TO "HOLLER."

In the campaign of 1900, Thorne told the following story in a political speech:

It was just after W. O. Bradley was elected Governor of Kentucky, and the Republicans in my county were holding a big ratification meeting. Brass bands, all kinds of floats and banners, and hundreds of men, women and boys paraded the streets. A young

girl claimed that while standing on her front porch, which was almost covered with vines and foliage of different kinds, she was repeatedly hugged and kissed by a young man she hardly knew. A warrant was sworn out for her assailant. He was arrested and it was my duty as Commonwealth's Attorney to prosecute him. John D. Carroll, now Judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, had been employed to defend him. I soon finished my examination of the witness. and turned her over to Carroll for cross examination.

"What night was this?" thundered Carroll.

"Thursday night," answered the witness.

"Thursday night, you say? What time of night?"

"About eight o'clock."

"That was about the time the parade was passing your house?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever cry out or scream?"

"No, sir, I did not."

"Will you tell this jury," asked Carroll with rising voice, "with the streets thronged with people, and this man hugging and kissing you against your will, as you claim, why you never uttered a single cry for help or assistance?"

"Yes, sir. I will tell the jury, and everybody else, that you'll never ketch me hollerin' at no Republican gatherin'."

REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

Governor Thorne and Senator Bradley were close friends for years. Imagine, therefore, the surprise of Bradley when, in the gubernatorial campaign of 1907, he was informed that Thorne had recently made a speech at Lancaster, Kentucky, in which he had very caustically and undeservedly referred to him. Shortly after receiving this information Bradley met Thorne at Winchester and upbraided him severely for his conduct, saying to him that he didn't dare to hear any more professions of his friendship.

Thorne seemed to be very much astounded and said:

"Why, Bradley, I am astonished that you do not understand it! The Democrats sent me out to speak, and I was notified that it was expected of me that I should attack you; this I failed to do until I reached Lancaster, your birthplace, and there I did tell a lot of things concerning you which were not true. I knew I had to tell these things some where and I concluded to tell them in Lancaster where everybody knew you and consequently would know that the statements were not true. So, you see, old man, I was doing my level best to take care of you."

CONTEMPT FOR THE POOR.

Judge John M. Elliott was one of Kentucky's foremost politicians, was elected to Congress, and, later in life, to the Circuit and Appellate benches. He was blessed with a splendid native intellect; had no superior in electioneering; was loved and admired almost universally, and was possessed of the highest sense of honor, and the most exquisite vein of humor.

Along in the fifties he made his first race for Congress against Colonel Dunlap, a gifted and polished man of splendid appearance, who was always faultlessly dressed. There was at that time about fifteen hundred Whig majority in the district. The territory was nearly all mountainous and Elliott lived in that section. He came down to the home town of Colonel Dunlap which was situated in one of the two Bluegrass counties of the district, in order to open the canvass. Dunlap, handsome as a picture, and dressed in a faultless suit of broadcloth presented a marked contrast to Elliott, who wore a bobtailed luster coat and a pair of nankeen trousers, which presented the appearance of having been cut for high water, as they only came within about two inches of the tops of his shoes. Elliott's friends were sorely disgusted with his appearance and insisted on giving him a suit of clothes. This he indignantly declined, saying:

"What is good enough for my people is good enough for anybody."

Imagine the triumphant feelings of Dunlap's friends and the consternation of Elliott's followers when the two men appeared on the stand. Dunlap led off in a beautiful speech, his winning personality never having been so strikingly manifested before. After he concluded, he sat down amidst the wild huzzas of his friends.

Elliott then arose, and despite his garb, soon convinced the audience that he was by no means an ordinary man. His concise and powerful discussion of public questions sent conviction home to many. Then, in conclusion he remarked:

"When I came here today, my friends insisted on giving me a suit of clothes but I told them that clothes did not make the man; that

'Rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's a man for a' that;'

and that what was good enough for my people was good enough for anybody.

"I am told that when my opponent first came to this county he was a poor young man, as badly dressed as I am now. You people took him up and nobly stood by him until he is blessed with much of this world's goods. I am informed that he and his family toil not,

neither do they spin; that they dress in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day; yet I am told that he has never been known to invite a poor man home to dinner with him."

Dunlap sprang to his feet and denounced the statement as a lie.

"Sit down, George, and keep quiet!" said Elliott. "The proof of the pudding is the chewing of the bag. Now, fellow citizens, I will ask if there is a poor man in this audience who was ever invited home to dinner by him, to hold up his hand."

Elliott now paused for a minute and no hand appearing, continued:

"Now if there is any man present who ever heard of George inviting any poor man to dinner with him he will please hold up his hand."

No hand went up, when Elliott turned to his opponent and exclaimed:

"George, I think I've got you."

The crowd was convulsed with laughter, and it was plain that Elliott had won the day. From that day forward Elliott related how he had told the Bluegrass voters that clothes good enough for his people were good enough for anybody, and persisted in alluding to his friend as a man who had been raised from poverty to wealth, who lived in greatest affluence, yet never had been known to invite a poor man home to dinner with him. When the votes were counted it developed that Elliott had been elected by a large majority.

KNEW WHAT HE NEEDED.

Judge Elliott had a contempt for a certain Governor of the State, who he did not think was a man of ability. One Sunday he was sitting in the Capitol Hotel at Frankfort, when his quondam competitor for Congress came in, returning from church.

"Where have you been, George?" asked the Judge.

"To the Presbyterian church, where I heard one of the greatest sermons and the most patriotic prayer I ever listened to," responded Col. D———.

"What did he say in his prayer." queried the Judge.

"Well," said the Colonel, "he prayed for a full and complete reconciliation of the North and South, and that each section should love the other, and we might be, in fact, but one people. He prayed for the President of the United States, and the Governors of all the States, and, especially for the Governor of Kentucky."

"What did he say about the Governor of Kentucky?" queried the Judge.

"He prayed for the Lord to give him wisdom and—"

"There now!" exclaimed the Judge, "he is a smart man. He knows exactly what the Governor needs."

GENERAL WHITTAKER.

There was no braver or better officer in the Union Army than General Walter C. Whittaker. Before the war he was a lawyer of ability, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion was a member of the Senate. Although he lisped, he was a speaker of considerable power. He was regarded as a very brave and exceedingly dangerous man, and many persons stood in awe of him. His military record was that of a brilliant, dashing and courageous officer.

DANGER HAPPILY AVERTED.

After he had gone into the army General Whittaker returned to a term of the Henry county circuit court to defend a man charged with murder. The case had been continued several times on his motion, and Judge Drane had most positively and curtly announced to the members of the bar that it should not be again continued. This announcement occurred before the news of the arrival of the General, who was not expected to be present. As soon as it was known that he was in town, general consternation ensued. Being told by the hotel-keeper that he had no vacant room, and that his only chance would be to sleep in a room where Judge Drane and a number of lawyers were quartered, General Whittaker readily accepted the situation and was shown up.

When he entered every gentleman present hurriedly arose, and after a profound bow, offered him a chair. He declined all offers, however, with great civility. Later, each gentleman, with profuse hospitality, tendered him his bed, but their offers were declined with thanks. He was dressed in uniform, with a heavy broad sword belted around him, and in the belt was also a large army pistol.

"Gentlemen, I do not care for a bed," said he, "I am a tholdier, accuthtomed to thleep on Mother Earth with no covering but the cloudths."

After thus delivering himself he turned his chair down upon the floor and lay down to rest. All of the occupants of the room went to bed at once.

Later in the night the General had a dream. He was in the midst of a great battle, at the head of his soldiers, leading a charge.

Springing to his feet he drew his sword and circling it above his head, knocking the plastering from the ceiling and scattering dismay in all directions, he yelled in tones of thunder:

"Tharge! Tharge."

In the twinkling of an eye every bed was vacated, and Judge Drane and the lawyers, clad in their night robes, disappeared through open doors and windows, leaving Whittaker in undisturbed possession.

Awaking from his dream he immediately returned to his chair, lay down and slept until morning. After court met, the spurs and sword of the General were heard rattling on the stones near the entrance of the courtroom, striking terror to the hearts of many persons. Presently he entered and marched down the crowded aisle, people parting with great fear and commendable humility, on either side, to allow him to pass.

He strode up to the center of the bar and abruptly addressed the court, suggested that his country needed his services in the field, and that the case against his client should be continued. Of course, no objection was made to the motion. The court, forgetting his previous declaration, hastened to say that he heartily agreed with the General, and would, with pleasure, continue the case.

Amid breathless silence, except the clatter of spurs and sword, the General then turned "about, face," and walked rapidly from the room. After he had disappeared an expressive smile of relief lighted the faces of judge, bar, jury and spectators, each and all of whom were delighted to see the General return to the front.

THREAT EASILY SATISFIED.

After the Civil War ended, General Whittaker removed to Louisville and engaged in the practice of law. At this time Judge Baxter, of Nashville, was in Louisville presiding over the United States circuit court. He, like General Whittaker, was a man of temper and courage, and was of very large and commanding appearance. The Judge, in deciding a case against Whittaker's client, made some observation at which Whittaker took offense. He immediately uttered among his brother lawyers the direct threat against the Judge and when court adjourned, walked out in the hall awaiting Baxter's coming.

The lawyers stood aghast, afraid to notify the Judge of his danger, lest they should call dawn the wrath of General Whittaker upon their heads. The Judge came walking leisurely along when the

General, who was of insignificant stature, stepped up to him and said in a loud voice:

"Judge, you inthulted me today, and I demand an apology."

The Judge looked down upon him contemptuously and remarked:

"The hell you say," and passed on.

The General stood dazed for a few minutes and then turning to his brother attorneys with an air of triumph, said:

"I told you I would get even with him, d—m him; I made him loothe his judithial dignity and expothe himthelf."

INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

The same distinguished attorney, just preceding his volunteering, defended a man by the name of Ben Mickey on a charge of murder. In the course of his remarkable address to the jury, he said:

"Gentlemen, of the jury, I always speak with two intenthuns: my first is to instruct and my thecond to entertain. And having spoken to you for two hourths for the purpoths of instruction, I will now speak to you for two hourths more for the purpose of entertainment. I took a sthroll the other morning, and as I sthrolled out in the thuburbs of the town the sthweet notes of the robin fell upon the chamberths of my ear, and I said to myself: 'Poor Ben Mickey, no robin things for him.' Man dieths, gentlemen of the jury, thomebody's got to clothes his eyes; you die, thomebody's got to clothes your eyes—I die" (here the speaker was overcome with emotion and spoke in tearful tones), "and thomebody's got to clothes my eyes. But when the little bird dieths he clothes hiths own eyes."

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add that the defendant was convicted.

JUDGE PEARL.

Judge Pearl was for many years Circuit Judge in one of the mountain circuits of Kentucky. He was one of the best equipped men who ever sat upon a bench. Possessed of much learning, strong common sense and a legal mind, naturally, he won great distinction. He had only one failing, now and then he imbibed too freely, on which occasions he did and said many amusing things.

"SMARTEST MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH."

While presiding and instructing the grand jury in a small and very hot court room, being a very fleshy man and seriously under the influence of liquor, the Judge was almost overcome with heat, and, besides, he had reached the stage when he was unable to articulate very distinctly. He did not wish to confess his inability to proceed,

and yet he saw that he was nearing the point when he would be forced to do so.

Appreciating his condition, one of the attorneys, Robert Boyd, arose, and after asking to be excused for interrupting the court, suggested that it was near the dinner hour (which was not true), and in view of that, and the further fact that the Judge could not conclude his charge before the arrival of that hour, moved that the court adjourn until one o'clock. This motion was a life-saver to the Judge, who responded gratefully:

"Bob, I have always known you were the smartest man on the face of the earth—Court stands adjourned until one o'clock P. M."

UNIQUE OPINION OF MT. VERNON BAR.

On a certain occasion he said to a friend that one of the local lawyers, Bob Cook, had been very kind in obtaining whiskey for him, which was quite difficult to do as local option was in force in the town. In the course of the conversation the friend asked him his opinion of the local attorneys at Mt. Vernon. The judge answered promptly:

"Well, there is San Burdette; he is a bright, smart fellow, but he is all blossom and no fruit. As to John Brown, he is a tolerable lawyer and a mighty fine poker player. Judge Carter don't know narry law. Ike Stewart is a queer specimen of humanity—at a distance, when he is walking you can't tell whether his toes are in front or behind. He is not dangerous as a lawyer, but greatly to be feared as a witness. Judge McClure can only go half hammered—his ability will not reach three jumps—but Bob Cook is the cleverest man on earth, and a pretty durned good lawyer, too."

THE LAWYER AND THE COMET.

In the Judge's town there lived a handsome and well-dressed lawyer, a man of fine character and intelligence, but whom the Judge disliked and regarded as filled with self-importance. Some while previous to the time of his remark a comet appeared, causing much comment in the newspapers and among the people. Suddenly it disappeared, and some one called the attention of the Judge to the fact, whereupon he remarked:

"I am not astonished. I knew there was not room enough in the universe for Bill B——— and the comet, both."

SUDDEN CHANGE OF OPINION.

The Judge, as stated, was a large, fleshy man and, being of low stature, his locomotion was attended with some difficulty. He frequently rode on horseback to various courts in his circuit. While thus traveling with a huge pair of saddle-bags thrown across his saddle, a young man by the name of Landrum caught up with him, and the following colloquy ensued. Said the young man:

"Good morning, Judge."

The Judge responded:

"Good morning, young man, what is your name?"

"My name is Walker Landrum, and I live in Lancaster—am a son of your old friend, General Landrum."

They moved along in silence for sometime, when the Judge, who knew of the many killings that had taken place in Lancaster for some years previous, remarked:

"Well, I suppose you have a pistol and know how to use it!"

"Do you see that woodpecker?" said the Judge, pointing to a bird on a tree near by.

"I do," said Landrum.

"Well," said the Judge, "do you think you could hit him?"

"Certainly," said Landrum, "but I do not care to kill him as he is valuable in destroying insects."

"Valuable in killing insects?" said the Judge. "He is the meanest and filthiest of birds, and I wish you would kill him."

"All right," Landrum responded, and suiting his action to his word, fired.

Hearing a scuffling and confusion Landrum turned and beheld the Judge lying flat of his back in the middle of the road; his saddle-bags about ten feet away and his old gray mare, with tail over her back, running at breakneck speed down the hill. He immediately dismounted and assisted the Judge to arise, and thence to a friendly log, where he seated him and handed him his saddle-bags. Then, mounting his horse, he rapidly pursued the fleeing mare and presently returned with her.

After condoling with the Judge, he assisted him to mount his animal, and they rode forward in silence for several hundred yards. At length Landrum, espying another woodpecker, pointed him out to the Judge and prepared to fire, when the Judge, in a pleading manner, exclaimed:

"Don't, Landrum, for God's sake don't shoot him; he is the most harmless bird on the face of the earth."

THE GREATEST SPEECH EVER.

Judge Pearl and Senator Bradley were on terms of the greatest friendship and intimacy, which was never broken but once, and then only for a short while. During the Civil War Sigman killed young Higginbotham in Rockcastle County. Many years after he was arrested in Missouri and brought to Kentucky for trial. Senator Bradley was employed to prosecute. The defendant interposed a plea of former jeopardy, and upon this plea Judge Pearl (who had left the bench many years before) was the principal witness for defendant. He took serious exceptions to that portion of Senator Bradley's argument regarding his testimony.

At the conclusion of the speech a warm friend of the Senator rushed over to the Judge and exclaimed:

"Warn't that a great speech?"

The Judge responded:

"Tolerable, but do you know that he is now the maddest man in this court house?"

"No," replied the friend, "what is he mad about?"

"Because," said the Judge, "every man, woman and child in the courtroom have not crowded around him and told him that was the greatest speech ever made on the face of the earth."

POLITENESS PERSONFIED.

A very polite toper of Lancaster called for a drink, and the bar keeper handed him a glass of liquor with several dead flies floating on the top. With his usual politeness, he turned to the bartender and remarked:

"My friend, I know you will pardon me when I request that you will please give me my whiskey in one glass and my flies in another, so that I may mix them to suit myself."

SPENCER G. DABNEY.

Spencer G. Dabney was a unique character. He was a saddler by trade originally, and branched out as a drummer, then a lawyer, then a drummer, thence back again to a saddler. He was postmaster of Jacksboro, Tennessee, while Cleveland was President, died some years ago, and is buried on a mountain near that picturesque little village.

He was the first drummer or commercial traveler known in Kentucky, having launched into that business more than fifty years ago. It is questionable whether in many respects he ever had an equal. He was born in what was known as the "Chitwood Settle-

ment" in Tennessee many years ago, but spent most of his life in Kentucky. A man of winning manners, musical voice, sparkling wit, great originality and imposing person, it is not surprising he counted his friends by the scores. Wherever he went he was sought after, and many of the older residents of the State with great pride and pleasure recount his stories, among which may be mentioned the following.

EQUAL LOSERS.

A man who had borrowed money from Spencer G. Dabney many times and never repaid it, insisted he should loan him ten dollars more. Dabney informed him that he did not have that amount, but this only seemed to make the fellow more persistent. At length Dabney remarked:

"You say you must have ten dollars?"

"Yes," answered the man.

Dabney pulled a five dollar bill from his pocket and handing it to him, observed:

"There, take that. You lose $5, and I'll lose $5."

HOW A SILK HAT SAVED A LIFE.

Dabney was very careful in his dress, always wearing a spotless shirt front, a suit of black broadcloth, polished shoes and a glossy silk hat. He was doubtless the only living man who would have worn such clothes through the mountainous section of Kentucky without incurring the contempt of the people. He told some friends that his silk hat had once saved his life. Said he:

"I was traveling along an unfrequented road in the mountains when I heard voices in the brush not far from me; I reined in my horse and listened to the conversation, and I found that the parties were discussing whether or not they should murder and rob me. One of the number said, 'That man is bound to have plenty of money. Just look at his hat.'

"My heart was in my mouth in an instant, but you may well imagine how much I was relieved, when another said: 'Why, boys, that's the best sign in the world that he hain't no money, the d——d fool has invested the last cent he had in the world in that hat.' This settled it. I continued my journey in safety, all because I wore that hat. The truth is that the man was almost right; I had only twenty-five cents in my pocket."

THE EFFECT OF CHANGE.

He took great pleasure in recounting the experiences of his boyhood days in the Tennessee mountains, always dwelling with sincere affection on his Uncle Joe and Aunt Polly, who took charge of him at the death of his parents, when he was only three years of age, and reared him to manhood.

These old people, he said, were kind hearted and generous, but plain and unlettered. Years after he had gone from them and become a man of the world, he returned on a visit, dressed with his usual good taste. They were delighted to see him, but plainly evinced their displeasure on account of his dress and change of manner.

When he sat down at the humble board, he thanked them to hand him the potatoes, onions and molasses. Seeing that they did not approve of his correct pronunciation of the names of these articles, he concluded to humor them by calling for each of them the second time. So he said:

"Aunt Polly, hand me the ingurns."

This produced a faint smile on Aunt Polly's face. Turning to his uncle he asked for the "taters," and then speaking again to his aunt, he requested that the "lasses" should be passed to him. The old lady was overcome with pleasure at his seeming return to his former self, and with a hearty laugh, said:

"Now Spencer, you begin to talk natural and look like somebody."

POLLY MUGGINS' FISH TRAP.

Many years ago there lived in Whitley county, Kentucky, on the Cumberland river, at the foot of the mountain, an old lady who was affectionately called "Aunt Polly Muggins." She kept a little tavern which was a model of neatness, and was an accomplished cook. She also was the proprietor of a fish trap, known as a double fish trap, of which she said: "It catches em er comin' or gwine."

Once in each year she gave a fish dinner to which the leading citizens of the county were invited, and some notable from a distance was always induced to be present and deliver an address. In the late spring or early summer of 1855, such a dinner was given, and Colonel Dabney agreed to "orate."

After the guests had been seated at the table Uncle Rashe Creekmore arose and presented Colonel Dabney, who spoke as follows:

"When the traveler, weary and worn, is descending yonder mountain his heart is filled with joyous anticipation, for he knows that he is soon to sit down and rest 'neath the umbrageous elms of Aunt Polly Muggins." (Applause.)

"When the beaming sun is pouring its rays down upon suffering man and beast, they, from the mountain's crest, look down upon the smiling valleys at its feet and gather new life and vigor, for they know that delightful refreshment is not far away. (Applause.) Not more grateful is the oasis in the desert than the hospitable home of Aunt Polly Muggins, nestled among the trees at the foot of the mountains. Napoleon won great victories and held the world in the thralldom of combined terror and admiration, but he made no one happy. Peace hath its victories no less than war; Aunt Polly Muggins in peace brings happiness to starving man and is, in truth, 'an angel of mercy.' " (Here, Aunt Polly, who weighed 340 pounds, bowed her sylph-like figure and rewarded the orator with an angelic smile, by reason of which there was great applause.)

"We are met here, gentlemen, to partake of the noble woman's hospitality. What a privilege! We come not to pay court to a monarch with the padlock of slavery fastened upon our lips, but to offer sincere gratitude to the grandest woman in Whitley county—as free men! Free to act! Free to speak! Free to eat! And what is better still, free to drink! (Applause and cheers.) If I were standing today on the brink of the grave and the Lord should give me my choice as to where I should spend eternity, I would say, 'good-bye, heaven, I only ask to live forever at Polly Muggins' tavern.' "

At this point Mrs. Muggins was overcome with emotion and the tears streamed down her cheeks. Seeing that it was necessary to liven up the boys, he concluded as follows:

"And, now, gentlemen, I will ask you to rise and drink the health of the good woman, and allow me to wish that she may live for a thousand years, and that we may live equally as long, and once in each year may assemble to re-enact the scenes and incidents of this glorious day!" (The applause was now deafening.)

"At this juncture," said the Colonel, who was telling the story, "after the drinks were taken—for no man felt free to act until this was an accomplished fact, lest some intervening Providence should separate him from his 'mint julep'—I undertook to sit down, when Uncle Rashe Creekmore arose and, straightening his six feet six, said impressively:

" 'Spencer, my boy, you are the finest dressed man I ever saw. I have hearn Clay and Crittenden and Marshall.' By this time I was swollen to the size of two ordinary men and never felt so happy in all my life. 'But you need only one thing to make you a greater speaker than all of them,' he continued.

The crowd demanded in one voice:

" 'What's that, Uncle Rashe?'

Then the paralyzing answer came:

" 'Idees, Spencer, idees.'

"A punctured balloon never collapsed more completely or suddenly than I did, and from that good hour to this, I have never attempted to make a speech," said Dabney.

PERSONATES GOVERNOR WISE.

This is another one of his stories which, like nearly all the others, was told at his own expense:

Whilst Wise was Governor of Virginia, there lived a gentleman by the name of Lucas, in Jamestown, Kentucky, who was a hotel keeper, a politician and an extravagant admirer of the Governor. I was on my first visit to the little town, but had heard of Lucas' weakness. I rode up, dressed in a suit of broad cloth and a shiny silk hat. Lucas at once thought that a gentleman of quality had arrived and hastened to assist me to dismount. I bowed right and left with great dignity to the little knot of men present, walked into the office and registered my name as "Governor Wise, Virginia."

When Lucas saw the name his pleasure had no bounds; he almost screamed with delight and came near wringing off my hand; he called in the crowd and introduced each one to me as his friend Governor Wise, of Virginia, and then rushed frantically away to inform his good wife of the distinguished arrival. At once everything was in a hubbub of subdued excitement, as the worthy lady commenced preparation for dinner. Necessarily there was considerable delay. The best tableware was borrowed from residents of the town, and such another dinner has rarely been seen. I was sitting near the open door of the dining room watching the preparations. I saw one steaming dish after another placed on the table, which fairly groaned with its heavy burden.

Finally the good lady took her seat at the head of the table with the perspiration streaming down her face and with an air of exulting triumph said to the waiter:—"Now, let him come." And come I did, never enjoying any dinner before or since as I did that one.

But when I made my identity known, it took three men to prevent Lucas from taking my life. I was compelled to leave town in a more hurried than dignified manner, and I did not dare to return until more than a year afterward, Lucas in the meanwhile having come to the conclusion that it was all a good joke.

NOVEL PLEA OF SELF DEFENSE.

Josh Dye was one of the celebrities of Lincoln county. He professed to be, and really thought he actually was, gifted with great legal ability. Time and again he attempted to get a license to practice law, but was on each occasion grievously disappointed. He went to his grave believing that the jealousy of the local attorneys alone had prevented him from obtaining a license.

Having been indicted for disturbing religious worship, he demanded the privilege of defending himself, which, of course, was readily granted. In addition, he claimed the right to select the prosecuting attorney. He seriously objected to Commonwealth's Attorney Denny prosecuting him, and insisted on being prosecuted by "the Hocker children, one or both." (Two young and deserving lawyers of the local bar.) This, which he contended was a constitutional right, being denied him, he gravely entered an exception and the trial proceeded.

The witnesses for the Commonwealth stated that while a protracted meeting was being carried on out in the country, a large crowd being present, great religious excitement prevailing and many persons having gone forward to the altar to be prayed for, Dye, who was very drunk, climbed upon a stove and knocked the pipe down upon the heads of the "mourners," which substantially broke up the meeting. Dye disdainfully declined to cross-examine, called Brother Cook, the local preacher, to the witness stand and proceeded to interrogate him as follows:

"Brother Cook, did you see me at worship on the night spoke of?"

Brother Cook. "I did."

Dye. "Were I or were I not a mourner at that time?"

Cook responded, "No, but you were drunk."

"How did you know I were drunk?" asked Dye.

Cook answered, "I could tell it from your appearance."

"Now, Brother Cook," said Dye, "do you mean to say that you can tell from a mourner's looks, whether he is drunk on liquor or drunk on religion?"

Cook sententiously responded, "You were drunk on whiskey."

Dye sat despairingly for a moment and then said: "Brother Cook, I will ask you one more question. Did I, or did I not, jump off the stove to prevent being crushed to death by the mourners, and were I or not a actin' in self defense?"

After the cessation of merriment and confusion in the court room attending this question, Brother Cook responded, "No," when Dye surrendered all hope of escape and submitted the case to the jury.

THE LAUGH TURNED.

When Senator Bradley was running for Governor in 1887 he made a speech at Chinquapin Rough, in Jackson County. The meeting was held in a grove, and the horses and mules were hitched in and about its vicinity. While the Senator was speaking a large mule with tremendous lungs commenced braying. This produced great merriment at the Senator's expense on the part of the Democrats in the audience. The Senator, catching the spirit of the joke, remarked:

"There it is, again, I never can speak without being interrupted by some Democrat."

A BACKWOODS LAWYER.

Judge M. C. Saufley is authority for the following:

Charles L. Higginbotham was a noted and unique character of Wayne county. He had held the offices of constable and justice of the peace, and, after having established a local reputation in the discharge of his duties, he conceived the idea that he was born to a higher destiny. He applied for a license to practice law, and obtained it, more by the grace of the judge of the circuit court than by the merit of any attainment in the science. His personality was striking; a man of low stature, with immense head, face and stomach, small legs, protruding eyes and, withal, a deep, bass voice which did not have to be lifted up to be audible.

At the first term of the circuit court after he had obtained his license, Judge Wheat in calling the Commonwealth docket, called, "The Commonwealth of Kentucky v. Charley Bell, Indictment for tippling."

Higginbotham deliberately arose from an elevated back seat in the court room, his constable's saddle-bags in which he "kept his office," across his shoulders, and, beckoning toward the Judge with his index finger, said, in a deep tone:

"Jedge, I move to throw her overboard!"

Judge Wheat, a kindly and benevolent old gentleman, raised his spectacles, looked over the assembled crowd, recognized the speaker and said:

"Come within the bar, Mr. Higginbotham, and make your motion known to the court!"

Higginbotham hustled down from his perch, threaded his way through the crowd, and stood before the Judge. Said the Judge:

"What is your motion, Mr. Higginbotham."

"I move to throw her overboard," responded Higginbotham.

"What is the ground of that motion?" said the Judge.

"The defendant, Charles Bell, is a poor man; he's half blind; he's got a large family of children and no sustainance," answered Higginbotham.

"I demur to that motion," said the Commonwealth's Attorney.

"The demurer is overruled, the motion is sustained, the indictment is thrown overboard," ruled the Judge entering into the humor of the situation.

"I thank the court for its wisdom and justice," responded Higginbotham very gravely and bowing profoundly, totally unconscious that there was the slightest element of a joke entering into the victory he had achieved.

Higginbotham had not been offering his services to litigants very long before he discovered the need of a book which was not to be found in the library of any of the local lawyers. The bright idea struck him that if he could procure this ideal book, it would save him the trouble of much reading—an exercise to which he was wholly unused—and, besides, relieve him of that doubt and anxiety as to results which keep the best lawyers awake all night. He was certainly not wanting in the constructive faculty, and pondering the matter awhile, he wrote a letter to the Public Printer, of which the following is a precise copy, save the spelling, punctuation and chirography, which, unhappily, cannot be reproduced:

"Monticello, Kentucky,
September 15th, ——

A. G. Hodges, State Printer,
Frankfort, Ky.

Dear Sir:—

I want you to print me a book that contains all the laws of the United States and each State thereof. I want it to contain the forms of a petition in equity, a petition in law, all the motions and demurrers, and the answers that would be proper thereto, the argument of counsel and the evidence, being so and so, and the probable verdict of the jury. I think if you would print such a book you could sell several of them in this town. I would take one, Sherrod Williams would take one, Shelby Stone would take one, Jeems Chrisman would take one, and the Van Winkles would need one each.

Yours respectfully, CHARLES HIGGINBOTHAM."

PUNISHMENT FOR CONTEMPT.

A most amusing incident transpired in the second division of the Common Pleas Branch, Jefferson circuit court, Judge Gordon presiding.

The Judge is one of the mildest, best natured men in the world, with a full sufficiency of judicial ability and old fashioned backbone. He is a large, muscular man and when aroused is, to use the language of Bill Arp, "a awkward man in a row."

A case was pending in his court in which Dr. Wathen, an eminent physician and surgeon, was a witness. The doctor was a rapid talker and insisted on making statements that were incompetent. The Judge repeatedly called him to order and at length administered a severe rebuke. This offended the doctor seriously. A short while after, he met the Judge on the street and said to him that he did not relish the treatment, and asked the Judge whether or not he would be sent to jail if he resented it.

"No," said the Judge, "by no means, but I think it my duty to tell you that you will certainly be sent to the hospital."

FRANK BUT INGENIOUS ARGUMENT.

John B——— had been Commonwealth's Attorney of the ——— District of Kentucky. After the expiration of his term he was employed to defend a man for murder, whereupon he interposed the plea of insanity. John had made a reasonably good attorney, but had never succeeded in "setting the world on fire." No one knew his inability in many respects better than he, and he was smart enough to know that it was generally known. In making his argument he said to the jury:

"Gentlemen, this man is crazy beyond a reasonable doubt. Two circumstances clearly establish this, leaving out all the other proof in the case. In the first place it is shown beyond all doubt that his father was crazy for many years and died crazy, and in the second place the fact that he has employed me proves that he has no sense and is wholly irresponsible."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Bill Hudson was a negro floater who always sold his vote. He would sell it in all sorts of ways and to all sorts of people, frequently to contending candidates, and, consequently, was the cause of many rows in Lancaster. During the latter part of the campaign for Judge and Commonwealth's Attorney in the year 1886, he went about the

streets with tearful face and broken voice, begging for money to bury his poor old mother. In this way he procured quite a little sum.

After the election was over one of the gentlemen who had contributed liberally because of the fact that his brother-in-law was a candidate for Judge, incidentally heard some one speak of having seen Bill's mother the day before. This information caused him to lose his temper and he vowed within himself the first time he saw Bill to give him a good threshing.

A few days thereafter he met Bill and demanded of him to know why he had obtained this money under false pretenses, telling him he had heard a short while before that his mother was alive, although he had represented immediately preceding the election that she was dead. Bill turned and looking him full in the face, said:

"I didn't say Mammy was dead."

Then said the gentleman: "Did you want the money to bury her alive?"

"Now, boss," said Bill, "doan you go to gittin rickliss. Jes lisen to me a minit. Now, boss, you know life is uncertain, and so do I. How could I tell when mammy mite die. She was ole and was lible to die at any minit. I know'd this, and I went to work to get ther money so's if she happen'd ter die I wud have ther money reddy ter bury her widoud stoppin my mournin ter run round ther town an beg fur it."

The explanation was necessarily sufficient.

A REASONABLE DOUBT.

Judge W——— presided many years in the Harrodsburg district. He told, as only he could tell, his experience in a murder trial at Lawrenceburg, as follows:

Three men were indicted for murder, one who fired the shot and the others as being present, aiding, counseling and assisting in the commission of the crime. The proof was conclusive, and I instructed the jury that if they believed from the evidence, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the two who did not shoot were present, aiding, counseling and advising, they were equally guilty with the defendant who fired the fatal shot. To my profound astonishment the jury hung, as to the two who didn't shoot, and being informed that an honest old blacksmith had hung the jury, I asked him what was his reason. Said he:

"'Judge, did you not tell us if we had a reasonable doubt, we should acquit?'

"Yes," said I, "but you could not have had a reasonable doubt, the evidence was plain and uncontradicted that they were present, aiding, abetting and counseling the commission of the crime."

Whispering to me very confidentially, he said:

"That's so, Judge, but I had a reasonable doubt whether you had correctly given us the law, and for that reason I did not agree."

JUDGE CRADDOCK.

Judge George M. Craddock resided in Frankfort for many years, and was held in high esteem for his sterling character, legal acumen and political sagacity. He was very slow, deliberate and tedious in speech, in consequence of which he was the target for much amusement. Nevertheless, he said many witty things that will not soon be forgotten.

AN AMUSING RETORT.

Circuit court at Frankfort had concluded its labors and the members of the bar were having a jollification. Judge Thomas Lindsey was celebrated for always moving for a new trial and praying an appeal if unsuccessful, and, be it said to his credit, was most generally successful in reversing the judgment.

In speaking of Judge Craddock, he said:

"George, the Lord will convict you on Judgment Day before you state your case, much less before you argue it."

"Yes," retorted Craddock, "and what will you do. When judgment of condemnation is rendered against you, you will file grounds and make a motion for a new trial, and when overruled, you will attempt to prosecute and appeal to a higher court, but for once you will be disappointed, and that disappointment will be more severe to you than all the other punishment you will receive."

I ACKNOWLEDGE THE SERVICE.

Although Judge Craddock was a man of considerable wealth he preferred to have an officer's receipt for all he owed, and rarely paid without being sued. In consequence of this peculiarity he was frequently served with process, which, however, never angered him. Walking along the pavement he passed over one side of a large hogshead hoop, but, when he reached the opposite side, he stepped on it, and it flew up behind him and hit him on the shoulders. With perfect politeness he turned his head to one side, and said:

"I acknowledge the service," mistaking the stroke for the familiar hand of the constable.

THE JUDGES PROTECTING THEMSELVES.

Judge Craddock went before the Court of Appeals to argue a criminal case. The Court consisted of four judges on the bench, and noting one of them absent, he turned to Judge Hardin, and asked where Judge Pryor was. Being informed he had left the city, Judge Craddock became very angry, saying his conduct was an outrage, in view of the fact that his client's case, involving his life, was to be argued that morning; and, consequently, the Judge should have remained. After his passion had cooled, Judge Hardin turned to him and kindly said:

"Now, Judge, you know Judge Pryor is in delicate health; besides, you know the weather is exceedingly hot; how can you blame him for protecting himself—possibly for saving his life, by escaping the infliction upon him of an argument by you?"

ENTHUSIASTIC DEMOCRATS.

After Cleveland's election to the Presidency, a number of enthusiastic Democrats of Frankfort, procured a brass band, loaded up with various drinks and went out to serenade the Democratic leaders. Judge Craddock's house was the last they visited, and when they reached it they were in an uproarious condition. The Judge appeared on the porch and made several attempts to speak, but on each occasion, his voice was drowned by the excited crowd. This enraged him, and finally, when they had partially quieted down, he addressed them:

"Fellow citizens, Democrats, hoodlums and sons of guns, I bid you good night."

STINGING REBUKE.

Senator Thomas C. McCreery was addressing an audience in Lexington, Ky., many years ago when a drunken ruffian persisted in interrupting him. Finally he remarked:

"There lives in my county a splendid specimen of manhood by the name of Benny Jones, who, though eighty years old, walks erect as a boy, and who is known far and wide as 'Sugar Jones.' Ever since he reached man's estate he has attended all the political speakings in the vicinage, and during all that time was never known to interrupt a public speaker. The consequence is he is esteemed by all who know him as a perfect gentleman. I trust the man who is interrupting me so continually may profit by his example."

A GRATEFUL GOVERNOR.

While Senator Bradley was Governor of Kentucky, Colonel John K. Hendricks, of Western Kentucky, (ex-member of House of Congress), rushed into his office and excitedly told him that he had just been compelled to kill a man in front of the Capitol, and wanted a pardon.

The Governor, who was exceedingly fond of the Colonel, excitedly inquired what on earth had made him take human life.

"Well," said the Colonel, "I walked up the pavement in front of the Capitol, behaving myself with perfect propriety, without any malice in my heart, not supposing that there was any man on earth who had anything against me, when the deceased in a most provoking and malicious manner said to me: 'How are you, Governor?' Of course I could not brook such an insult and shot him dead, and now I ask you to pardon me."

"Certainly," said the Governor, "I will pardon you with pleasure, for your prompt action has prevented me from killing this man myself."

EVERY MAN ENTITLED TO COUNSEL.

Judge McManama ordered a prisoner to stand up that he might be sentenced. With fierce countenance and harsh voice he said:

"John Jones, you have been indicted by the grand jury of Grant county for grand larceny. You have been defended by Bob————, a very clever man, but a very poor lawyer; a jury of our countrymen, after hearing the evidence, have found you guilty, and fixed your punishment at two years' confinement in the State penitentiary. Have you any reason to urge why sentence of the Court should not be pronounced against you?"

Jones stood in stolid silence. Continuing Judge McManama said:

"It is now the judgment of the court that you be taken hence by the jailer of Grant county, and by him delivered to the sheriff of Grant county, and by him released from custody, because you were denied your constitutional privilege of being heard either by yourself or counsel."

"LARNED" HIM TOO MUCH.

Judge Thomas Z. Morrow was one of the State's foremost jurists, lawyers and orators. He was the brother-in-law of Senator Bradley, and when the latter was a small boy, instructed him in the art of speaking. Long after when the Senator became a practicing attorney and was opposed to the Judge in the trial of cases, the Judge would tell the jury how he taught him to speak, etc. Finally the Senator

concluded to anticipate the Judge who had the concluding speech, by telling the jury he had taught **him** how to speak.

The case was on trial in the Rockcastle circuit court and Ashley Owens, who believed the Judge to be the greatest man alive, which fact, however, was unknown at the time to Senator Bradley, was the foreman of the jury. Senator Bradley told, with evident relish, how he had taught the Judge to speak. He was followed by the Judge in a powerful argument, which resulted in a verdict for his client for the full amount claimed.

After the discharge of the jury the old foreman called Senator Bradley into an adjoining room and with deep solemnity said:

"Bill, did I understand you to say that you larn't Tom how to speak?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he slowly shook his head, remarking:

"Well, Bill, you overdone the job, and my advice is that the next time you larn a man to speak, you must not larn him so darned much."

USED THE WRONG WORD.

Judge V——— practiced law in the Pulaski circuit court. He was an able lawyer, but given to the use of words, at times, incomprehensible to the ordinary juror. Judge M——— had instituted an action for the recovery of a large number of hogs. Judge V——— represented the defendant, and, in closing his argument, reminded the jury that there was no adminicular testimony in the case. Judge M——— in response, said:

"Gentlemen, there is no necessity for me to enter into a lengthy argument after my distinguished friend has admitted that there is no "adminicular" testimony in the case. I quite agree with him. Adminicular testimony, gentlemen, means testimony which establishes the defendant's claim. The gentleman having admitted that there is no testimony establishing the claim of his client, all that is left for you to do is to return a verdict for the plaintiff for all the hogs claimed."

This short speech was made with great seriousness and seeming confidence, so much so, that the jury believed it to be true and promptly returned a verdict for the plaintiff as suggested.

NOVEL METHOD OF GAUGING WHISKEY.

Shortly after the Civil War, Judge Owsley was the Commonwealth's Attorney of the Eighth District, and was a politician of great power. In those days there was little law business being done, and

Judge Morrow had now and then for some time been employed in gauging whiskey for the Government. In a joint political debate, Judge Owsley referred to this fact, claiming that Judge Morrow was a Republican because of the fact that he held a government office.

Judge Owsley, while an exceedingly amiable and bright man, sometimes partook too freely of the flowing bowl. Judge Morrow, in responding, admitted that he had been engaged for a time in the service of the government and thanked the Judge for lightening his burdens. Said he:

"After the Judge has been in attendance on the court for as much as three days, it is not necessary that I should visit the various distilleries in order to obtain the proof of the different whiskies in the county. I simply run my instrument down his throat and pull it out and examine it, write down 'Smith Cains, 120 proof.' I then again perform the operation inserting the instrument a little deeper and drawing it out and writing down, 'Hugh McBeath, 116 proof'; and by repeating this operation I am enabled to know the proof of all the whiskey manufactured in the county."

AN INQUIRING FEMALE.

While Judge Morrow was presiding as judge of the Rockcastle circuit court, a woman witness insisted, as is quite common, on detailing incompetent evidence. Of course the attorneys would object, and the court would be compelled to stop her. Evidently she had never been in court before. She knew the lawyers, but did not know the Judge. Finally she lost her patience with the Judge, and turning toward him, inquired:

"Old man, who are you, and what's this your business, anyhow?"

APPEAL FOR SILENCE.

In the town of Stanford was an attorney who was blessed with powerful lungs, and a voice like a fog horn. Judge Morrow narrates that while holding court in that town, John Robinson's circus came to give a performance. At ten o'clock A. M., just after the parade started through the streets and while the attorney mentioned was speaking in a loud voice, Robinson came into the court, made a bow to the Judge, and asked him if he would allow him to say a word. The court having granted such permission, he addressed his honor:

"May it please the court, I will thank you to stop the gentleman from speaking until the parade passes through the town, so that the people may hear my calliope."

FUNDAMENTAL ABSORPTION.

Immediately preceding the Civil War, there were a number of distinguished graduates of Centre College, who for the first time went upon the hustings. Among them were Breckinridge, Brown, Green, Morrow, Hardin and others. The latter two named were pitted against each other, one favoring Breckinridge and the other favoring Douglas, for President. They had a joint debate in the town of Lancaster.

Hardin contended that he did not understand Morrow's position regarding certain matters and insisted that he should make himself understood. Morrow responded that he had used ordinarily plain English, and had expressed himself in the clearest possible way. Hardin still contended that he did not understand him.

"Then," said Morrow, "it is useless for me to talk further. I will write it out on a piece of paper and let the gentleman sit down on it, and take it in by fundamental absorption."

THIRTEEN MEN NECESSARY TO CONVICT AN INNOCENT MAN.

Whilst Morrow was on the bench in Boyle county, a jury convicted a negro of high character of a penitentiary offense, merely, as Judge Morrow thought, because he was a negro and not because of the testimony. In passing on the motion for a new trial, Judge Morrow said:

"There is no evidence in this case to justify a conviction. The verdict is therefore set aside. I want it understood that it takes thirteen men to send an innocent man to the penitentiary in this court."

OPPOSED TO ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Judge Morrow was the Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky in 1883 against Hon. J. Proctor Knott, Democrat. The Democratic majority in the State was very great, and Morrow's election would have been but little less than marvelous.

During the campaign an agent insisted that Morrow should take out a policy against accidents. With a merry twinkle in his eye, the Judge remarked:

"My dear young friend, I can not take any such policy at this time. The last thing I want to insure against is an accident, for in that way alone can I be elected."

REMARKABLE LOVE LETTER.

Many years ago Senator Bradley was one of the attorneys in a case wherein Warren sued Gentry in the Rockcastle circuit court for slander, because of the fact that Gentry's wife had accused Warren of poisoning his wife. The defendant pleaded justification, and, among other evidence introduced to show that Warren was guilty, was the testimony of a young lady, that Warren, a short time before his wife's death, had proposed in a letter to have her run away with him. She produced the letter, in evidence, as follows:

"Oct. 12, 1874.
Pine Hill, Rockcastle Co., Ky.,

Nancie jain. I am a goin to rite yu wun time moar to let yu kno that I hain't fergot yu and I hope yu hain't fergot me, mi deer, I think about yu moar and moar. I am sorrie to think that yu have treat me so, mi darlin. It greifs mi hart to think that yu wood beleve uther peple befoar yu will beleve me. I have bin a fren to yu awl of mi life and alwase told yu how to do an I am going to tri yore fath wun time moar, mi deer.

I luv yu mi darlin stil and i never shal hait yu but thar is wun thing that i hait, mi deer to think that you hav treat me so an i am goin to ax yu to rite me unst an tel me whut yu hav hered if yu plese honie. ef yu hav hered whut I hav hered yu have hered yu hav hered a ly, i doant keer who told yu, mi darlin, and i want yu to speek to me mi honie wharever yu se me let it be nite or da.

Ef yu luv me i no that yu cant hait me. Now ef yu want to gow i wil take yu and marri yu and bring yu bak hom like a ladi i did not sa i had axed yore pap fur yu and yu tole me that yu woud hav me if i wus the last man in the worl, yu was misstaking when yu thout that i had axed fur yu ef yu sa so. did yu tel that john cromer and kid cromer i had peswaded yu to gow with me honie; i want everbodie to lik yu honie. i want yu to tel me what yu want me to do with them close that i bot fur yu, if yu want em mi honie yu can haf em fur i luv yu my darlin nancy jain. i want two sa two yu two giv me a good naim to everbodi and i wil giv yu a good naim; an i am shore to do that much fur yu honie; remember tiz mortle to lay this boddie down to dy. remember me til the pale hoss kums and ma the devvil mis yu and the Lord git yu my darlin is mi umbl prair. here is a drap of blood, (here a red spot appears) it kums frum the senter of mi hart wich is the best i kin do at prezent. i send it to yu to let yu no that mi hart is brok in tu mi honie.

and nancy jain, i want yu to pra fur me mi darlin at home an abrawd. i am goin to be a good boy and i shant sa whut you tol me not to sa the other dai. if i cant be with yu i can meet yu up in heven whar partin wil be no more, mi honie. So mai god bles yu and the devvil mis yu honie.

i wil here mak a round wring (here appears a large circle) on this letter to let yu no that mi luv fur yu wil never end.

When this yu se
Remember me
fur this yu can se
when yu cant se me, mi honie mi nancy jain. I ax yu to go to Bud Adamses or Sam Owenses and tawk to me abowt ten or fifteen minits if yu plese, mi honie, god bles yore sole honie so i must kum to a klose. i kant tel yu haf mi mind honie god bles yu mi deer pray fur me an speek to me and shaik hans with me mi honie.

Marion to Nancy jain."

When Warren was placed on the stand, Charles Kirtley proceeded to examine him. Kirtley was a hunch back, weighing about seventy-five pounds, and was shaped like an interrogation point; he was exceedingly shrewd and courageous, and had a keen, penetrating voice. The defendant having admitted that he wrote the letter, Kirtley asked him:

"Will you say under oath that the drop of blood on this letter came from the center of your heart?"

The witness hesitated, but finally replied, "No."

"Then," said Kirtley in a keen, piping, and insulting voice, "where did it come from?"

Warren gasped for breath and in a subdued tone, said:

"It come out'en a chicken's laig."

COLONEL DUNLAP.

Colonel George W. Dunlap, of L————, Kentucky, was one of the courtliest of men. He was accomplished, thoroughly educated, gifted with great vivacity of manner, and was a most eloquent speaker.

"I'M SURPRISED OF IT."

The Colonel defended John Canter on a charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons. When the case was called Canter assured him he was ready for trial and that the Commonwealth witness, a very substantial citizen, by the name of Boudinot, knew nothing against him. The Colonel asked him if he was certain of this and Canter, responding in the affirmative, announced:

"Defendant is ready."

Boudinot was introduced and swore that within twelve months before the finding of the indictment he met Canter, who was very drunk, and who cursed him, and drew a pistol from his hip pocket and threatened to shoot him.

Colonel Dunlap was almost paralyzed with astonishment, but after recovering somewhat from the shock, he turned to Canter and told him in words more forcible than elegant, what he thought of him. Canter's only response was:

"I'm surprised of it."

The Colonel, seeing a ray of hope, asked that his client might be sworn, stating that he was taken by surprise at the statement, which was false; that he believed it a case of mistaken identity and desired to move for a continuance. Canter stood up and was sworn, and the Colonel asked him whether or not he was taken by surprise at the statement of the witness. Canter stooped down and picked up some shavings from the floor and hesitated. Finally the Colonel lost his temper and roared out at him:

"Are you surprised by the statement?"

Canter answered:

"I am surprised of it."

Then the Colonel asked whether the statements were true.

Canter again commenced picking up shavings, when the Colonel again in a loud voice, repeated his question. Canter hesitated, but finally responded:

"I'm surprised of it."

The Colonel then said in an angry tone:

"I am not asking you about that; what I want to know is, whether the statement of the witness is true?"

Again shavings were picked up and, after much hesitation, Canter responded:

"Now, ray-al-ly, Colonel, I'm surprised of it."

By this time the Colonel was in a rage, and, glaring at the witness exclaimed:

"The h——l you say."

That ended Canter's motion for a continuance. Under instructions a verdict was returned of "guilty" with a fine of twenty-five dollars and ten days' imprisonment. After Canter had served his time out, he met the Colonel, who reminded him that he had mortified him by his conduct and that he must now pay his fee of twenty-five dollars. Canter turned to him with a twinkle in his eye, and said:

"Why, Colonel, I'm ray-al-ly surprised of it."

BORN TO BE HANGED.

Colonel Dunlap told a story of an old client of his who had a very wild boy. He said that the old man told him his son had wandered up and down the country, committing first one and then another breach of the penal laws, and beating his way everywhere. Finally, he took passage on a Mississippi River steamer. The boiler burst, and the boat caught fire. Everybody except his son jumped overboard, seizing whatever they could to sustain themselves. The boy could not swim and was afraid to jump. He retreated from the blaze to the edge of the boat and stood there until the flames were singeing his clothing. Then, with a shout of "Gallows, claim your rights," he jumped into the stream and swam ashore with apparent ease. Said the old gentleman, in commenting upon this wonderful escape:

"I have always known, George, that he was born to be hanged."

STRANGE AMMUNITION.

In the campaign of 1900 Senator Bradley and Judge Yost had an appointment to speak in a certain town in Western Kentucky. Although notice of the meeting had been given for sometime, the opposite party later made an appointment for several gentlemen of their faith for the same day, and as the jailer was a Democrat, had no trouble in procuring the court house. One of their orators, a very young man, sent a challenge for joint debate with Senator Bradley, which was declined. Senator Bradley and Judge Yost were compelled to hold their meeting in a grove near the town.

As they were going out to the grove a gentleman came up with them and informed them that the young man (for whom Senator Bradley afterwards came to entertain high regard), whose invitation for a joint debate had been refused, had just stated in the court house that he had challenged Senator Bradley to debate with him, and Senator Bradley had declined because he was afraid of him. When Senator Bradley arose to speak he told the audience of the circircumstances, and frankly admitted the truth of the assertion that he was afraid of the young gentleman. Said he:

"I am afraid of him for the same reason that the Indian chief gave for his precipitate retreat on the frontier. Some United States soldiers, who were on a very steep hill, were attacked by Indians, who were concealed in a thicket below them. Having a howitzer mounted on a mule, the soldiers fired it into the ranks of the Indians. The rebound knocked the mule to the earth and he rolled down the hill with the howitzer attached to him into the midst of the savages below.

This sudden and strange circumstance caused the Indians to flee in great trepidation.

"The old chief was captured and being asked why he and his braves fled so precipitately, answered, with great solemnity, 'Me no 'fraid o' white man and no 'fraid o' guns, but, when white man shoots whole jackass at me, me can't stand it.' And so I say now, I am not afraid of Democrats, and not afraid of guns, but when the Democratic party shoots a whole, live, kicking jackass at me, I can't stand it."

RUFUS ENO.

Colonel W. H. Slaughter relates the following story:

In the quiet little village of New Haven, Kentucky, nestled on the waters of the Rolling Fork, lived a strange human being, the cobbler of the neighborhood, named Rufus Eno. He was a giant in stature, with brawny limbs, big, wild, restless eyes, high cheek bones, and gorilla-like expression. When and how he came into the village few, if any, of its inhabitants knew or cared—he seemed to have just dropped in. He was apparently about fifty years of age and seemed to grow no older. He had little or nothing to say; his life was a mystery. His habitation, if it could be dignified by that name, was a little eight-by-ten shack on the remote corner of a four-acre-square, without plaster or ceiling.

Daylight was not a stranger to any part of it, so unpretentious had been its construction, apparently built without aim or object. Here Eno lived, worked, ate and slept, contentedly. No one knew his history; if he had any, it was a sealed book. He worked day and night, and night and day. As soon as the sun went down his dingy lamp was lighted and the neighbors said that he worked all night—his hammer sounding at intervals until all the drowsy denizens were asleep, and with the gray dawn it was the first sound to greet their ears. It seemed never to cease. It was the villagers' watchman, "What of the night?" their reveille and tattoo.

By and by, the good trustees of the town passed a Sunday ordinance requiring all secular work to cease, and stores and shops to close, from 12 o'clock Saturday night until the same hour Sunday night. Thereafter, promptly at 12 o'clock Saturday night Eno's light went out, and death-like silence reigned until 12 o'clock Sunday night, when again it reappeared and the sound of the old hammer seemed to say to the villagers wrapt in slumber—"All's well."

He had neither friend nor foe, he lived to himself, prepared his own food—if he ate at all. He had no bed upon which to stretch his tired, ponderous frame, if he ever grew weary or ever slept. When

people wanted their shoes mended they unceremoniously pushed open the creaky door, threw them on the floor, stating when they would call for them, and Eno would simply look up from his bench, never speaking, but the work was always ready, when called for. When asked the charge he would grunt out "quarter," "dime" or whatever it might be. It was always moderate, the work rough, but durable.

Amongst others who carried work to old Eno's shop was Mary Clayton, a little blue-eyed, Titian-haired beauty, who lived several miles in the country. She often brought him work from her own and neighboring families. She was about ten years of age and would, child-like, sit down upon a three-legged stool to rest, and watch the old fellow while he worked. He evidently, probably from sympathy (for she was very poor), took a lively interest in her, and now and then he would reach up over his head and get an apple, cake, or stick of candy and give her, with a sort of gorilla-like smile, but he never uttered a word. This kind treatment and the good things (to which she was entirely unused), were sufficient attraction for her, and she sought occasion to do errands for the old cobbler as often as possible. She was the only human being he apparently ever noticed, but his taciturn, forbidding features would grow brighter at her coming.

As time drove apace, this little girl grew into womanhood, more than fulfilling early promise in development of form and feature. Her apparel was of the cheapest, but her bright eyes, waving hair, fine figure and elastic step were the admiration of the town. She was now eighteen and a beauty.

One day in the late autumn, the villagers were startled by the announcement that Mary Clayton and old Eno had married. This was only a day's wonder and created but a little ripple in the monotonous round of village life. They at once moved into an old three-roomed gable roofed cottage at the other end of the lot. Here with his wax end, awl and hammer, Eno vigorously plied his vocation, whilst his pretty wife kept house and tended a little garden plot, which, with the approach of a smiling spring, seemed to augur happiness and comfort for this strange alliance of beauty and the beast, both seemingly unmindful of the outer world.

The first sensation (their marriage), had been forgotten, only to give way to a more startling one—a tragedy. Eno learned that before his marriage his wife had had improper relations with her cousin, a groceryman by the name of Ford. His jealous rage knew no bounds, and he determined that her seducer should die. His idol was broken, his faith in humanity rudely shaken, and nothing but blood could atone for the wrong. He impressed his wife with the

same feeling and, goaded to desperation, she sought Ford at his store, when alone, fired the fatal shot and emerged with a smoking pistol in hand—leaving her victim dying on the floor.

She and Eno were at once arrested, imprisoned, and indicted for murder.

In due course of the time she was tried separately, and sentenced to imprisonment for ten years in the penitentiary. Her attorneys believing that when the facts were made known to the Governor, she would be quickly pardoned, made no motion for a new trial, but bent their efforts to secure executive clemency. Petitions were gotten up and signed by everybody, including the jurors and officers of the court, and forwarded to the Capital. The Civil War was then in progress and, in the excitement, the papers were pigeonholed, and Mrs. Eno languished in the penitentiary.

Eno remained in jail, the courts in Kentucky having been irregularly held and but little business transacted, owing to the war. From term to term his case was continued. He frothed and foamed at the confinement like a madman, which he unquestionably was. Becoming outraged and impatient at the delay, which he attributed to neglect of his lawyers, he sent for me one day, and went over his case. After talking a while he grew wild and in a tempest of rage clutched and strained at the iron bars of the window of his cell. My promise to assist him finally caused him to grow calmer. He told me that when he first learned of Ford's perfidy, he intended to end his blighted life by suicide and had written some lines to be found by his wife after his death. He handed me the paper and told me to read it after I left him. They showed the seeming monster had both pride and sentiment, and are as follows:

"Oh! cruel heart ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath.
Those eyes which burned like funeral tapers
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perhaps you may extinguish them in vapor
When I am gone and green grass covereth your lover,
But it will be in vain;
It cannot bring the vital spark again.
Oh! when thine eyes did burn so blue
They seemed an omen that we must expect
The fate of lovers; and they boded true,
For I am half a spirit now—a ghost elect,
Just stopped before the tomb-stone steps
That lead me to death's door.

Beyond I go; I know not, care not, where,
To sleep eternal or to black despair.
Plunging to death to Heaven I'll cry,
'Man born of woman, must of woman die.'
Alas! 'twould take a life to tell
That one fond word—farewell—farewell!"

After having been confined in jail for several years, the Sue Munday guerillas dashed into town one day and asked me if there were any prisoners in jail. I said "Yes, old Rufus is there, go and release him," which they promptly did. In a few minutes they dashed out of town taking Eno with them. He was dazed at his unexpected freedom and, if friends he had, he bade adieu to none.

In 1865 just at the close of the war, I happened to be in Frankfort and met Colonel James Wood, and we called on Governor Bramblette and talked to him about Mrs. Eno. When matters were explained he said that the papers had escaped him, which he regretted, but that she would be free in that hour. He instructed the Secretary of State, to write out the pardon and take it to the prison personally.

The Secretary of State, Colonel Wood, and myself, went at once to the prison, and when the pardon was handed to the Warden, he looked at the register, turned, and said:

"Gentlemen, this woman has been released by a higher power; she was buried yesterday."

A JOKE ON SOUND MONEY.

Everybody in Kentucky knows genial William (Bill) Yost. He distinguished himself as a Judge of the Superior Court and has an enviable reputation as a lawyer. While at Frankfort he visited the Feeble-Minded Institute.

In 1896 the Judge canvassed Kentucky in the interest of sound money. Among other places, he appeared at Princeton and made a very telling and able speech.

At its conclusion a young man came up to him and said:

"How are you, Jedge?"

The Judge kindly acknowledged the salutation, and the boy said:

"Jedge, I don't believe you know me."

The Judge admitted that he did not.

"Why, Jedge, don't you remember I used to go to the 'Feeble-Minded.' They thought I had larn't enough to make a livin' and turned me out, and now I'm working down here close to town."

The Judge immediately recognized him and expressed himself as being delighted to see him, whereat the young man exclaimed:

"Well, Jedge, that was a fine speech you made. You and me and all the rest of us feeble-minded people is for sound money, hain't we?"

POLICE COURT AT CRAB ORCHARD.

Andrew J. Howell lived in Crab Orchard. He was a lawyer by profession, and, as the story will show, was possessed of some peculiarities. He was one of the most fearless of men, and had many "hairbreadth 'escapes.'" In appearance he bore a striking resemblance to Daniel Webster.

A tow-headed boy about 11 years of age was on trial in the police court, charged with assault upon a washerwoman. Howell appeared for the prosecution. A jury having been impaneled, he arose to state the case.

"Yer Honor," he said, "and gentlemen of the jury, the case you are about to try happened thusly: This here lady was a washin' clothes. This here gentleman was a settin' on the fence. Al' at wunst he flopped his arms and crowd like a chicking. Whereupon, this here lady objected to his conduct. He grew very angry, lipped from the fence and, with an oath, cast rocks, sticks, stones and various other items at this here lady, none of which struck her, but all of which terrified her to an alarmin' extent."

"I'M A SETTIN."

Some thirty years ago in central Kentucky a very large and fleshy man, David Jones, was elected justice of the peace. A constable, Joe P. Nave, was elected in the same district.

In due course of time court day came around, and the Squire concluded to hold his court in the storehouse of his friend, Joe P——. A number of the friends of the two officers, who held them in affectionate esteem, were assembled to see them start out on the road to distinction.

There were no chairs in the store. Finally, Joe P——— rolled out a keg and sat it on end, telling the Spuire to "set" down, which request was complied with, the top of the keg being more than covered by his immense proportions. Folding his hands across his ponderous abdomen, with a look of pride and satisfaction, the Squire said:

"Now, Joe, go to the door and tell the boys I'm a-settin."

SHALLOW WATER.

Judge Nuttall was Judge of the Bullitt circuit court. He was an amiable, absent minded man who did not notice surrounding circum-

stances and was sometimes imposed upon. He was induced to adjourn his court on circus day to see the elephant swim the river, and was astonished to see the animal wade across—the water not being over eighteen inches in depth.

THE UNLETTERED MOTHER.

Senator Bradley relates the following story connected with his experience while Governor of Kentucky.

"An old woman, very poorly clad, came into my office and said: 'Air you the Governor?'"

"Yes, madam," I replied, "Will you take a seat and tell me the purpose of your visit?"

" 'No,' she said, 'It is not for the likes of me, a poor mountain woman, to set down in these fine cheers. Mister Governor, a long time ago I was married and many children cum to bless us, but finally my old man sickened and died and left us to struggle the best we knowed how. First one, and then another, of my children wus tuck from me until only one was left—my baby boy.'

" 'We had sold off little patches of ground till we had only 50 acres and a little cabin left. But pore as we wus and hard as we worked, we wus happy, fur that boy was the apple of my eye. I razed him the best I cud, but wus not able to give him any larnin.'

" 'Wun day a bad man cum along and got my boy to runnin' with him. I tried to stop it, but boys, you know, will be boys, and I couldn't do nuthin. Finally that man killed a man while my boy wus with him and run off, and they tuck my boy to jail and he wus tried an' sent to the pen for life. He wus then only fifteen years old, and he is now twenty-five.'

" 'Fer ten long year he has been in them gloomy walls and I hain't never seed him. Durin' all that time there hain't ben a bad mark agin him. All that time, Mister, I hain't heerd the sound of his voice, except when I wus a-dreamin' in that little log cabin with no one with me but my God. All that time I have bin by myself, workin' out, hirin' in the neighborhood an' goin' home at night fur fear sum one would tak' whut little I had. Oh! Mister, if you knowed how much I have suffered, I know you'd help me.'

" 'Mister, you wunst had a boy an' he died. Everybody knows you loved him. How many times have you thought about him and wished for the sound of his voice and the sight of his face. How often in the night has he cum close, an' when you retched out to tech him—gone away? What yould you give to have him back? But you hain't sufferin' like me, fur your boy wa'n't disgraced.'

"'I had no money to git a lawyer, an' so I have bin savin' up little by little, and at last I got a lawyer to fix up my papers, an' a line from the Judge an' the persecuting attorney an the jury; an' I tuck them papers and walked fifty miles till I retched the kars, an' then cum down here to fetch em, an' here they air. I've heerd that you wus good to the poor, an' I believe it. Mister, can't you please let me have my baby boy?'

"Her face was wet with tears, but beaming with hope. Her simple and pathetic appeal caused me to weep also. I took the papers from her withered hand, examined them and found her statement true. It appeared to me that I could not grant the pardon quick enough. The indorsement was properly made, and the papers handed to the Secretary, who prepared the pardon, which was signed and the seal attached. I then handed it to her and had the Secretary go with her to the penitentiary. In a short while she returned with her son—a tall, manly looking fellow, to thank me. She was given money to pay her bill and to enable her to procure a conveyance to her home, the State paying her son's expenses, and she left on the afternoon train. I hope and trust she is now living happily with her baby boy in her humble cabin."

AN INTENSE SILENCE.

"I never knew a warmer-hearted old gentleman or a better, truer man, than the late Dennis Haley," said Senator Bradley. "Coming from Ireland to this country many years ago, he settled in Frankfort, Kentucky, and lived to a ripe old age. In all probability he had as many friends as any man in the State, and his death caused general sorrow throughout the Commonwealth.

"He was a man of strong convictions, outspoken, yet kind. Among his friends there was probably none to whom he was more devoted, and whom he more extravagantly admired, than United States Senator William Lindsey, who lived in the same town. He frequently conversed with me concerning him, and always admiringly and affectionately alluded to him as 'Big Bill.'

"He asked me if I heard 'Big Bill's' speech on the proposition to remove the Capital. I answered that I had not, but had frequently heard it highly commended.

"'Well, Sor,' said he, warming with the subject, 'I niver heard such a spache in me life. He was in fine trim an' I thought to meself whin he stood up to commince he was the finest specimen of manhood I iver seen. He spoke fur two hours and a half; he tould all about the law and the facts, and dwelt at large on the sympathy of his

audience. I'll pledge you me honor, sor, that during the whole of that time there was the most intinse silence, and at any time during the delivery of the spache ye could hev dropped a pin on the floor.' "

"GOOD-BYE, WORLD, AND HOWDY, HELL."

Major Thomas W. Sawyer, an old time lawyer, resided in Barbourville, Kentucky. He was trying a case before a Harlan county jury, and introduced as a witness a man who had a wonderful shock of hair, immense beard, fierce mustache, eyebrows as large as a bird's wing, and hands almost black with hair. He was Sawyer's main reliance for success.

The lawyer opposing Sawyer appreciated the importance of the witness' testimony, and did all he could to weaken it. He said many amusing things about the "wild man from Borneo," all of which greatly incensed Sawyer.

It happened that the hirsute appendages of James Britton, who was on the jury, were about equal to those of the witness, of which fact Sawyer took advantage.

When it came his time to speak, among other bright things he said, was:

"Has it come to this, that because, forsooth, a man has an extra amount of hair he cannot tell the truth? I appeal to you, gentlemen, is a man to be condemned because God Almighty has seen fit to give him an extra amount of hair?

"If this be true, then all I have to say, Jimmy Britton, is, you might as well say: 'Good-bye, world, and howdy, hell.' "

MAKING OTHERS CONTENTED.

An attorney of very limited ability inquired of Judge Owsley in the court room during motion hour:

"What am I here for, anyway?"

To which question the Judge promptly responded:

"To make all the other lawyers satisfied with themselves."

TWO KINDS OF FOOLS.

Elder Powell, of Louisville, tells the following story:

A loquacious man under the influence of liquor persisted in disturbing a Democratic convention by repeated efforts to speak. At length the chairman shouted, "Sit down, you infernal fool."

"That may be true," observed the troublesome individual, "but I have the advantage of you. It is true that I am a fool on account of whiskey, for the time being, but you are a fool all the time by nature."

THE MOVING OF THE SPIRIT.

A good old Baptist brother in Pulaski county who was in the habit of taking a dram before each meal, meeting with a member of the same church, who had failed to do something which he thought he should have done, said:

"Brother P———, I am moved by the spirit to have a talk with you."

"I have no doubt of it brother S———, from the way your breath smells," said P———.

THE DEVIL IN HIS BREECHES.

Owing to disturbances in a Kentucky country congregation, service had not been held in the church for some months. Finally, a good old preacher came along, to whose use of the church the warring factions agreed, and all turned out and attended the meeting. During the long period the church had not been used some yellow jackets had built a nest under the pulpit, the planks of which were loose and creaky.

The pious old brother after preaching for some time warmed up and was harranguing in a loud voice as he pranced to and fro over the loose planks. This aroused the yellow jackets so that they came through the cracks, crawled up the legs of his pants and commenced stinging him. He frantically jerked up first one foot and then the other and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"My brethren, ah, I have the grace of God in my heart, but the devil is in my breeches."

AN IMMATERIAL MISTAKE.

John Smith, familiarly and affectionately called "Raccoon" Smith in the earlier days of Kentucky, was a noted Baptist minister possessing great ability and gifted with keen and incisive wit. He was an exceedingly awkward and ungainly man, unusually tall and thin.

On one occasion while he was riding on horseback to preach at one of the country churches two young lawyers caught up with him, and, discovering that he was a preacher whom they thought exceedingly ignorant, undertook to guy him with questions. Said one of them:

"Old man, do you ever make mistakes in preaching?"

"Frequently," responded Brother Smith.

"What do you say under such circumstances?" persisted his tormentor.

"Well," replied Brother Smith, "when I see that I have made a material mistake I always correct it, but when it is immaterial I let it alone. I will illustrate. The other day I was preaching when, instead of declaiming in scriptural language that no liar could enter the kingdom, I declared that no lawyer could enter the kingdom of heaven. I saw I had used the wrong word, but, as the difference was immaterial, I made no correction."

FORGETTING A SCRIPTURAL INJUNCTION.

The same eccentric character was invited with two other preachers to take dinner with a member of the congregation near the church where a protracted meeting was being conducted. In those days it was not considered sinful for a preacher to drink an old fashioned tansy dram. Before going to the dining room a nice tansy dram was placed in front of the three preachers, and they were invited to partake.

Brother Smith suggested that as thanks were always offered before eating, he saw no reason why they should not be offered before drinking, and requested Brother Jones to offer thanks. Brother Jones and the other preacher closed their eyes while thanks were being returned, whereupon Brother Smith drained their two glasses. When the other two preachers opened their eyes, each of them expressed great surprise, when Brother Smith said:

"Brothers, you have both forgotten the Scriptural injunction, that you must 'watch as well as pray.'"

BAPTISM BY FORCE.

A Presbyterian minister invited Brother Smith to witness the baptism of some infants. Smith did not believe in anything of the kind, but attended. After the ceremony was concluded he invited the Presbyterian minister, on the next Sunday, to witness a baptism to be administered by the former, which invitation was accepted.

In accordance with his agreement, the brother attended the place on the bank of the creek. After Brother Smith had completed his good work he walked out on the bank, seized his Presbyterian brother and drew him to the creek, notwithstanding his earnest protest and frantic efforts to extricate himself.

"Come right along," said Smith. "Last Sunday I saw you baptize a lot of little children, notwithstanding they squalled and resisted you, and now I am going to baptize you," and, suiting the action to the word, he submerged the visiting brother, singing as he came out of the water:

"Amazing grace, How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see!"

AN OLD TIME SERMON.

In the early days of Kentucky there lived a celebrated Methodist preacher by the name of Prater. He was a very corpulent man, weighing over three hundred pounds, and always rode to his appointments on a mule. When seated in the saddle his person protruded over both ends and spread out on the mule each way.

In those days it was quite common for services to be held in the houses of the earnest and working members. Among these was Granny Short, a good old sister of Madison county. An appointment was made at her house for Brother Prater to preach and the neighbors had promptly gathered and anxiously awaited his coming. At length he rode up, dismounted from his faithful mule, threw the bridle over a fence post, and started up to the house, shaking hands with first one and then another. Finally, all entered the house and the good old brother, standing before a little table, commenced his sermon.

"My brethren and sistrin, I was delayed a little today because I arose with a severe backache which is still annoying me. Consequently, I cannot say what sort of a sermon I shall preach, though I once married a couple when I had the backache, and I never married a couple that succeeded better than them. I shall preach to you from a text somewhar between the lids of the Bible, the chapter and verse of which I am not able to name. It runs as follows: 'Like a crane or a swaller, so did I chatter. Oh, Lord, undertake Thou for me.'

"Now, my beloved, you will see that there are two birds mentioned in this chapter—vizard: a crane and a swaller. It is necessary to a proper understanding that we should look carefully into the habits of these fowls."

By this time the old man had commenced warming up, his voice gradually increasing in volume.

"A crane, my brethren, is a tall bird, with long legs and a long bill, and will reach down into the water and snatch a fish that another bird would never think of—ah! And a swaller, my brethren, is a little pestiferous bird that congregates in great numbers in the chimneys and chatter, chatter, and flutter, flutter, causing the sut to fall and black all it teches, to the great annoyance of the good wimmen—ah! These swallers are jest like the Campbellites—they will gather

around a hole of water and chatter, chatter, and flutter, flutter, while they are baptizin' one another, and the very next day they will not know the hole they were baptized in—ah!"

THE PRACTICAL FIGHTER.

Senator Ollie M. James says that Tom Jones, with a few friends, proposed to descend upon certain desperadoes and drive them from the county. When warned of the danger of his enterprise, he remarked:

"Never mind, you bet I'll take keer of myself. If we find thar air only a few of 'em we'll lick 'em; but if we find 'em numerous we'll jine 'em."

THE RESULT OF POLITICAL CHANGES.

Senator James in responding to a speech of Mr. Bronston, whom he accused of being a Democratic bolter, said:

"He reminds me of an old ferry boat that for many years plied the Ohio river back and forth from my home—it actually wore itself out in going from one side to the other."

ALWAYS SEEING SMALL THINGS.

Speaking of a member of the Lower House, Senator James remarked:

"I once heard of a man who lost an eye which was replaced with a cat's eye by a surgeon. The only trouble was that after he recovered he was always looking for mice and crickets."

WORSE THINGS THAN A CONVICT.

A man was engaged to marry the daughter of a prosperous old Kentucky farmer, and the father was horrified when, only a week before the anticipated nuptials, he was informed by his intended son-in-law that under no conditions could he carry out the contract. The father, of course, was enraged and demanded in vigorous language to know the reason.

"Well," said the man, "it is not because I do not love your daughter, nor is it because she is not good enough for me—even too good,—but when I tell you my condition I know that you would not have the marriage consummated. I loved her so devotedly that I never told her, but now that the wedding is near at hand, common honesty demands, that I should speak out."

"What the devil is the matter?" said the irate father.

"Well," responded the unfortunate young man: "My father served a term in the Kentucky penitentiary for horse stealing."

"Is that all?" remarked the old man. "Why, that amounts to nothing; I served two terms in the Kentucky Legislature."

KNEW LESS ABOUT MORE THINGS.

There was a young attorney in a Kentucky town who had a smattering of learning about things generally, but no reliable knowledge on any one subject. He made an argument before the court fully demonstrating this characteristic. The attorney responding to his argument, said:

"Why, your Honor, Mr. ——— is a very, very, remarkable man. He knows less about more things than any lawyer I ever knew."

HOW TO PUT EARS ON A MULE.

An old farmer in Shelby county, Kentucky, had a mare that gave birth to a mule colt which had no ears. Otherwise the mule was perfectly developed and very valuable, so he consulted with a veterinary surgeon in Louisville to know whether or not he could in any way supply the ears. The veterinary, after hanging his head in profound study, remarked:

"Well my friend, I know of but one man in the United States who can do that job, and that is Billy Bryan. Considering the fact that he has three times made an ass of the Democratic party, it comes to me he might easily put ears on a mule."

A FATAL STRAIN.

Colonel Wm. G. Welch, of the Stanford bar, meeting an attorney from a neighboring town who had been a notorious sinner, inquired of him whether the report that he had recently joined the church was true, and, being answered in the affirmative, expressed his profound sorrow.

"Why should you regret that I have changed my course and am trying to lead a better life?" said the attorney.

"Oh," said Welch, "of course that is not cause for regret, but what distresses me is, if you are saved the strain on the plan of salvation has been so great that it will be unable to give any relief to the other sinners in the world."

WANTED HIS EXPENSES.

Another amusing story concerning Colonel Welch is that on one occasion he met an old college chum whom he had not seen for years and who, in the meantime, had become a minister of the gospel. The preacher told Welch of his conversion and with tears in his eyes begged him to come and go to heaven with him.

The Colonel, who was not distinguished for his piety, very politely replied:

"All right, G———, I will go with you any where if you will only pay my expenses."

THE "TARRIFIER."

Colonel Welch was distinguished among many other things for especial ability as a cross-interrogator. He was a large man, very impressive in appearance, and exceedingly courageous. He had a devoted friend by the name of Bill Lattin, who had served with him in the Confederate Army.

Several men were urging the merits of different lawyers; one contended that his was the most artful pleader; and another that his was the most successful practitioner; another that his was the most popular; and another that his was the most learned lawyer. Lattin listened attentively to all they had to say, and then remarked:

"Men, you may all think and talk as you please, but you are bound to admit that none of them are in it with Colonel Welch, when it comes to tarryfying a witness."

BLIND WATTS AND THE LOST PAPERS.

Blind Watts was a sort of half-way preacher, who lived near Crab Orchard, Kentucky. He was a man of admitted courage, who, unfortunately, now and then, was involved in litigation. He had employed Mr. Bobbitt to represent him in a case in the Lincoln circuit court. When the case was called, it was announced that the papers were lost or misplaced. Colonel Welch, who represented the plaintiff, insisted that Watts should be sworn, saying that he could establish by him the person who had taken the papers.

Said Welch: "Mr. Watts, when court adjourned today, and you started down stairs with Mr. Bobbitt, did you not say to him that when this case should be called, the papers would be missing?"

Watts promptly replied, "I did."

"Well, sir," queried Welch, with a savage look and in a vigorous manner, "did you not mean that you would spirit away the papers?"

"No, sir," replied Watts.

"Then, what did you mean by that remark?" said Welch with great deliberation.

Watts answered: "I meant, sir, that you would steal the papers."

Welch, indignant and excited, roared out, "I am sorry that you are blind."

"So am I," responded Watts as he nervously handled his cane.

AFRAID HE WOULD RELEASE THE SECURITY.

Colonel Welch related a most amusing story concerning his friend Jess Hocker, who was cashier of one of the Stanford banks. Welch was attorney for the bank and said that Hocker was one of the most watchful and best equipped bank officers he ever knew.

Said he: "Above all things he is most particular about the bank taking any steps that would release a security. One day he rushed into my office and said: 'John Jones wants to pay off his note which falls due today.'"

"I replied: 'Well, that is all right, why do you hesitate to accept the money?'"

"'Well,' said Hocker, 'Colonel, I was afraid I might release the security.'"

WELCH AND THE PREACHER.

Colonel Welch was an atheist, a fact well known to all his acquaintances. In a celebrated will case a minister by the name of McElroy testified that he was satisfied testator was of sound mind because, on the day before, and a few days after the will was made, in a conversation with him, he clearly showed that he fully understood the plan of salvation. Said the Colonel:

"Why, Mr. McElroy, are we not told in divine literature that the plan of salvation in so plain a way-faring man, though a fool, can not err therein?"

"That is true," responded the preacher, "but you, with all your intelligence, have not been able to understand it, and I beg you to remember that the good book also says, that 'the fool hath said in his heart there is no God.'"

PRAYER WITH A CONDITION.

The following is one of Colonel Welch's best stories:

"A good old Methodist of Lincoln county, Kentucky, had a most obdurate and sinful nephew. He had tried in vain to encourage him to lead a better life and had even taken him in partnership with him under the firm name of 'W—— & Nephew.'

"The old gentleman was bald, and in cold weather, usually wore three handkerchiefs bound one over the other, around his head, in addition to a large wool hat. He was a most devout Christian, and took active part in all the revivals in his vicinity. One cold winter night, while a revival was in progress, he was called upon to pray. He accepted, with great earnestness praying at considerable length, and at different intervals, as he grew warmer, unwrapping a handkerchief from his head until his bald pate shone like a halo. As he proceeded

his voice grew louder until it almost shook the rafters. Near the conclusion of his prayer, he begged in most piteous tones:

" 'Oh, Lord, please turn my wicked nephew from his sinful ways. Please, please, oh, Lord, enable him to look into the blackness of his sinful heart. Oh, Lord! take him by the nape of the neck and the seat of his breeches, and hold him over the roaring flames of hell—but please, oh, Lord, please, don't let him drap.' "

NOT RESPONSPONSIBLE.

In 1860, there lived in Somerset, Kentucky, an eccentric young man by the name of Bobbit. He possessed a rare faculty for making extravagant comparisons, using big words and qualifying his nouns with a bewildering selection of adjectives. During the Presidential campaign in 1860, Colonel Garrard spoke for Douglas in Somerset, and the crowd called Bobbit, who was for Breckinridge, to answer him. Mr. Bobbit said among other things:

"Gentlemen, if Colonel Garrard were to live a thousand years, sit every night by his nocturnal luminary and have for his teacher the most distinguished, learned, ubiquitous and extraordinary scholars of the world, he would not at the end of that time know a thousandth part as much as I know now. Indeed, he is no more to be compared to me than the flickering, unsteady and uncertain light of a tallow candle is to be compared to the burning, blazing and devouring light of the great sun of day. He is no more to be compared to me than the smallest, most infinitesimal and disgusting, emaciated insect is to the great eagle that soars aloft and wets his pinions in the weeping clouds. He is no more to be compared to me than the most insignificant, worthless and undiscernible mote that floats in the circumambient air is to be compared to that elephantostical, rhinostopostostical animal denominated the Behemoth."

At this point Colonel Garrard arose amid roars of laughter and said:

"I would like for the gentleman to explain himself—I do not understand him."

Bobbit arose on tiptoe and replied with withering sarcasm:

"My God, fellow citizens, am I to be held responsible for the gentleman's ignorance?"

This remark ended the debate.

A FAIR CONVENTION.

Mr. Bobbit removed to the Blue Grass portion of Kentucky and became a candidate for Congress. He was asked by another candi-

date whether or not he would abide the action of the Democratic convention. He promptly answered:

"Yes, if it is a fair convention."

Said the inquiring candidate: "Mr. Bobbit, what do you call a fair convention?"

He promptly answered: "It is a fair convention if it nominates me."

This definition will doubtless prove good with many candidates.

TOO MUCH NOISE.

Some years ago there lived in Garrard county a good old Presbyterian preacher by the name of Crowe. During a protracted meeting a brother was praying in a fog horn tone of voice that very greatly annoyed Brother Crowe. At length being unable longer to restrain himself, Brother Crowe shouted out to him:

"Lower your voice, Brother Jones: the Lord hain't deef, and hain't gone nowhar."

SOMETHING COMMENDABLE IN EVERYBODY.

A pious old sister of the Christian Church residing in Lancaster, Kentucky, always contended that there was something in everybody and everything, however bad, that might be commended. A brother of her faith disputed the proposition and, with an air of triumph, asked what there was in the devil that might be commended. The old sister hesitated a moment, and responded:

"His perserverance and persistency."

LONGER POCKET OR SHORTER PISTOL.

A man was tried before Judge Randall in Rockcastle county, Kentucky, for stealing a pistol. The prosecuting witness stated that he saw the defendant buy the pistol from a stranger the day before and recognized it as his; that the pistol was not missed from his house until a short while after the defendant paid him a visit a few days before, and, that when he claimed the pistol, the defendant disputed his ownership. The defendant proved by a man of questionable repute that he saw the defendant buy the pistol from a stranger the day before the claimant identified it as his. To the astonishment of not a few persons the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. The Judge very heartily condemned the verdict, and then remarked to the defendant:

"Young man, you are now discharged, but I advise you the next time you steal a pistol, steal a shorter one, or have a longer pocket."

SORELY DISAPPOINTED.

Many years ago there lived a rugged old farmer, known as Capt. Tom Cogar, on Kentucky River. He maintained a ferry at one of the numerous crossings. He was a man of unquestionable courage and despised all shams. At the same period there was a lawyer, Sam Lusk, living in that vicinity who was Judge of the circuit court, and very much such a man, in many respects, as was Captain Cogar. The two were warm friends and went together to Lexington in early days to see the first theatrical performance which was to occur in that city. The play was Richard the Third, and the two cronies seemed well pleased, especially at the death of Richard. As the curtain descended it caught, from some cause, about midway between the floor and ceiling, when Richard, supposing the curtain down, arose and walked off the stage. With a look of disgust plainly apparent in every lineament of his countenance, and with an air of keen disappointment, the old Captain said to his equally disgrunted companion:

"Thar now, Sam, that derned feller wan't killed after all. Let's leave this blamed show," and the two friends arose and, arm in arm, but sorely disappointed, left the house.

THOMPSON'S COLT.

Having frequently heard the expression when a boy, "He's as big a fool as Thompson's colt," Senator Bradley asked one of his old Pulaski county friends, what was its meaning. Whereupon, he explained:

"There was a man named Thompson, who lived on the Cumberland River, and he had a colt. One day the colt was very dry and wanted a drink, so he went down to the river and swam across, and after he walked out on the bank, come back to the river and tuck a drink. In other words, he swum the river to git a drink of water."

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Thompson for forty years was night clerk at the Phoenix Hotel in Lexington, Kentucky. He was a kind-hearted old Christian gentleman and, whatever happened, when informed of it, he invariably observed, "Too bad, too bad; but it might have been worse."

One morning about four o'clock a bell-boy bounded into the hotel office with horror depicted on every feature, and exclaimed:

"Mr. Thompson, that New York man jumped from the third story a few minutes ago and dashed out his brains on the pavement!"

"Too bad, too bad;" said the imperturable Thompson, "but it might have been worse."

A drummer standing by, waiting for the early morning train, remarked:

"Well! I would like to know in the name of all that is holy, how it could have been worse!"

With perfect composure the old man turned to him, and replied:

"Well, he might have fallen on some man walking along the pavement and killed him."

A POWERFUL SERMON ON A PECULIAR TEXT.

Reverend Peter Turnipseed—no one ever knew how he received his name—was a famous negro preacher in Kentucky several decades ago. He was a tall, ungainly man, black as Egyptian darkness, with hands as large as canvas hams, feet like baby coffins, and a voice like a fog horn. One beautiful summer day, he preached under the spreading limbs of an old elm tree to a large concourse of his people.

"My brudders and sistahs" said he, "I am gwine fur to preach to you one uv my most famousest sarmints.

"You will fine my tex sum whar betwixt the leds of the Bibel, zact pint not now recumembered. Hit reads as follus:— 'Wharsumebber de hen scraitch dar she fine de bug; also cept she pick him up an eat him.'

"Now, my bruddahs and sistahs, you will desarve dar am two figgers uv speech in dis tex. De fust am de hen; de secon am de bug. Dar is no use in my 'splainin to you whut a hen is, fur dar is not a niggah under de soun ob mi voice who is not well 'quainted wid dat bird and does not know its 'culiarties, bof nite and day, spechuly in de nite.

"As to de bug, my bruddahs, you all know what he is, and how many ob dem crawl on de groun. Dar is de June bug dat de chilluns tie by de laig an maks um fly. Dar am de lady bug, wich is so called, 'cause she war a spotted coat and puts on ars. But I will not bodder you to tel all abowt de bugs 'cept to say dat uv all de bombile bugs in de worl de wust am de humbug.

"You will desarve from my tex dat de hen am doin' sumtin; az uza' she am a scratchin' and not only am she a scratchin, but she am scratchin' in de groun—ah! An not only am she a scratchin in de groun—ah! but she am a scratchin for a bug—ah! An, my sistahs, she am sho to fine that bug 'cept she pic him up an eat him—ah! In case ef she pic him up an eat him he is a goner and she cain't fine him—ah! Dar-foah, ef de hen reely wants to fine de bug she mus be keerful not to pic 'im up an eat 'im, because ef she does she puts it outen her powah to fine him—ah!

"Dis tex, my bruddahs, haz a powful meenin. It teachers dat it am de duty of ebbery man an wummin to scraitch in de groun fur a libbin—ah! An as sho as God made littel apples, ef da ack de hog an eat things soon as da cum acrost um—ah! da will nebber fine nuthin—ah! De same may be sed ob deligion; ef yo want it, you must scraitch, an keep on scraitchin till you fine it—ah! But ef you swallers down ebberyting you come acrost, you'll ruen yore digeschum an nebber fine enny thing—ah!

"In clushen, my beloved! Let me sa yoo mus scraitch in de mornin, scraitch in de middel ub de da, scraitch as de sun am gwine doun, and scraitch ob an endurin' ob de nite—an keap on scraitchin an scraitchin til yoo fine deligeon—ah! An when yu fine it yu will hab ebberyting dat is wuth ennyting in dis wurl an de nex—ah! An now while de congregation sing dat good old hymn—'Work fur de nite am cummin,' de invitashun iz lovinly throwed out fur awl dat want to scraitch fur deligeon to cum forrard an scraitch, an scraitch while dey has de prars of de congration—ah."

DRIVIN' 'EM ALL BEFORE HIM.

In the early days of racing in Kentucky old man Searcy owned a race horse with the significant name of "Botherem." The horse won many races, but the old man forgot the increasing weight of years and insisted on entering it at the Crab Orchard races. He went with high hopes, never doubting that the faithful animal would win. As the horses came down the first quarter, "Botherem" was a little behind, but the old man never doubting the outcome, yelled out:

"Hurrah for Botherem!"

At the half-mile post Botherem had fallen considerably behind, but the old man yelled again. At the three-quarter post, "Botherem" was far in the rear, but nevertheless the old man yelled again, and when the other horses were nearing the end of the last quarter, "Botherem" was so far in the rear that it was difficult to see him. However, Searcy, not the least discomfited, standing on tip toes and in a voice that could be heard by all present, yelled out:

"Rise, my h—l-roaring Botherem! Yonder he comes, drivin' 'em all before him!"

READY FOR THE BITE.

Some friends in a Kentucky county were spending Sunday hilariously. Finally their liquor gave out, and one of the party went to a distillery about a mile away to replenish the jug. After having the jug filled he sat around and took several drinks until he was more than "half seas over," when he started to return. On the way, finding

himself unable to navigate farther, he sank down in the corner of a worm fence and was trying to refresh himself with a snooze, when a noise attracted his attention; he opened his eyes and saw a large copperhead snake coiled near him, preparing to strike. With perfect composure, he exclaimed:

"Strike! strike! you copper-colored son of a gun; you could not have found me in better fix in a hundred years."

AN UNFORTUNATE PROMPTER.

"When I was a small boy," said Senator Bradley, "I visited my grandfather. He was an intelligent old man of extraordinary religious prejudice, believing that heaven was made especially for the Methodists. Among other characteristics he was unfortunately endowed with a very high temper.

"He was strict and regular in family and church worship, and resided on his farm a short distance from old Gun's Chapel, one of the first churches erected in Kentucky. From this church he frequently brought preachers to his home and generously entertained them.

"The old gentleman had two prayers which, without any change, he had delivered many years, one for family and the other for church worship. I had been at his home for about two weeks and had carefully listened to his prayer until I knew it, word for word.

"On the occasion to which I refer, he invited a preacher to spend the night with him, and when bed-time arrived he took down his old family Bible from the shelf, and with several members of his family surrounding him, my mother and myself, asked the preacher to conduct family worship; who, seating himself at the table, read a chapter, then called on my grandfather to lead us in prayer (rather unexpected by him). There was one expression in his prayer that had made a profound impression on my mind. It was this:

" 'Oh, Lord, bless all thy Christian people all over the land; yea, Lord, from the heads of the rivers to the ends of the earth.'

"That night when he reached this portion of his prayer he forgot the latter part of the sentence and repeated the first part several times in a vain attempt to remember it. Being kindly disposed, I innocently concluded to assist him, so I spoke out—'from the heads of the rivers to the ends of the earth.'

"He sprang from his knees and came at me like a thunderbolt. I hastily retreated under the bed, and he pursued. My mother seeing the condition of affairs, opened the door at the foot of the bed and I made my escape. But that night I slept in the barn, and did not come

to breakfast until I was assured by one of my grandfather's faithful slaves that he had forgiven me. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that I never undertook to prompt him again."

SURPRISING DISCOVERY.

Some years ago there lived in Lancaster, Kentucky, a very kind-hearted man—Sherman Haselden. He was gifted with a dry, matter-of-fact sort of wit, which was the source of much amusement to his friends. He had an old Aunt, Mrs. D———, who was an exceedingly eccentric woman and an earnest church-goer. She was very poor and was supported by Haselden, who furnished her a home. Talking with her preacher one day she went on to say how good the Lord was to her. She said that he fed, clothed, and housed her in answer to her prayers, and she did not want for anything. Haselden was standing by and heard her remark. Turning to a friend who was near him, he said:

"I never have been so agreeably surprised. I never knew before that I was the Lord."

A FAIR TRIAL.

Charles Redd was a leading farmer of Rockcastle county. Three men had been indicted in that county for the murder of two scarlet women. The excitement against them was intense, so much so, that their attorneys dared not allow the trial to be had in that locality. Hence, they made a motion for a change of venue, and on that motion Mr. Redd was introduced as a witness. One of the attorneys, after having Mr. Redd state that he had lived in the county for many years and was well acquainted with the sentiment concerning the case, asked:

"Mr. Redd, in your opinion can the defendants obtain a fair trial in this county?"

To the consternation of the attorney Redd answered in the affirmative. After recovering himself, the attorney queried:

"Mr. Redd what do you call a fair trial?"

To which the answer quickly came:

"A trial that will result in all three of them being hanged."

"PAUL AND PETAH."

Two negroes in Frankfort, Kentucky, were recently discussing the scriptures. One of them said that "both Paul and Petah were niggahs." The other agreed as to Paul, but vigorously denied as to Peter. The first speaker then turned to the other and said:

"You ignorant niggah, what do you know about de 'possels? How do you know Petah was not a niggah?"

"Becoz," said the second speaker, "if Petah had been a niggah, dat rooster would never have crowed but wunst."

CRIPPLED GLADIATOR.

Among the many distinguished lawyers of the Harrodsburg bar there has perhaps been no one more eminent than John G. Kyle. In his young days he was quite a florid and extravagant orator, which fact caused great merriment in the trial of his first case. It seems that an old tailor named Felix Matheny was one of a number of witnesses for the defendant, who was on trial charged with murder.

Felix was an old man, bent and crippled, very small, and one of the humblest and most modest old creatures who ever lived. Kyle in referring to him, seeing him walk down the aisle, used this language:

"And here comes Felix Matheny hobbling into court like a Roman gladiator, fresh from the scenes of carnage and blood."

As the old man came walking down the aisle during this flight every one present was convulsed with laughter.

It is due to Mr. Kyle to say that after this he became one of the most accomplished orators who ever appeared before the Harrodsburg bar. This was only a boyish effusion, which, however, was always a source of merriment to him.

LIBERTY YOCUM.

Late in life Mr. Kyle delivered an argument in which he made a most amusing reference to a witness named Liberty Yocum.

Yocum was an exceedingly long-faced, serious looking man, and talked with great deliberation. Mr. Kyle said:

"And now gentlemen of the jury, I call your attention to the plaintiff's witness, Liberty Yocum. As soon as I heard his name uttered my mind went back to the Revolution, and I thought of that patriotic expression of Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty, or give me death.' Imagine yourself lost on an exceedingly dark night in a lonesome swamp containing but one tree, and that a withered oak, whitened with age, from which all the boughs have long since fallen, while on its top an owl sits solemnly complaining to the night,—and you have the picture of Liberty Yocum."

YOU'RE NO DEMOCRAT.

No man in Kentucky had more intense convictions and more bravely gave expression to them than Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge.

When Mr. Bryan was nominated as the exponent of free silver,

the Colonel unhesitatingly announced that he would not support him, and vigorously took the stump in opposition to his election.

During the campaign he addressed a large audience at Paris, making as he always did, a magnificent speech. During the address an intoxicated man arose, and, drawing a pistol, exclaimed in an excited and insulting manner:

"You're no Democrat."

Colonel Breckinridge turned upon him and retorted:

"If to be a Deomcrat it is necessary to draw a pistol in the presence of ladies at a public meeting, then I am no Democrat."

"If to forget all the proprieties and decencies of life is an indication of Democracy, then, thank God, I am no Democrat."

The audience was in hearty sympathy with the speaker, and a score of men yelled, "Take him out!" and made a rush upon the offending individual to put their purpose into execution.

"Oh, do not take him out," Colonel Breckinridge exclaimed. "I implore you to desist. Let him remain near the fountain of knowledge, and possibly a single ray of light may pass athwart his darkened reason."

The effect was electrical. Round after round of applause greeted the speaker, and his interlocutor, heartily ashamed of himself, retired voluntarily, a sadder and wiser man.

WALKING WITH HIS HEAD.

Some ten years ago a will case was on trial in the Fayette circuit court, Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge representing the contestant, and Mr. Charles Bronston the propounders of the will. The fact that these two well-known attorneys were to cross swords, naturally drew a large crowd.

The testator had a peculiar movement of his head, which never manifested itself except when he was walking. An attempt was made by expert testimony to prove that his mind was unsound by reason of disease, and that the peculiar movement of the head under the circumstances mentioned, was strongly indicative of the presence of that disease. After proving by the witness that he was a physician skilled in mental diseases, and well acquainted with the deceased, Breckinridge asked:

"Did you ever notice any peculiar movement of the testator when he was walking with his head?"

The failure to accentuate the latter part of the question led Mr. Bronston quickly to ask Col. Breckinridge:

"You surely do not mean to say that deceased walked with his head?"

The question elicited much laughter, which, however, was quickly turned at Mr. Bronston's expense, when Col. Breckinridge responded:

"Well, Mr. Bronston, you surely do not mean to intimate that he was walking without his head?"

FIRST EFFORT OF MILES SCROGGINS.

During the campaign of 1899, there was formed in Western Kentucky, a Republican club, among whose members was one Miles Scroggins. He was more than 50 years of age, noted for his droll wit and funny sayings, but had never attempted to make a speech.

All the members of the club believed he could speak, if he would try, and frequently attempted to have him make the effort.

It was finally determined to compel him to speak. So, upon the assembling of the club, he was called, and, declining to comply, the boys grabbed him and forcibly placed him upon a table, amidst the cheers of the crowd. To the astonishment of all he manifested great embarrassment. The crowd continued to yell, and finally he broke forth as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Oh, I beg your pardon, there are no ladies present and d—d few gentlemen, if any."

After this sally the curiosity of the crowd was satisfied, and no further effort was made to have Scroggins make a speech.

TWO GOOD REASONS.

Judge Owsley, of the Eighth Kentucky Circuit, was well acquainted with nearly every man, woman and child in his district. It was his custom to have all the witnesses present when a case was called so that there would be no unnecessary delay. One morning the parties announced ready for trial, and when the witnesses were called, all answered promptly save Jack Crawford, who was a close friend of the Judge and universally in attendance on the court.

"Does any person here know a good reason why Jack Crawford is not present," asked the Judge of the other witnesses.

No one answered; the Judge again propounded the question, when Jack Patton one of the witnesses, replied:

"Yes, Jedge, I think I know two good reasons why he is not here."

"Well, what are they." asked the Judge.

"One is," said Patton, "Jack died last night at ten o'clock, and the other is, when I left thar this mornin' at seven o'clock he was still dead."

ALL-SUFFICIENT MOTION.

Judge George R. McKee, a brother of Colonel William McKee, of Mexican fame, and a nephew of Judge George Robertson, for many years practiced law in Lancaster, Kentucky. During a great portion of his time he was addicted to drink, and, when under the influence of liquor, was considered very dangerous.

An old magistrate by the name of Schooler, an exceedingly honest and timid old man, lived near the town. At one of his courts he saw fit to decide a case against one of McKee's clients. McKee retired, loaded up with whiskey and a large bowie knife, and, coming back into court, verbally moved the Squire for a new trial.

The Squire, intimating that he had some doubt as to whether it should be granted, McKee drew his knife, and, holding it aloft, said:

"If you don't grant me a new trial, d——n you, I will hew you down like Samson hewed Agag in the Valley of Gilgal before the Lord."

After being thus threatened the old man fell back until he almost lost his balance in the chair, and replied in a voice scarcely audible:

"George, the new trial air granted."

MULLINS' FAMOUS SPEECH.

Many years ago in a certain county bordering on the Kentucky River there lived a unique character by the name of Mullins. He was elected to the Legislature, and after his election went down to Frankfort on a boat called the Blue Wing, which at that time plied between Frankfort and points south and southeast.

After having served one session of the Legislature, to his great edification, Mullins returned to his home and undertook to give to his admiring constituents an account of his stewardship. While not as eloquent as Clay, nor yet as erudite or elegant as Webster, he possessed a sonorous voice, accompanied with great oratory, which made him famous for miles around. Court day arrived. He mounted the stand and among other things said:

"Feller Citizens: When you elected me to the Legislature I wished that I mout have the tallest pine tree that growed in the mountings, so that I might strip the limbs from same and make it into an enormous pen, and dip it in the waters of the Kaintuck River and write acrost the clouds, 'God bless the people of ———— County.'

"Arter you elected me I went down to Frankfort on the Blue Wing, and as we wended our winding sinuosities amidst its labyrinthian meanderings, the birdlets, the batlets, and the owlets flew

outen their secret hidin' places and cried out to me in loud voices: 'Sail on, Mullins, thou proud defender of thy country's liberties.'

"When I reached Frankfort, I went up into the Legislatur hall and thar spied many purty perlicues a hangin' on the ceiling to pay for which you had been shamefully robbed by unjest taxation. When matters of small importance were before the body I lay like a bull pup a-baskin in the sunshine, with a blue-bottled fly a-ticklin' of his nose; but when matters of great importance come up I riz from my seat, like the Numidian lion of the desert, shuck the dew drops from my mane, and gave three shrill shrieks for liberty."

DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

But few Kentuckians ever reached or deserved greater prominence for legal ability than the brothers John and Philip B. Thompson, Sr. They lived in Harrodsburg for many years, the former having been Lieutenant-Governor and United States Senator, the latter Commonwealth's Attorney. While they were devoted brothers, they took liberties with each other which would not have been allowed by either to a stranger.

The Senator, who had been employed in a case, could not obtain the papers, and the only thing he could learn was that his brother had taken them out of the office; so he arose in open court and requested his brother to return the papers. The brother, with an assumed air of injured innocence, denied having the papers, and said:

"Brother John, you surely do not mean to accuse me of stealing the papers."

"Oh, no," responded the Senator, "under no cimcumstances would I accuse you, brother Phil, of stealing; but I will say I believe that you, like old Bluford Wickersham, would bust your galluses reaching for things that did not belong to you."

THE JUMP-TAIL JOSIE.

Governor Thompson did not marry until far advanced in years. His wife was a most excellent Christian woman. At that time the ladies were wearing very short dresses. The Governor, in addressing a jury, said:

"I have no religion, and never will have. My only hope is to reach heaven on judgment day by hanging to the skirts of my wife; but if she should have on one of these jump-tail josie skirts, and I should grab for it and miss it, to hell I'd go without the slightest doubt."

"I'M BOUND TO TALK ABOUT HIM."

Judge W. C. Goodloe was for several terms judge in the Madison circuit district of Kentucky. He finally removed to Lexington, where he died.

He was a famous judge, regarded as one of the ablest the State ever produced. His knowledge of law was varied and profound. However, he was no speaker. He made many desperate efforts, but finally, came to the conclusion that he was not, and never could become, an orator.

When quite a young lawyer he was employed to defend a man charged with murder. Knowing that his client would be held over and indicted, he took copious notes for the purpose of preparing an elaborate speech to be delivered on the final trial. The principal witness against his client bore the euphonious name of Williford Wilkins.

In the course of his prepared speech he set himself assiduously at work to explain away the damaging testimony of this witness.

In due course of time his client was indicted and the case called for trial. Several days were consumed in reaching the argument. Wilkins, however, died before the finding of the indictment, a circumstance which led to the acquittal of the Judge's client.

When the time came for Goodloe to speak he arose with considerable pertubation and launched into his subject. He had spoken but a short time when he announced to the astonished court and jury that a certain statement made by the witness Wilkins was not true. The court reminded him that no such witness had testified. The Judge bowed profoundly, acknowledged his mistake, and continued his speech.

In a short while he again referred to the testimony of Wilkins, when he was again reminded that Wilkins was not a witness. The Judge was now red in the face and was evidently much embarrassed. However, he at length recovered himself and again resumed the thread of his discourse.

Finaly raising himself on tiptoe, in a ringing voice he exclaimed:

"I would not hang a sheep-killing dog on the testimony of Williford Wilkins!"

There was a shout of laughter in the court room, and the court again reminded Mr. Goodloe that no such witness had testified.

The Judge was all confusion, but snatching up his manuscript, in a determined and desperate way, he exclaimed:

"Judge, he's in my speech and I'm bound to talk about him."

UNCERTAIN OF THE DATE.

"Uncle Johnny Kidd was one of Garrard county's best citizens," said Senator Bradley. "He was exceedingly conscientious and truthful, as well as cautious in his statements. Having an action of ejectment in which a corner was in contest, the marked tree having disappeared, and Uncle Johnny being a man advanced in years, he became important as a witness to locate the corner."

"After he had stated his name and residence, he was asked: " 'Uncle Johnny, how old are you?'

" 'Well,' said he, 'Billy, I is somewhat in doubt. I don't know adzackly how old I am.'

" 'Well, Uncle Johnny,' asked I, 'In what year were you born?'

"He responded, 'Really, I can't tell except to say that I were born in eighteen hundred and thirteen, or thirteen hundred and eighteen. I can't say which.' "

EXBORBITANT DOCTOR FEES.

Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, before he read law lived in Richmond, Kentucky, where he practiced medicine and bore the reputation of being a good doctor. He presented an account to an old neighbor for payment. The bill, among other items, contained three visits at $1.00 each. His neighbor seriously objected to this charge.

"Now, doctor, you ought to be ashamed to charge me for them visits when you know that my family returned every one of 'em."

The same patient presented himself afterward to have a tooth pulled. In this the Judge was an expert and drew the aching molar in a minute. For his services he charged $1.00. The patient denounced the charge as exorbitant.

"Why, doctor, you pulled that tooth in a minute and now want a dollar, when old Dr. Sternberg pulled on one for me for an hour last fall, and pulled me all over the floor, and only charged me fifty cents."

THE COUNTRY GONE TO H—L.

"Among my Democratic friends in Garrard county, Kentucky," said Senator Bradley, "was a large, fine-looking man by the name of Bill Comly. After I had made a political speech in which, among other things, I attempted to convince the audience that times were prosperous, for which the Republican party was entitled to the credit, he came into my office and attempted to correct my error. He had a wise way of turning his head to one side and assuming an important look, like a clucking hen that had found a worm.

" 'Bill, you are all wrong,' said he. 'Now, jest think of it, a few years ago I used to ride up to John Huffman's tavern and they'd ring the bell and take my fine saddle horse to the stable. I'd go in and we'd send out and get Henry Bruce and Charlie Gallagher, and when they came, old John and myself would set down with them and play poker till dinner'd come up in a tray. We'd stop and eat and then go on and play.

" 'We could have every thing that we wanted to drink and would play 'till the sun had mighty nigh set. Then I'd git up an' go down an' pay my bill like a gentleman, mount my hoss an' go home with a full stumick and a full pocket.

" 'But now, how is it? I start from home ridin a switch-tailed filly. When I retch town I hitch her in a back alley, where she gits nothin but fence rails to eat, go and git five cents wuth of cheese and crackers for my dinner, loaf around town like a beggar, for I can't have a game, for old John, Charlie and Henry is all dead, and no one left to take their places. I can't git a drink because local option's come to town, unless I git a perscription an hide behind a door. Night comes on, I mount my filly, go home with a sad heart and an empty stumick, an narry a dinged dollar in my pocket. I tell you, my friend, the country's gone to h—l.' "

REPROOF OF A BULLY.

In 1873, Justice John M. Harlan was a candidate for Governor of Kentucky and came to Lancaster to speak. He had been speaking but a few moments when a drunken bully commenced interrupting him. This he continued for some time, unnoticed, but at length Harlan grew tired of it, and turning to him, said:

"My friend I have been trying to place you for some time and have at length succeeded. You are the same man who followed a wagon three days to see when the hind wheels would catch up with the fore ones. This being true it would be cruel of me to lose my temper by reason of your interruption."

SENATOR BLACKBURN'S RETORT.

In the celebrated case of Commonwealth against Philip B. Thompson and his three sons for the killing of Theodore Davis and his two sons, a very amusing episode occurred between Senator Blackburn and Governor Bramlette. Some question arose concerning the competency of testimony, Mr. Blackburn objecting.

Governor Bramlette took the floor, he then being connected with the Louisville Law School, and after arguing that the testimony was

competent, expressed his sincere sympathy for Mr. Blackburn, because of his want of knowledge of the law.

"If you will come to my school," he continued, "I will try to teach you at least its rudimentary principles."

"I have no doubt that you are a most faithful teacher," Blackburn quickly retorted. "Indeed, I am satisfied that by reason of your desire to inform others you have parted with the last atom of legal knowledge that you ever possessed, and left yourself hopelessly ignorant in your old age."

A PRICELESS DRINK.

Senator Blackburn was telling a friend about a trip that he took some years ago over one of the western plains. He said:

"I was accompanied by an Indian who in some way found out that I had some whiskey. He begged me for a drink, time and again. He first offered his gun for a drink, which I declined. He then offered his bridle and saddle, which were likewise refused. He then offered me his clothes, gun, saddle, bridle and horse; but I refused to accept them."

At this point the friend said:

"Why, Joe, what on earth is the reason you refused all that property for a drink?"

"Great God, man," said Joe, "I had but one drink left, and all the money in the world would not have bought it."

TWO DETECTIVES.

Many years ago Senator Beck and Senator Blackburn, the latter then a member of the lower House of Congress, were asked by a Kentucky friend to go with him to his room and sample a jug of McBrayer whiskey. The invitation was accepted, and after they had each taken a drink, Senator Beck said:

"That is splendid whiskey, but has a strong taste of iron in it."

"Impossible," said his friend, "there is no iron in the water of Anderson county, and the contents of this jug were taken from a barrel. What do you say, Blackburn?"

"Well," said Blackburn, "I do not care so much for the iron taste as I do for the taste of leather in the whiskey."

The friend again exclaimed:

"It is impossible that there should be any taste of leather in that barrel of whiskey."

On his return to Kentucky the mutual friend went to Mr. McBrayer and insisted that all the whiskey should be taken out of the

barrel and a critical examination made of its contents. To his astonishment he found one small piece of leather attached to a carpet tack.

DEATH PREFERRED TO HEARING A SPEECH.

The following story is told on Senator Blackburn, which he denies. However, it is too good to be lost.

Many years ago a man was to be hanged in Owen county. The Senator was a candidate for Congress, and, knowing there would be a large crowd present on the occasion, concluded he would go and see the people and if possible make a speech. He secured a seat near the gallows. The Sheriff escorted the condemned man to the proper place and notified him he would be given ten minutes in which to say anything he chose. The man said he did not care to say anything. Mr. Blackburn sprang to his feet and said:

"If the gentleman does not desire to speak I would be glad if he would yield his time to me so that I may speak on the tariff."

"Hang me! Hang me!" shouted the condemned man. "I would rather die than hear Joe Blackburn make a speech on the tariff."

A DANGEROUS WEAPON.

All who have the pleasure of knowing Senator Blackburn have noticed his large, clear-cut jaw.

He and Ed Marshall were once opposing candidates for a Congressional nomination. The campaign was one of the most famous ever pulled off in Kentucky, each candidate well sustaining his reputation. At one of the meetings Marshall said:

"Fellow citizens, look at that jaw," (pointing to his competitor); "Why, Samson slew a thousand Philistines with a thing just like that."

QUIETING A HOODLUM.

Tom Marshall in his palmy days was invited to Buffalo to speak. An immense crowd was present, but before he had spoken two minutes, a drunken man in the audience yelled "Louder!" and repeated his exclamation several times to the intense annoyance of Marshall.

Finally, Tom, pointing his finger at the offender, exclaimed:

"Fellow citizens, when the last great day shall come and the Angel of the Lord, with one foot on the land and one on the sea, shall sound out in trumpet notes: 'Time is, time was, but shall be no more,' there will be a d——n fool there from Buffalo, shouting 'Louder! Louder!'"

THE USE OF JAW-BREAKERS.

There formerly lived in Kentucky a lawyer of high character and great ability, whose only failing was the use of jaw-breaking words and, occasionally, Latin sentences. He drew a mortgage on a growing crop and any other crop that might be thereafter grown upon the land, for the payment of a lien note. The first crop was subjected, and he brought suit to sell the second. A demurrer was filed to the petition on the ground that the property which he was attempting to subject, did not, at the date of the mortgage, have a potential existence. Judge Owsley indicated that his mind was made up adversely to the attorney, but requested him to proceed with his argument.

The lawyer arose and in a dignified way cited a case referred to by Chitty, where a mortgage executed upon the whale's oil, which might result from an anticipated expedition, was enforced. Then turning to the court, he exclaimed:

"So it is, Your Honor, the British courts, world-famed for their learning, held that a mortgage upon the oil of the great whale, that mighty leviathan of the deep, as he wended his winding way amidst its labyrinthian passages, was a good mortgage."

The Judge immediately sustained the demurer, and this gem of oratory, like many others proved abortive. However, it is now rescued from threatened obscurity and perpetuated in book form.

INDECENT EXPOSURE CONTRIBUTORY NEGLIGENCE.

Judge Toney, an accomplished lawyer and jurist, rendered the following opinion as judge of the circuit court of Jefferson county, Kentucky, in the case of Nick Gosson vs. John Bickel:

"This case comes out on demurrer to the petition. The plaintiff alleges that 'the defendant employed him to sprinkle paris green on his potato-vines to kill ladybugs, without warning plaintiff that the paris-green mixture was poisonous; that the weather was hot, and he, the said plaintiff, left his clothes open, and that the flesh of the exposed portions, coming in contact with said paris green, was poisoned, and that he was thereby made sore and caused to suffer for many weeks in body and mind, etc.; all through the gross carelessness and negligence of defendant in failing to give him notice as aforesaid:'

"The demurrer must be sustained for the following reasons:

1. "The plaintiff had no right, **in foro conscientiae** or **foro externo,** to make an indecent exposure of his person while engaged in killing ladybugs;

2. "The defendant exceeded the scope of his employment in sprinkling paris green elsewhere than on the potato-vines, as his exclusive agency was to kill ladybugs basking in the shade of said vines;
3. "The plaintiff's act in allowing the defendant's paris green to come in contact with his flesh, instead of with the flesh of the ladybugs, was unauthorized and **ultra vires;**
4. "The mental and physical suffering of which the plaintiff complains was the result of his own wrong in applying the defendant's paris green to purposes other than those for which he was employed to apply it; and besides is **damnum absque injuria.**
5. "The plaintiff, in opening his clothes and exposing himself to the ladybugs and the paris green, was guilty of contributory negligence.
6. "The plaintiff knew as well as the defendant that paris green was poisonous, and if he did not know it this suit should not have been brought in his name, but by a committee appointed to represent him."

UNWILLING TO GO TO HELL FOR TEN DOLLARS.

In Danville, Kentucky, there lived for many years John Peter Torrell, a Frenchman, who was possessed of wonderful wit. For a long time he was a boot and shoe maker, but finally became a hotel keeper. Time and again he ran for office, insisting that the people of Boyle county should elect him to show their gratitude to LaFayette, his great and good countryman who had rendered such signal service in procuring their independence, but from sheer lack of gratitude or shameful failure to appreciate the candidate's many excellent qualities, the people permitted his invariable defeat. During the Civil War he made a pair of boots, for which he charged ten dollars, for a young man who failed to pay for them, and who volunteered in the Union Army and was killed.

After the war ended he presented the account to the father of the young man for payment. The old gentleman was a very gruff and insulting man. Said he, to Torrell:

"Did I buy these boots?"

Torrell answered in the negative.

"Who bought them?" asked the old man.

"Your son," answered Torrell.

"Then go to my son for the money," said the unfeeling father.

Torrell, in the most excited manner, responded:

"Do you think I am d—d fool enough to go to hell for ten dollars?"

DREAD OF LAWYERS.

A distinguished and eccentric preacher who was highly prejudiced against lawyers, concluded one of his prayers as follows:

"Oh, Lord, give us a home, 'not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.' In doing this we pray thee, O Lord, to be exceedingly cautious to make us such a clear and unencumbered title that all the lawyers in hell cannot pick a flaw in it."

HARD TO SATISFY.

Captain Phil. Thompson, of the Harrodsburg bar, was one of the ablest criminal lawyers who ever lived in Kentucky, and was a most agreeable and genial gentleman. He was defending a man for murder in Washington county, and being asked by a visiting attorney what would be the probable outcome, answered:

"Well, I tried him once and the jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and fixed his punishment at four years in the penitentiary; I obtained a new trial, he was again convicted and his punishment fixed at ten years in the penitentiary. Being refused a new trial I prayed an appeal, reversed the judgment and am now in the midst of a third trial, and I shall never rest until I send him to the penitentiary for life or hang him."

However, on the third trial he succeeded in acquitting his client.

A SUFFICIENT REMINDER.

Shortly after the Civil War, in the Anderson circuit court, an ex-Confederate soldier was indicted for stealing some cattle, when Capt. Phil Thompson, who had been himself a Confederate soldier, defended him. By a little "sleight of hand" the Captain secured a jury on which were seven ex-Confederates. Jim Morris, Commonwealth's Attorney, and Tom Bell prosecuted. Bell spoke first and pictured the defendant as the worst of criminals. The Captain's speech was short. He spoke of his client being without work, in hard lines, and with a large, hungry family, admitted his guilt, but declared it was for the purpose of procuring food for his little children. He dramatically turned to one of the jury and said:

"Tom Turner, when you started South to fight for the cause we all loved so well, you stole a roan horse from your Uncle Will."

Then, stepping up to the jury, in a voice scarcely audible, but exceedingly pathetic, he told of the other six jurymen stealing horses when they raided Kentucky and were fleeing from the enemy. Then stepping back he folded his arms and looking toward Heaven exclaimed: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!"

The jury retired and in five minutes returned the following verdict:

"We the jury find the defendant not guilty, but advise him to be careful in the future.

TOM TURNER, Foreman.."

PINKSTON'S PUP.

Senator Bradley once visited a high official dignitary. He had known the gentleman intimately for many years before he was elevated to office and had always found him an exceedingly genial man. Imagine, therefore, his astonishment when he was greeted in a cold and informal manner that well nigh froze the marrow in his bones. Of course, he was not only mortified, but offended, as well.

In speaking of the occurrence to a friend, after telling him of the treatment he had received, he said that the official reminded him of "Pinkston's Pup," and being asked to state why, he said:

"One of the characters of Madison county, Kentucky, was Wyatt Pinkston. He was a great judge of dogs, a worthless vagabond, but shrewd and quick, and made a living by his wits. He was frequently in court, and many of his bright sayings have been treasured up by those who knew him best. One of his remarkable performances was his testimony in the case of old Colonel T———, who had sued Captain L——— for damages because of the killing of a favorite hound.

"Pinkston was introduced by the defendant as an expert to prove the value and character of the animal. After having stated that he was a judge of dogs, had great experience, had dealt in them for years, owned a great many, had hunted foxes, rabbits, coons, &c, &c., and had been a dog trainer of established reputation for many years, he was asked to state whether he knew the dog in dispute, and his value and character.

" 'Well,' with deliberate emphasis, he answered, 'I reckon I do. I've knowd that dog since he war a pup. After he had retched full doghood he war the proudest thing I eved seed. He had a mighty purty tail, and no dog ever knowed it better. It curled over his back like a wheel-rim. He war all the time a playin' with it and a tryin' to put on style. He didn't think thar war any other dog in the county.

" 'Well, he commenced a curling his tail and he curled it tighter and tighter until he got it curled so tight he could not get his hind legs on the ground. He had not got over this thing entirely when he war killed and he war as no account, worthless a hound as I ever seed. He warnt worth a cut nine-pence.'

"I fear my friend has been playing pranks like 'Pinkston's Pup'. He has reached an altitude that I cannot hope to attain, and will soon be unable to put his hind legs on the ground," said the Senator.

A CROSS-EYED BIRD.

McKee Fox was a very brilliant attorney of the Pulaski county, Kentucky, bar. While he was engaged in defending a man charged with a crime, the Prosecuting Attorney, who feared the influence of the defendant, was earnestly engaged in attempting to escape its effect.

He cautioned the jury to remember the eagle in the storm, saying that they should imitate him. He described the eagle as battling with the winds, until finally rising above them, with one eye toward the sun and the other toward the earth, he sailed on, oblivious of all that was beneath him.

"My Lord, what a cross-eyed bird!" remarked Fox aloud in the midst of this oratorical flight.

Of course, this destroyed the effect of the speech.

HIS TWO WORST ENEMIES.

Mr. VanWinkle, who was, for some reason, very much disliked by Judge Fox, the father of McKee Fox, filed a demurrer. The Judge had a great horror of demurrers because in his young days they had frequently proven fatal to him. When VanWinkle arose to discuss it. McKee remarked "sotto voce" to some of the members of the bar:

"There, now. I feel sorry for father. He is confronted by his two worst enemies, John VanWinkle and a demurrer."

A FAMOUS DISPATCH.

Among the numerous lawyers who have belonged to the Lancaster bar, was Henry T. Noel. At the date of the famous dispatch hereafter mentioned, he would every now and then take a spree lasting as much as a week, though in later years he became a very sedate and sober man. When in his cups he overflowed with good nature and said many amusing things. Whilst on one of his periodical sprees he started out to visit different towns and have a good time. He first went to Danville, about twelve miles distant, next to Harrodsburg, about ten miles from Danville, next to Lawrenceburg, about twenty miles from Harrodsburg, then to Frankfort, about twenty miles from Lawrenceburg.

At Frankfort his money gave out, and he was unable to pay expenses to his home. Under these circumstances he sent his good wife the following dispatch:

"Please send horse and buggy for me to Danville, Harrodsburg, Lawrenceburg, or Frankfort."

PATHOS SPOILED.

Ben Lee Hardin, a local lawyer and wit of Harrodsburg, tells a story at the expense of his brother Charles, who was a most excellent lawyer, and who, in his younger days, was given at times to florid oratory.

He was arguing for the plaintiffs, two women in a damage case, against some ruffians who had burned their house to the ground during a severe winter.

Said he:—"Gentlemen of the jury: These poor helpless and defenseless women were driven out of their humble home into the darkness of the night. Not only driven out into the darkness, but driven out in a cold, bitter December night in the month of January."

AN "INTERRUPTIOUS" OLD DADDY.

Wm. B. Moore, of Somerset, Ky., was a great wit and a ready speaker. He read no books, and did not apply himself in any way, but nevertheless now and then astonished the best lawyers with some unique defense. Attorney-General James and Major Bradley instituted an action for breach of promise for a very deserving young lady against a wealthy young man in the Pulaski circuit court. They expected a large verdict in the case.

When Moore filed an answer they retired to the jury room to examine it, and found it to be in these words:

"The defendant admits that he promised to marry the plaintiff at the time and place mentioned in the petition, and this he says he would have done but for the intermeddling of that interruptious old rascal, her daddy. He is ready, willing, able and anxious to carry out the contract, and hereby offers to discharge same and tenders himself in open court for that purpose."

The result was that the couple were married, and the attorneys for plaintiff recovered no fee.

A MEEK ATTORNEY.

The Judge of the Pulaski circuit court, Thomas Bramlette, won great distinction on the bench, was a gallant Union Colonel, and, later

in life, was Governor of Kentucky. He was an exceedingly high tempered, irascible, and, at times, a tyrannical Judge.

Colonel Sherrod Williams, who was practicing law at Somerset, had at one time practiced in Louisville, and was much in the habit, when arguing a case before Judge Bramlette, of referring to some case as having been decided by the Louisville chancery court. This always riled the Judge and caused him frequently to remark that he was not bound by the decisions of that court.

One morning he overruled a motion of Col. Williams for a new trial, in which motion Williams had referred to a decision of the Louisville chancery court. Williams rose to his feet and said to the clerk:

"Give me an exception to that judgment and an appeal to the Court of Appeals, where I may obtain the decision of a court that knows something."

The Judge colored with indignation and fined Mr. Williams twenty dollars for contempt.

The next case he decided was the overruling of another motion for a new trial made by Billy Moore. After the Judge had announced his decision Mr. Moore arose, with modesty approaching humility, and said:

"If Your Honor please," he said meekly, "will you give me an exception and an appeal in that case to the Court of Appeals? I do not ask this because I think Your Honor has erred, but because I hope the Court of Appeals may."

THE BLACK MASONS.

Many years ago there was in Kentucky an order known as the "Black Masons," the main object of which was amusement. They initiated candidates in such ways as to provoke an immense amount of merriment. At times they would subject the candidates for admission to rather rough treatment.

Billy Moore was Attorney for the order, which fact was unknown to Bill Dykes, who had received severe treatment which confined him to his bed, and he sent for Moore to employ him to institute an action for damages. Moore, who was present in disguise when the initiation took place, with great difficulty restrained himself from laughing outright at his client's recital of the wrongs inflicted upon him. After he concluded, Moore with a very serious air, said to him:

"My friend, when I was initiated in the order I was treated even worse than you, and like you I determined to sue for damages, but was restrained by the advice of a friend, who suggested that I

wait a month or so until I came to understand the object and effect of the order. Well, to make a long story short, I anxiously awaited the outcome, when I found it was certainly the greatest order known among men, and that its teachings were most improving, inspiring and uplifting.

"Now, my friend, I give you the same advice that was given me. Wait a little while before you do anything rash. Continue in the road in which you have started and you will soon find that as you go higher you will shine, and not only will you shine, but you will shine with a shination that cannot be outshone. And yet a little longer, you will find that you will glitter, and not only will you glitter, but you will glitter with a glitteration that cannot be outglittered. You will, by its teachings, be so elevated that you can look into Heaven itself and hear the angels playing their golden harps. And then you will be ashamed of yourself for ever having thought of suing such a grand and glorious order for damages."

The action was not instituted.

COURTROOM REPARTEE.

One of Kentucky's ablest lawyers was Colonel Thomas P. Hill, of Stanford. Some years ago he appeared before Judge Mike Owsley with quite an array of legal authorities to argue a question concerning the construction of a will. He had straightened himself to address the court, when the Judge said:

"Mr. Hill, I do not want to hear any argument from you. I have already made up my mind to decide the case for you, and I fear if you were to argue it I might change my opinion."

"That is all right, Judge," retorted Mr. Hill. "The only reason that I regret you have prevented me from making the argument is that you will never be able to give any good or sufficient reason why you have rendered your decision."

JUDAS AND PETER MIXED.

A speech made in a murder trial in the Rockcastle circuit court resulted in exposing the biblical ignorance of one of the most prominent attorneys who practiced at that bar.

Mr. Bobbit appeared for the prosecution and, among other things, said to the jury, that, although the defendant was related to him, the crime for which he stood indicted was so cold-blooded and brutal that he, in discharge of what he believed to be his Christian duty and his duty to society, as well, had volunteered to come before the jury and urge that defendant's neck be broken on the scaffold.

One of the lawyers for the defense, Colonel Hill, followed Mr. Bobbitt, and after referring to what he had said, exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, a man so situated who appears voluntarily to prosecute, is meaner than the defendant, even though the defendant were guilty of all he charges him with. He is a traitor to self-respect, a traitor to his own blood, and a traitor to the memory of his ancestors. He is even meaner than Peter, who betrayed his Master for 'thirty dollars in silver.'"

Another attorney here suggested:

"No, Colonel, Judas."

The Colonel turned upon him and nervously jerking his glasses from his nose, with dramatic power, exclaimed:

"No! No! Peter, sah!"

HURRAH FOR H——L.

Colonel Hill was a famous orator whose hearing was not very acute. While making a political speech in Lancaster, he was frequently interrupted by yells of "Hurrah for Hell," by Ed Cook, who was exceedingly drunk. Thinking that Cook was yelling for him, he turned to him and making a profound bow said:

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir," to the great discomfiture of Cook and amusement of the audience.

A SUCCESSFUL DEFENSE.

Many years ago there lived in Garrard county, Kentucky, an old gentleman by the name of S———. He had two daughters, one of whom married a man named W——, and the other a man named H———. Both couples immediately commenced house-keeping in the neighborhood. Meanwhile, the old man lost his wife, and, after mourning for what he considered a proper length of time, proceeded to investigate the matrimonial market.

He had a snug little farm with neat and comfortable buildings, the necessary amount of stock, some ready money, and, among other things, possessed numerous bee-gums, and a lot of old tobacco which he kept for individual use.

In a short while after he instituted a search for a wife, he was rewarded by finding a handsome widow who was of rather unusual size, but, withal, a good woman, who fitted his fancy, and they were married.

The usual rows grew up in the family on account of the second marriage, and many things were done by his sons-in-law to annoy

and bedevil him. At length his bee-gums were spirited away, and a short while after his tobacco went in the same manner.

S——— was a Christian man, but this was more than he could stand. In a fit of anger he accused his sons-in-law of theft, by reason of which each of them promptly sued him for slander, concluding to obtain his estate by law, as no other opportunity was presented. When the case came on for trial, S——— secured the services of Major Turner, of Richmond, Ky., who was one of the most successful lawyers of his day. He was an old-fashioned, plain, but strong speaker, and could weep copiously at a moment's warning.

The defendant admitted the speaking of the words and alleged their truth. At the conclusion of the speech for the plaintiff, Major Turner rose and addressed the jury about as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you all know my client. You know that for more than half a century he has led a spotless life. During all that time he has been a zealous Campbellite. (The jurors were mostly of that persuation, a fact that had not escaped the astute Major.) You know that not a great while ago he lost his wife, since which he married a second time, and his last wife sits beside him to-day—and a good-looking woman she is, too; one whom any man on that jury would not be ashamed of, and one whom I would be proud to have myself." (Here the old lady swelled with conscious pride.)

"After the marriage the old man settled down, hoping to pass the remainder of his days in peace and happiness. When the winter came on, after feeding and housing his cattle and partaking of his evening meal, he would sit down beside his companion and engage in pleasant conversation. And as the night wore on, while the cold winds were whistling around his cottage, he would open the old cupboard, and, taking therefrom his bottle of apple-brandy, would made two nice toddies, sweetened with honey; and he and his wife would sit down beside the table, while the hickory logs in the old-fashioned fireplace were crackling with flames, shedding a genial glow and pleasant warmth about the room, and sip their toddies; and then the good wife would bring the pipes and tobacco, and they would smoke and sip, and sip and smoke, until the bliss was too great to be marred by conversation. Then, in profound silence, as the blue wreaths ascended, they would contemplate them, lost, as it were, in a phantasamagoria of sentimental perfectibility, recalling to mind the pleasant memories of the past, and feasting on the thoughts of the felicity of the present.

"And while living in this Eden of bliss, with not a wave of trouble rolling across his peaceful breast (here the tears streamed down the

Major's face), along come these infernal sons-in-law, with hell in their hearts, and without fear of God before their eyes, and stole his bee-gums and tobacco, and then, because he calls them the thieves that they are, sue him for damages, and attempt to rob him of his home in his old age.

"Great God, gentlemen, did you ever hear of such a damnable outrage?"

In uttering the closing sentence the Major's voice reached the highest pitch and rang through the courtroom like a trumpet blast, and with the perspiration standing out in great drops and mingling with his tears, he took his seat amidst tumultuous applause which the court was unable to restrain.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that S——— won his case.

MORE TIME THAN NECCESSARY.

Major Turner at the breaking out of the Civil War was a Southern sympathizer and Ashly Williams, of Lancaster, Kentucky, was a very bitter Unionist, known as a dangerous man, and was the self-appointed regulator of politics in his section. The Major came to Lancaster on legal business, and shortly after his arrival was notified by Williams that he would give him twenty minutes to leave town. The Major, knowing the character of Williams, replied:

"I only want ten."

THE MOST "HONESTEST" MAN.

"Judge Durham had great power among the masses. He had a way of impressing the truth of what he said beyond any public man I have ever known," remarked Senator Bradley. "I have frequently thought that he had a face like an affidavit, with a notarial seal in the lower left hand corner.

"While the Judge was an excellent man, now and then in discussing the tariff he grew very extravagant, a failing quite common with political speakers.

"At Wade's Cross Road, in Russell county, was gathered a crowd of probably three hundred. Among them was an old gentleman by the name of Hill. He was a well-to-do farmer for that locality, and ordinarily a quiet man. He listened with the utmost attention to the Judge while he told how the poor farmer was robbed. The tears stood in the old man's eyes as the Judge drew a picture of his condition.

" 'Mr. Hill, that suit of jeans you have on cost you ten dollars,' said the Judge. 'But did you know, sir, that the wool in it is taxed

by this infernal tariff 500 per cent, and that the bottons on it are taxed 400 per cent; that the thread in it is taxed 150 per cent; the linings are taxed 175 per cent; and the cotton batting is taxed 160 per cent?'

"By this time even the amiable and able Judge had worked himself to a high pitch of excitement, and, turning to the old man, exclaimed:

" 'If it were not for this robber tariff you could buy that suit for two dollars.'

"Old man Hill could contain himself no longer. He sprang to his feet, and, with a voice as keen as the crack of a whip, yelled out:

" 'Rise, my Durham; I have always knowed that you was the most honestest and truthfullest man I ever seed.'

"And so it was the Judge with his sober face and earnest manner was the most impressive and dangerous speaker with the masses in Kentucky in that day."

FOR O'CONNOR AND THE UNION.

"There were many amusing incidents in the campaign for Congress between Judge Durham and myself in 1882," continued Senator Bradley. "We had a pleasant experience, and I believe each of us at the conclusion entertained higher and more kindly opinions of the other than at the beginning of the campaign.

"On the day of the Jimtown meeting, while the Judge, who was a very tall man, was speaking, he was rudely interrupted by a man in the audience. Fearing that the interruption came from a Republican, I arose and requested him to please not interrupt the Judge.

"He very promptly told me to 'go to h—l,' a request I did not comply with, but by reason of which I took my seat.

"The Judge (who was a very tall, slender man), spoke a minute or two over his time. I was standing at the foot of the platform, dressed in a short sack coat, which made me appear even shorter of stature than I really am, with my documents under my arm, and quite anxious to make a response. The man who had interrupted the Judge looked at me, and then looked at the Judge. Finally he yelled out:

" 'Set down, Lengthy, and give Chuffy a chance.' "

"This sally brought down the house. At the conclusion of the speaking, not understanding why the man was so impartial in his rudeness to the Judge and myself, I asked him if he were for Grant."

" 'No,' he replied with an oath.

"Then I inquired if he were for Greeley, when I was sententiously

answered, 'D——n Greeley.'

"Then whom are you for?" I asked.

"Turning squarely upon me and raising himself to his full height, he replied:

" 'I am for Charles O'Connor and the Union.' "

THE GREAT COMPTROLLER.

Judge Durham was not only an excellent Representative of the Lower House in Congress, but made an enviable record as Comptroller of the Treasury under President Cleveland. He was very proud of the position and esteemed it as one of especial honor and prominence.

Theodore Hallam, of Covington, told the story that near the conclusion of the Judge's term, he accompanied him to church; that when the preacher asked all to stand in prayer he and the Judge arose, among others, and when the minister commenced his prayer, "Oh! Thou great Controller of the Universe," the Judge repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment.

WILL GO STRAIGHT BACK.

A lady, seeing Theodore Hallam coming out of a saloon in Covington, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Hallam, I am astonished to see you coming out of that saloon!"

"Excuse me," said Hallam. "I thought I was making a mistake in coming out. I'll go straight back."

A COMPLETE REJOINDER.

Richard Smith, editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, and Theodore Hallam were close friends. They met almost daily at the St. Nicholas, in Cincinnati, about noon, to lunch and convivialize.

There had been quite an ugly controversy in the Cincinnati newspapers between the police of Cincinnati and Covington. Among other things it was charged that the Covington police were harboring thieves during the day to operate in Cincinnati at night. About this time Smith and Hallam met and this dialogue ensued:

Smith:—"Hello, Hallam; I see you are harboring Cincinnati thieves in Covington."

Hallam:—"Yes; come over."

A GENTLEMAN'S SPREE.

One of the queer characters that Garrard county produced was Oscar Tillett. He was endowed with a kind heart, pleasant manners, and rare intelligence. When sober he was an excellent business man, but, unfortunately, he was given to frequent sprees, so that he never accumulated any estate. He was not able to embark in business by himself and consequently worked all his life for others. For quite a while he clerked in Berkele's store, in the little village of Bryantsville. As soon as he accumulated as much as one hundred dollars he would disappear and not be seen for a week or ten days. Squire Berkele was a tender hearted man, and continually overlooked Tillett's short coming.

During one of these absences Berkele received a letter from Tillett, who was in Cincinnati, begging that some money be sent him, so that he might return. The request was promptly complied with. When Tillett returned, Mr. Berkele delivered to him a severe lecture, winding up by saying:

"If nothing else will do but to have a spree, why don't you buy five dollars' worth of whiskey and have it out here, instead of going to Cincinnati and spending all of your money?"

Turning to him with an expression of disgust on his features Tillett asked:

"Mr. Berkele, how could you expect a gentleman like me to conduct a spree of any magnitude in a d—d little hog-wallow like Bryantsville?"

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Tillett attended a debating society about 1900, when the question for discussion was:

"Are we living in the eighteenth or nineteenth century?"

Many heated arguments were made pro and con. Finally it came to Tillett's turn, and, with a timely illustration, he drove his competitors to the wall.

"Now, boys," said he, "supposing any one of you was plowing in a field and had plowed eighteen full rows, and had started on another and almost completed it. Do you suppose you would be fool enough to call that row the eighteenth? If you did you should be promptly tried and convicted for lunacy."

THE HEREAFTER.

The ruling passion was strong within him on his death bed. A minister said to him:

"Mr. Tillett, you should prepare for death in order that you may meet your friends in heaven."

"Well," he replied, "Doctor, I reckon I don't need much preparation, for I believe as matters now stand I will meet the great majority of them without going to any unnecessary trouble."

CHARGED WITH DYNAMITE.

"Some years ago," remarked Senator Bradley, "I witnessed an unusual occurrence in the courtroom at London, Kentucky. Judge Robert Boyd was the presiding justice. One morning, shortly after court had begun, Andrew Jackson, the foreman of the grand jury, appeared before the Judge having in charge a woman who, he stated, had refused to testify before the grand jury.

"The Judge, with a very polite bow, said to her:

" 'Madam, it is your duty to tell anything you may know about any violation of the law in this county, except of course, such as may have taken place in your immediate family. It would be very disagreeable for me to have to punish you in any way, and I trust that you will go at once and answer the questions that may be asked you by the foreman of the grand jury.'

" 'I'll be blamed if I do,' said she with a withering look of scorn.

" 'Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of ten dollars against this woman,' said the court. 'Now, madam, go and testify to the jury at once.'

" 'You go to thunder, you blamed old fool,' the woman retorted.

" 'Mr. Sheriff, take her to jail,' roared the Judge.

" 'And hain't I already in jail for selling whiskey, and brought outen the jail to testify?' said she, and, with a defiant toss of her head, she passed out of the courtroom.

"Being very fond of the Judge, and quite intimate with him, I arose and said, as if I had not fully gathered what had been going on:

" 'May I inquire of Your Honor what the lady is charged with?'

" 'I don't know, sir, but I think she is charged with dynamite,' replied the Judge, with a look of exasperation."

THE HANDWRITING OF JUDGE BOYD.

Boyd enjoyed the reputation of being an upright and courageous Judge. He had one failing, and that was, his handwriting was very difficult to read. Indeed, a sheet of paper with his chirography on it presented more the appearance of the wanderings of a spider that had been liberated from an inkwell than anything else.

Like all men who write miserable hands, the Judge was extremely sensitive on the subject, and on one occasion inflicted a fine upon a

lawyer who undertook to reflect upon his handwriting in an argument before the jury. In the case immediately following, Elijah Hurst, of the Pineville bar, in attempting to read the instructions of the court, found himself involved in a hopeless labyrinth. Not desiring to meet a fate similar to the attorney who had just preceded him, he remarked to the jury:

"Gentlemen, I am not able to read Judge Boyd's writing, not because he does not write well—because we all know to the contrary—but on account of a serious defect in my own education."

THE LOAN OF A CANNON.

Judge Boyd was one of the attorneys for James Sparks and Sonny Hodge, indicted for murder. It was proved that Hodge loaned Sparks the pistol with which he shot and killed Killion. The Judge, in answering the attorney who had severely arraigned Hodge, said:

"Jim Sparks had been driven into the back of his store-room and barred the door to prevent the entrance of the man who was seeking his heart's blood without cause. His foe was battering down the door, and he was unarmed. Under these circumstances Sonny Hodge loaned him a pistol. He did right and what any other brave and honest man would have done under the circumstances. If I had been there and had it, I would have loaned him a cannon."

NO LAW AGAINST IT.

Bill Skyes was tried in the Bell circuit court for disturbing religious worship. The only proof adduced by the Commonwealth was that at the conclusion of the sermon in a late revival the preacher had requested all persons to stand up who desired to go to heaven. All arose except Skyes. The minister then asked them to resume their seats, which they did. He then requested all who desired to go to hell to arise, when Skyes quickly sprang up. The Commonwealth's Attorney having announced that he was through with his testimony, Judge Boyd instructed the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I do not know of any law, statute or common, which prevents a man from going to hell when he wants to. You will therefore find the defendant not guilty."

AN EXTRAVAGANT COMPLIMENT.

Nath Woodcock lived in Danville, Kentucky, and was an accomplished traveling man. He was very talkative and entertaining, as well as exceedingly popular. He happened in Lancaster one night when a church supper was in progress. Hearing of it, he lost

no time in finding his way to the place. The table at which he sat was presided over by Mrs. B———, a most excellent, but high tempered, lady. After Woodcock had finished his repast and paid for it, he said:

"Mrs. B——, as you know, I am a traveling man. I eat at all the hotels, great or small, but I want to say to you, madam, that you have two things on the table that I have never seen excelled."

Mrs. B——— felt highly complimented, and with a most bewitching smile thanked Mr. Woodcock, and requested him to mention the two articles. With a very dignified bow, he responded:

"The pepper and salt;" but in order to save himself from harm, he immediately retreated.

AN INJURED DEBTOR.

Among the many celebrities of Garrard county, was Alex. Conn, known generally as "A. Conn." He was very erratic, dead game, and did and said many amusing things. He was an artist of rare merit, as the portraits that adorn the walls of many dwellings in that section attest.

Work faithfully as he might, he was at all times impecunious, and more than once was compelled to ask his friends to go his security. He was always willing, but never able, to pay. By reason of his financial troubles he at length became gloomy and irritable, until finally nothing offended him so much as to be dunned for a debt.

Colonel J. A. Burnside and General D. R. Collier became his sureties on a note which was from time to time renewed until liquidated by them.

The last time the note was presented to Conn for renewal he lost his temper and said to the banker:

"Now, I've heard as much about that note as I want to hear. I'm sick and tired of piddling with it and I'll be dinged if I ever renew it again. I'm astonished, sir; yes, I am almost paralyzed, by your presenting this note and having me wear myself out signing my name.

"Why don't you go to those fellows and have them pay it and be done with it? The darned fools knew when they signed it that I had nothing to pay with, and that they would have to pay it, and if they had any sense of decency or propriety they would not thus annoy and mortify a friend by allowing it to be presented to him every few months.

"No, I will not renew it, and if you ever ask me again I will take it as personal and resent it as any gentleman should resent an insult."

Having thus delivered himself, with a look of injured innocence and insulted dignity, he angrily walked away. The cashier, knowing "A. Conn" as he did, never presented the note again, and it was paid off by Collier and Burnside, who preserved it in order that they might now and then see the autograph of their valued friend.

TWO CELEBRATED SPEECHES.

One of the most famous trials that ever took place in Kentucky took place at Cynthiana some years ago, the distinguished Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge appearing for the defense, and the Nestor of the local bar, Colonel Harry Ward, for the prosecution. Colonel Breckinridge, with that pathos for which he was famous and which was well-nigh irresistible, concluded his speech by asking the jury to acquit the defendant and return him to the arms of his weeping mother.

"Before I left home this morning," said he, "my wife came to me and placing her arms around my neck, besought me not to let the heart of the poor boy's mother be broken by his conviction. My daughter then came and, with tears in her eyes, embraced and begged me to employ every energy for his acquittal and spare his sisters the mortification of conviction. My son then came and earnestly besought me to save the young man from being torn from his brothers and confined within the loathsome walls of a penitentiary. And, gentlemen, in conclusion, I beg you to protect this splendid family; to save the peace and happiness of their home and to let this poor boy go forth vindicated from this foul charge."

At the end of the speech the audience seemed spellbound. Colonel Ward arose and commenced his argument.

"Yes, gentlemen," he began, "I ask that you do not add any more sorrow to the already broken hearted and weeping mother, who mourns the death of her boy, by acquitting this scoundrel.

"Before I left home this morning my wife wound her arms about me and said: 'Oh, husband, don't let the jury acquit that murderer and add fresh sorrow to the heart of the poor mother who weeps beside the grave of her dead son.' And then my daughter came and, embracing me, said: 'Oh, father, do your best and don't let the jury wound and mortify the sisters of the dead boy by turning the murderer loose.' And then my son appeared and said: 'Father, give that hellian all he deserves, and don't allow his poor brothers to be outraged by an acquital.'

"And, please God, gentlemen, I am here to carry out the requests of my family and believe you will assist me in so doing."

The defendant was convicted.

PRESERVING HIS TIME.

Colonel Ward was an exceedingly eccentric man and a very able lawyer. While arguing a case in the Court of Appeals he was frequently interrupted by embarrassing questions propounded by the Chief Justice. At length he could stand it no longer, especially in view of the fact that his time limit was one hour, and, in an inimitable manner, he inquired:

"Judge, are these interruptions to come out of my time? If so, I protest against them."

A PARALYZING ANSWER.

Colonel Ward made some personal remarks in the circuit court at Cynthiana that offended the Judge, and started to leave the room; whereupon the Judge, in an angry manner, inquired of him:

"Do you mean to show your contempt for this Court?"

"No, may it please your honor," responded the Colonel, "I am preparing to leave in order to conceal it."

HOLDING HIS OWN.

Judge Andrew Kirk tells the following story of a country couple in the Kentucky mountains.

John was a bashful young fellow who had been visiting Mollie for some time, and finally, with many misgivings, made up his mind to court her. There was only one room in the cabin, and a blanket was stretched across it about midway to enable the old people to retire; which they finally did. The young man said that before the parents retired the old clock on the mantle seemed to say, "go slow, go slow, go slow"; and as the old folks were there, he thought it was best to heed the warning. Finally the old folks retired, whereupon the clock changed its tone and seemed to say, "go fast, go fast, go fast." At length, he said, he sorter hitched his chair up closer and said:

"Mollie, we air not talkin much, air we?"

She replied, "No, John, we air not."

He then moved up a little closer, and said again:

"Mollie, we air not talkin much, air we?"

And she said again, "No, John, not much."

He then hunched up a little more, put his arms around her neck and kissed her and repeated:

"Mollie, we air not talkin much, air we?"

Then Mollie replied:

"No, John, we air not sayin much, but you air holdin' your own."

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Colonel Dick Wintersmith was a practical joker, original and unique. During the Columbian Exposition he startled some friends at a dinner, speaking of Columbus:

"Boys, I knew him well, he loved a drink, was fond of the ladies, and an all-round good fellow. His death was the cause of profound sadness to me, which I have never been able to entirely overcome."

"Why, Colonel," said one of the group, "Columbus has been dead for hundreds of years."

"True, only too true," replied the Colonel with a deep-drawn sigh, "How time does fly."

DETERMINED TO APOLOGIZE.

Many years ago the Colonel lived in Frankfort, Ky., where he acquired the intense dislike of Colonel Ambrose Dudley. Meeting Colonel Dudley one morning, Colonel Wintersmith, in a most friendly manner, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Dudley, how are you today?"

Dudley heatedly replied: "Don't speak to me, you lying scoundrel."

Wintersmith making a polite bow, said:

"I accept your apology."

"Apology, the devil!" retorted Dudley. "I did not make an apology. I repeat, sir, all I have said."

Again Wintersmith bowed like a French dancing master, and said:

"Mr. Dudley, my mother always taught me in my youth whenever a gentleman treated me with especial kindness and friendship not to disgrace myself, but to always recognize it; and I repeat, I accept your apology!"

ANXIOUS FOR A REPUTATION.

Andrew Conn was one of the most famous fighting men that Garrard county, Kentucky, ever produced. A young man by the name of Sadler was extremely anxious to acquire a reputation, so he induced Conn on Saturday to agree to allow him to give him the lie on county court day, the next Monday, before a big crowd, and fail to resent it. He believed this would give him an all sufficient reputation.

So the next Monday, Sadler walked up in a crowd and told Conn he had lied, whereupon Conn sailed into him, mashing his nose, loosening his teeth, and blacking his eyes. Finally, Sadler yelled out:

"Andy, you went back on your promise!"

Whereupon, Conn immediately ceased to belabor him, and replied: "Well, Sadler, you must excuse me. I forgot it as clear as a whistle."

IMPARTIAL MAGISTRATE.

Conn was elected Justice of the Peace, and quickly established a reputation, not only as being a fearless and just, but an exceedingly rough and uncouth officer of the law. Steve Holcolmb had sued —— Henderson for five dollars for five gallons of brandy. Holcomb was a short, fat man with a red face, large abdomen and self important air. He sat down on a bench in the old school house where court was being held, immediately in front of Conn, and folded his hands over his abdomen with apparent Christian resignation. At length Conn, in going over his docket, called; "Holcomb vs. Henderson."

Holcomb, quick as lightning, jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Judgment!"

"Stand up, Steve, and be sworn," commanded Conn.

Holcomb stood up and said: "Why, Squire, he hain't here to deny it."

"You do solemnly swear that you will tell the truth," said Conn, ignoring the remark.

"I do," said Holcomb.

"Steve," inquired Conn, "did you deliver five gallons of brandy to Henderson?"

"Yes," answered Holcomb.

"Did he agree to pay you for it?" enquired Conn.

"Yes, he agreed to pay me one dollar a gallon," answered Holcomb.

"Has he ever paid any part of it?" asked Conn.

"No," replied Holcomb.

Conn then looking severely at Holcomb said: "I find for the defendant."

Just at this time, looking out of the window, Conn saw Henderson riding up. Turning to Joe Baker, his constable, he commanded:

"Joe, bring in Henderson."

In a few moments Joe returned with Henderson, and Conn ordered him to hold up his hands and swear him to "tell the truth."

"Now, Henderson," said Conn, "did you ever buy any brandy from Steve Holcomb, and if so, did you pay him for it?"

"Yes," answered Henderson, "five gallons at five dollars, for which I paid him and here is his receipt," and taking the receipt from his pocket-book, he handed it to Conn, who looked at it carefully, handed it back, and turning to Holcomb, exclaimed:

"There now, Steve, didn't I know you had sworn to a lie?"

"Rayly, Squire," replied Steve, "I furgot that receipt."

SERIOUSLY HANDICAPPED.

Conn was a man of unflinching courage, always ready and anxious for a fight. A report was circulated that George Best had denounced him as a liar and he had failed to resent it. A friend of Conn could not believe the story, and a few days after, meeting him, inquired about it. To his utter astonishment Conn informed him that the report was true.

"Why, Andy," said he, "I would not have believed this coming from any one but you. I know you do not fear any man on earth, and never before failed to resent an insult. Why did you submit to it?"

"Because," responded Conn, "I had told a lie and could not afford to kill him for telling the truth."

ANSWERING AN UGLY QUESTION.

In 1870 Senator Bradley was quite a young man. He ran for County Attorney of Garrard county, Kentucky, on the Republican ticket. That was the first year the negro voted, and as there were about six hundred negroes qualified to vote in Garrard county, which was situated in the Blue Grass where there had been many slaves, and which had theretofore given a heavy Democratic majority, there was intense excitement. The Democrats were highly incensed because the negroes were to vote, and there were many Republicans who did not entirely approve of it. The bugaboo of "Negro Equality" was therefore the shibboleth of the Democratic campaign.

On county court day the candidates of both parties were on hand to address the voters, and Bradley's speech that day was his first political effort. The Democrats had selected a man who had killed another man and who did not represent the highest type of citizenship, to ask Bradley a question. After Bradley had been speaking a short while the interlocutor arose and asked:

"If a white Democrat was running for an office in this county and a black, ignorant Republican nigger was running against him, which would you vote for?"

Under the cricumstances this was a dangerous question, for if he answered that he would vote for the negro there were a number of white Republicans who would refuse to vote for him; while, on the other hand, if he said he would refuse to vote for the negro and vote for the Democrat, he would lose a number of negro votes. In order to gain a little time for thought, Bradley professed not fully to under-

stand the question and asked that it might be repeated; which was promptly done. Bradley turned his face full upon his interrogator and replied:

"If the Republicans of this county should nominate the blackest and most ignorant negro in the county, and the Democrats should nominate you, I would vote for the negro."

The answer elicited hearty applause from both parties, and thus an ugly complication was escaped.

SPECTACLES.

It is unnecessary to tell who Henry Watterson is, as his name is well known in every intelligent household in the land. Neither is it necessary to speak of his wonderful ability, his charming oratory, or his superb social and intellectual qualities. Many instances might be recounted of his flashing wit and biting satire, but one alone will be recited. He very much disliked the Honorable Jim Chrisman, the representative of Wayne county, although they were of the same political faith. Chrisman was constantly favoring some proposition of supposed moral conduct, in which he consumed much time, and Watterson had no faith in his pretensions; hence he, in derision, dubbed him the "Christian Statesman from Wayne."

During the session of the legislature there appeared in the Courier-Journal from Watterson's pen a lengthy editorial entitled "Spectacles." In this editorial Watterson took up the whole history of spectacles, telling by whom and when they were first invented and the various improvements that had been made in them in the course of years. He recounted all the distinguished men who wore them in early days. He also spoke of the different kinds of spectacles, their various adjustments, place of their manufacture, the variety of frames, and their uses, etc., etc., at great length.

It was a most entertaining article written in Watterson's best vein, but all who read it wondered while reading, why it was written and what place it had in the editorial columns. This was, however, fully explained by the conclusion which was:

"The Christian statesman from Wayne does not wear spectacles, but insists on all occasions on making a spectacle of himself."

SAVED HIM THE TROUBLE.

John Harney was a contemporary of George D. Prentice, one editing the Democrat, and the other the Journal, in Louisville, Kentucky. Harney was a man of rare intellect and literary accomplishments, and when he wrote a witty thing, which was not often, it was

written in a manner that indicated he had uttered it from a sense of duty, more than from a desire to be amusing. Prentice was one of the most gifted writers of his day. Absolute master of English, a poet, an orator, and a wit, no one escaped and many went down before his trenchant blade. Sometimes Mr. Prentice became angered and was not select in his language. In a very sarcastic and bitter editorial, occasioned by something that Harney had done which greatly displeased him, he wound up his article with the inelegant expression, "the editor of the Democrat has made an ass of himself."

Harney answered the arraignment with an air of injured innocence and remarkable seriousness. At the conclusion of the article he said:

"The editor of the Journal says that the editor of the Democrat has made an ass of himself. This may be true, but the editor of the Journal may congratulate himself that he never made an ass of himself, because nature saved him the trouble. However, the Lord in tender consideration of the feeling of the tribe, made his ears some shorter than those of his kindred, so that he would not be readily recognized in polite society."

UNKNOWN TO SHAKESPEARE.

There lived in Kentucky many years ago a distinguished lawyer by the name of Carpenter. He was exceedingly caustic, and usually carried away the scalp of any man who aroused his displeasure. While engaged in a trial in the Franklin circuit court he was intensely annoyed by Mr. Spriggs, a very loquacious, persistent and empty-pated young lawyer, who opposed him. In the concluding argument Carpenter reminded the jury of the wonderful writings of Shakespeare, saying that he, of all men, knew most of human nature.

"But," said he, "even he sometimes made mistakes. For instance, he once said there never would be a time when a man without brains could live. Could he have been able to look into the future and fully appreciate the qualities of my friend Spriggs, he would never have given utterance to that remark."

DECLINED TO ANTICIPATE PROVIDENCE.

Carpenter, originally of Covington, Kentucky, was a very peculiar man, wandering about the country and constantly changing his abode. He was one of the attorneys of Dorsey, of Star Route fame, in the trial of the United States against him. After Dorsey had been acquitted, his friends, headed by a brass band, gave him a serenade at his hotel, and during its continuance called for Carpenter to speak.

Thereupon, Carpenter appeared, which was the signal of great clapping of hands, and some one in the audience shouted to him:

"Give the Attorney General h——l!"

Carpenter turning toward the speaker, replied:

"Excuse me, I decline to anticipate Providence."

THE LORD CAN DO AS HE PLEASES.

Years ago when the lightning-rod craze was sweeping Kentucky and the agents were reaping a rich harvest, one of them appeared before a meeting of deacons of a church and undertook to convince them that they should purchase rods for the protection of the church. All of them agreed to make the purchase except a stolid, well-to-do German. When twitted by one of his brothers for stinginess, he philosophically replied:

"Te church is te Lord's and te lightnin' is te Lord's, and if te Lord vish to take his lightnin' and knock down his own church, tat is his pisness."

"A TAMMED TIGHT SQUEEZE."

John Skimmerhorn was an old German miller, who had acquired considerable property. In his old age he had a dream which he related with great gusto. He said:

"I treamed dot I tied und vent to himmel. Saint Peter he stop me at te door and enquire—'vot you doin' here Skimmerhorn.' I set: 'I vant to git in.' He set: 'Vant you a miller on earth?' I set: 'Yes,' He then set: 'Your toll dish vas pigger tan your half-pushels und you ropt your neighbors.' I set: 'Vel tat is true, put i gifs all I takes to de vidders and orphens.' He set:

" 'Vell, tat pein true you can cum in, put it's a tammed tight squeeze.' "

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

When Senator Bradley and Judge Durham were candidates for Congress in 1872, their first debate took place at Campbellsville. Judge Durham was an old politician of great experience and shrewdness, who artfully played upon the credulity of his audience. Bradley was a very young man without any experience, and was leading what was supposed to be a forlorn hope. Durham bitterly arraigned the Republicans for taxing whiskey and brandy one dollar and a half per gallon, and tobacco sixty cents a pound, saying that it was worse than highway robbery.

Bradley quickly comprehending the game that his competitor was attempting to play, commenced by saying that the people of

Kentucky could never expect any relief as long as they continued sending Democrats to Congress in which they were in a minority, and for that reason they should elect him. Tobacco and whiskey, he said, were luxuries and the Government had to raise revenue to pay expenses, and it was better to tax them than tax the necessities of life. Then, turning to the Judge, he asked: "How much do you think would be a proper rate of taxation."

The Judge replied: "Fifty-five cents a gallon on whiskey and thirty cents a pound on tobacco."

"Now, fellow citizens," said Bradley, "my distinguished competitor tells you that the tax on whiskey and tobacco is highway robbery, and yet he says if you send him to Congress he will vote to cut it in two. In other words, he proposes to perpetuate that robbery at one half its present rate. Elect me to Congress and I will have it all taken off, and have the Government furnish you free barrels for your whiskey and free hogsheads for your tobacco."

A SPIRITED CONTROVERSY.

Honorable William Herndon, a leading lawyer of Lancaster, Kentucky, who won distinction as Commonwealth's Attorney, relates the following:

"A little bunch of negroes, seated on the stone fence fronting the courthouse in Stanford, were discussing the question as to who was the greatest speaker in the State."

"Said one: 'My man is Judge George Denny. If I was eatin' hog and hominy, I'd up and' strik' fur de co'thouse de minit I heerd he had tu'n'd loose.'

"The second said: 'Boss Bradley am my man, he's de mos' savigorous man in de wurl. And ef I wus hongry es a bar and had possum and taters rite skwar between my teeth, an sum wun say he wuz gwine fer to start, I'd lay um rite down and not tech de groun' mor'n two times 'fore I retched thar and heerd ev'ry word.'

"The third, with a contemptuous expression of the opinions given, remarked: 'You niggahs ain't got'no larnin. Marse Dick Warren can lay it acrost any uv um. When he gits up an spreds hisself, and opens his mouf good an' wide, you can hear him ni' a mile.' "

WOULD KEEP UP WITH THE PROCESSION.

Judge Emmett Field, of Louisville, Kentucky, who was a most amiable and able judge, is responsible for the following:

A man went to a livery stable and hired a horse and buggy. The keeper was a fussy and over-particular man and cautioned his cus-

tomer that he must not drive too fast. When the man got into the buggy, the keeper said:

"Remember, you must not drive that horse too fast."

The customer responded:

"Look here, my friend, I'm going to John Smith's funeral, and I'll keep up with the procession if it kills the d——d horse."

DISCONNECTED SENTENCES.

Matt. O'Doherty, of Louisville, Kentucky, who has won great distinction as lawyer, judge, and politician, was arguing a case in Judge Evans' court against a fellow attorney. The latter had taken detached portions of two decisions and blending them, contended that the two jointly, conclusively sustained his contention. O'Doherty, responding, said that he could, by similar references from the Bible, prove that it advised all of its readers to hang themselves.

"In one place," said he, "speaking of Judas, we are told 'and he went and hanged himself.' And in another portion of the scripture we are told, 'Go, thou, and do likewise.' "

A COMMON CARRIER.

Ben Lee Hardin, one of Kentucky's wittiest lawyers, tells the following anecdote:

Captain John J. McAfee (Ginger), soon after procuring a license to practice law, opened an office and swung his shingle in Harrodsburg, Kentucky. His preparation for the profession was meager to an abnormal degree. Two young society gentlemen from Frankfort came to Harrodsburg skylarking, and were arrested by Bob Gallagher, Chief of Police, and landed in jail. Next day, much humiliated, they instituted suit for $500 damages for false imprisonment, against the city, the said Ginger drafting the petitions. John Kyle, as one of the trustees and myself, acting city attorney in the place of the regular one, filed a demurrer to the petition. Judge Wickliffe indicated that he would sustain the demurrer, but gave Ginger until the next morning to submit some authority.

During the day, Ginger, at a loss to find any authority germane to his contention, submitted the matter to John B. Thompson. Thompson, who was busy, handed him one of the Bush Reports wherein was a decision as to the liability of a common carrier. Ginger came into court next morning loaded, and during his extended remarks quoted nearly all of the decision. The Judge, puzzled at Ginger's attitude, queried:

"Captain McAfee, how is the liability of the city and its employees related to the law governing common carriers?"

Ginger, complacently secure in his position, pointed to the aforesaid Gallagher, and exclaimed:

"There is the common carrier, because it is very, very common for him to carry people to jail."

SWIMMING THE MISSISSIPPI.

R. D. Hill, former United States District Attorney for Kentucky, appeared for the defendant in one of the mountain courts, and succeeded in winning his case by an amusing comment. The plaintiff was a tall, lanky, greasy and dirty looking individual, with exceedingly long matted hair, which hung down his back like the dirty and burr-filled tail of a neglected sheep. After commenting upon his condition, Mr. Hill pointed at the plaintiff, and exclaimed:

"If I were a louse I'd swim the Mississippi river to get to that head."

MAJOR BRADLEY.

Major Robert M. Bradley was among the early lawyers of Kentucky. He was left a poor orphan boy at the age of twelve and had a hard struggle to obtain a very limited education and his license to practice law. However, he soon took rank among the foremost lawyers of his day, it being conceded that he was the most learned and successful land lawyer in the State. At that time land titles throughout the Commonwealth were in a chaotic and complicated condition. He was an exceedingly genial and entertaining man, a most accomplished story teller, and "a powerful all-round lawyer."

CLIMAX UNEXPECTEDLY DESTROYED.

Joshua F. Bell was called in the fifties, "The Silver Tongued Bell." He was a man of extraordinary literary culture, and was a great popular orator. In making the last speech in an action of slander at Somerset, Kentucky, near the conclusion, he dramatically exclaimed:

"Well has William Shakespeare, that most wonderful judge of human nature, said, 'Who steals my purse steals trash. 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; but he who filches from me my good name—,' "

At this point Major Bradley interrupted, by saying:

"Takes that, Joshua, which you never had."

With all the readiness which Mr. Bell possessed as a speaker he was unable to meet this thrust, made, of course, good naturedly, but

for the purpose, and with the effect, of destroying the force of the very elegant speech which he was then making to the jury.

WANT OF INFORMATION.

The judge of the Garrard circuit court, in calling his docket, recited the style of each case with the names of opposing counsel, thus:

"John Smith against Wm. Jones; R. D. Lusk for the plaintiff, Richard Sloan for the defendant."

Mr. Sloan was not present. Turning to Lusk, the judge inquired:

"Mr. Lusk, what disposition will you have made of this case?"

"I do not believe I am for the plaintiff in that case," Mr. Lusk replied. "But not being certain, I will ask your honor to continue the case for want of information."

"Judge, I think it would be a good idea for you to continue all of Mr. Lusk's cases for the same reason," interposed Major Bradley.

PRODUCTION OF THE WEAPON SUFFICIENT.

Martin Owens had been sued in a number of cases in the Pulaski circuit court, and continued some three or four of them on his sworn examination. At length a case was called in which Major Bradley represented the plaintiff. Owens' attorney announced defendant not ready.

"Stand up, Mr. Owens, and be sworn."

Owens, who was a tall, rawboned man, with long arms, promptly arose and extended his arm aloft, preparatory to taking the oath.

"Sit down, Mr. Owens," said Major Bradley, "the production of the weapon is sufficient."

A TORY LAW BOOK.

In their young manhood Major Bradley and George R. McKee, attended a court before Squire Dan Ray in Garrard county.

The Squire was a man of large physical proportions and exceedingly proud of the fact that his grandfather had been a Revolutionary soldier. If there was anything on earth that he hated worse than a Tory the fact was never made known.

McKee, in making his argument for the plaintiff, read liberally from Blackstone's Commentaries, which fully sustained his contention. Major Bradley seeing that the Squire was seriously impressed, and knowing that the law was unfavorable to his client, hit upon a happy expedient; so, when he arose, he reminded the court of the Revolutionary War and the distinction that his grandfather had won

on the battlefield. He alluded in terms of praise to the courage and patriotism of the Squire and exclaimed:

"I know that you will not only be surprised but grieved and insulted as well, when I tell you that Mr. McKee has attempted to impose upon you by reading from a Tory law book."

He then turned to the title page and showed the court who Blackstone was, and that the book was published in London, England. The old Squire's face grew white and in a voice broken with anger, he addressed McKee:

"McKee, if I was in Lancaster I would send you to jail, but under the circumstances I cannot do this as I have no jail here. I will have you to know, however, that you have burnt your shirt with me, and that I don't want you ever to come before me again:—Judgment for the defendant."

STILLBORN AT THAT.

Major Bradley was astonished when the wife of a local minister came into his office and asked him to institute for her an action for divorce on the ground that her husband had cruelly beaten her. The Major had always regarded the preacher as a most exemplary Christian, and hence expressed the desire to see and talk with him before taking any action, to which the wife cheerfully agreed. The next day he called the minister into his office, and on inquiry ascertained the charges of the wife to be true. He expressed his grief and astonishment, and then said to the preacher:

"You old hypocrite, go at once into the secrecy of your closet and pray to the Lord for forgiveness, and do not stop at that, but pray to him that you may be born again, and stillborn at that."

THE WRITING IN THE SAND.

Judge Owsley, while practicing at the Garrard bar, instituted a suit against the Land boys for burning down a cabin on the farm of Joe Ray and driving out, without shelter, a woman of improper character, who was living in the house. Joe Ray was the active manager for plaintiff in the case, and was doubtless responsible for the suit.

Major Bradley filed an answer, admitting the charges in the petition, but alleging that the woman was of bad character, and had been for some time conducting herself improperly with Ray who was the brother-in-law of defendants; that the cabin was in plain view of Ray's house where their sister constantly witnessed the visits of her husband to the plaintiff; that the plaintiff was a common nuisance

in the neighborhood, and that they were acting in defense of their sister, and in the interest of public morals, &c, &c'.

Judge Owsley made a very handsome speech, and, in concluding, referred to the scriptural instance in which the multitude cried out against the scarlet woman, whereupon the Savior stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground, "it never having been known" said Owsley "what he wrote; and lifting himself up, said: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her!' and the multitude disappeared."

Major Bradley, in his speech, said that Owsley was mistaken when he said that no one knew what the Savior wrote on the ground. Said he: "It was a prophecy, and it was in these words:

" 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, when the weak things of the earth shall rise up and govern the mighty, that Joseph, whose surname is Ray, shall bring a scarlet woman upon his lands for improper purposes; whereupon the neighborhood shall cry aloud against her, and his brothers-in-law in defense of their sister shall rise up in the night time and go forth and drive the woman out, and shall burn her house, and sow the ground with salt; by reason of which Joseph shall become greatly angered and shall induce Michael, whose surname is Owsley, to make complaint before the rulers.

" 'And it shall come to pass that the jury shall retire to their room, and after a short while shall return the following verdict:—'We the jury find for the defendant.' There shall then be great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth with Joseph, but it shall avail nothing.'

"Now;" said Major Bradley, "Gentlemen, you can take the case;" and in less time than it has taken to relate this story the jury returned the verdict as predicted.

BUGOLOGY.

In the days of Know Nothingism, Hon. Robert W. Woolley went to Danville, Kentucky, to make a Democratic speech. A joint debate was arranged between him and Major Bradley.

In the beginning Mr. Woolley said that he congratulated himself on the fact that he was to be followed by a "Big Bug." Responding, Major Bradley said that he did not know whether this remark was to be taken as a compliment or an insult. Said he:

"I have been puzzling my mind to determine what kind of bug the gentleman is. He can not be a June-bug, for this is not the proper season for them. He can not be a Doodle-bug for it lives in the ground. He can not be a Chinch-bug for it flies over the earth. I have, therefore, been forced to the conclusion that he is a 'Humbug.' "

LYNAM'S NOSE.

Charles Lynam, of Garrard county, had a very long and large nose. Becoming involved in an altercation with Billy Green, the latter, with a hoe, chopped off a considerable portion of Lynam's nose. For this alleged injury Lynam sued Green for five thousand dollars. Green employed Major Bradley to defend the suit, who interposed the defense that Lynam had sustained no injury, but, on the contrary, had received a substantial benefit on account of the great improvement of his appearance.

MORE TALK ABOUT PARISH TEATER.

George Hoarhammer, of Garrard county, a medium sized man, was many years ago severely whipped with switches by Parish Teater, who was a giant in strength and stature. During the fight he stabbed Teater, for which he was indicted. He employed Governor Robert P. Letcher and Major Robert Bradley to defend him, and affectionately alluded to them as his "two Robins." The argument of his attorneys pleased him, and he was promptly acquitted. After the verdict had been returned, he called his attorneys into a room adjoining the court-room, and asked them if they could not obtain a new trial for him.

"Why, man," said Governor Letcher, "you have been acquitted; what on earth do you want a new trial for?"

"Well," said Hoarhammer, "because I want to hear my two Robins have some more talk about Parish Teater."

THE JACKSON DOG STORY.

Major Bradley told the following, among his many good stories:

"There had been a large scope of territory in Madison and other counties where the people were far distant from any courthouse, and were put to great trouble to attend court. In that section there were but few people who had ever attended Circuit Court, or ever seen a Circuit Judge. This portion of the country was mountainous and in those days had very poor, substantially, no school facilities.

"Under these circumstances the Legislature created from this territory a new county, composed of parts of Estill, Owsley, Clay, Laurel, Rockcastle and Madison counties, naming it Jackson, and attached it to the circuit of Judge Pearl.

"I determined to accompany Judge Pearl to the opening of the new court. We rode horseback and traversed much rough territory. In some way it had been noised abroad that the Judge would pass through the county on Sunday before the opening of the court.

"The Judge was a short, fat man, slow of locomotion and was greatly impressed with the dignity of his office.

"As we proceeded we found in several localities large crowds awaiting the coming of the Judge, who saluted him with great enthusiasm. At length a man yelled out: 'How air ye, Mister Pearl?' The Judge stopped his horse, gave the man a severe look, and said: '**Mister** Pearl, **Mister** Pearl, you durned fool, don't you know your own Judge?'

"When, on Monday morning, we reached the top of the hill overlooking the town, we saw it was filled with people, and as we rode into the place we found more dogs congregated than I ever saw before; there must have been from three to five hundred. It seemed that every man in the county was there with his wife, children and dogs.

"We passed slowly through the throng to the little tavern kept by Mr. Cogar, dismounted, and were conducted into the house. A perfect mass of struggling humanity and snarling dogs had assembled in a semi-circle around the porch. The Judge knowing that he was the object of attention, to gratify the crowd as well as his personal vanity, sat down in a chair on the porch, leaned back against the wall, and talked in a sonorous voice with Cogar. The people crowded up to the porch, and listened intently and wonderingly to the first Circuit Judge they had ever seen. The little children would cry out: 'I can't see him, pap, hold me up;' and the women complained that the men standing in front obscured their vision.

"Now, the Judge in order to make a favorable impression, had arrayed himself in a brand-new suit of broadcloth.

"In the midst of the confusion I went out the back way where I observed a drove of dogs. Passing around behind the crowd I saw even more dogs than ever, and all the dogs were very much excited, scratching up the earth, performing every trick common to dogs, growling and barking at a furious rate. They seemed to be more or less of the bench-fice breed, some large and some small, but with long bodies, short legs and enormous tails, tightly curled over their backs. In some instances as many as twenty dogs would rub against one man's leg as they wormed in and out among the crowd. But so intent were the men in listening to every word that fell from the Judge's lips that they were totally oblivious of the conduct of the dogs.

"About this time I saw a man advancing in the rear of the crowd with an unusually large black dog, of a different breed to any that I had observed. The other dogs resented the arrival of the stranger and sprang at him in large numbers. The strange dog undertook to

escape by running between the legs of the men, tumbling them over right and left. Finally the strange dog reached the porch with other dogs pursuing him, and running under the chair of the Judge, upset it, causing him to fall to the floor, flat on his back, and the dogs met and fought over his prostrate form. I never saw such a knot of dogs in my life. The growls and barks of the dogs were mingled with the curses and shouts of the men. The Judge yelled at the top of his voice: 'Take 'em off, take 'em off!' and the men commenced pulling them out by the tails or the ears until, at length, the Judge, his broadcloth coat covered with dirt and foam, scrambled to his feet, and in company with Cogar, rushed into the house. Immediately the crowd filled the porch in a wild rush, determined to see more of the Judge.

"A man standing near the open door of the Judge's room, listening to his conversation, tramped on a dog's foot, causing the animal to howl with pain, whereupon the dogs charged in great numbers, rushing through the doorway, barking and growling at a terrific rate. It was summer time and the windows in the Judge's room, which were near the ground, were open, and the dogs in the rear of the house, hearing the noise, poured through the windows and into the room, in great numbers. I was on the outside and ran up and looked through the window and saw the Judge standing on a chair in the corner of the room, evidently greatly alarmed, and shouting: 'Take 'em out, take 'em out!'

"There were hundreds of dogs on the outside struggling to get in, while the men entered the windows and commenced pulling their dogs out by the hind legs. Meanwhile Cogar, in some way, got Pearl through a trap door and I turned away, got my horse from the stable and left the town. As I rode away I looked up and saw the Judge on the roof of the tavern, holding on like grim death, while all 'round could be heard shouts, growls, barks and curses, loud and deep.

"The next day I learned that the Judge had weathered the storm, having received a few inconsequential scratches, but that two men had been killed, who became involved in a difficulty over their dogs."

A REPEATER.

Former Governor J. Proctor Knott ran against Hon. Thomas L. Jones for the nomination for Governor in 1883. In presenting his claim, Mr. Jones told how he had campaigned for the Democratic party for twenty years consecutively, at his own expense having made one hundred speeches in the previous campaign.

In replying Governor Knott said that the gentleman, in order to confine himself to the truth, should make a change in his statement

so that, instead of saying that he had made one hundred speeches, he should say that he had made one speech a hundred times.

CONTEMPT BARRED BY LIMITATION.

"In one of the southern counties of Kentucky, many years ago," said Wilbur F. Browder, one of Kentucky's most distinguished lawyers, "there was an unlettered Justice of the Peace—a not infrequent thing in those days in that section of the Commonwealth.

"At one of his courts, there appeared before him a young member of the bar, of the county seat, who was exceedingly bright and full of good humor, who, in the course of his argument, said something which offended the dignity of the court, and was thereupon promptly fined for contempt. The young lawyer, in a very dignified manner, said that he knew the court was anxious to proceed in strict conformity to the law on the subject, and suggested the proper thing to do was to issue a rule against him, citing him to appear before his honor within a reasonable time and show cause, if he could, why he should not be punished for contempt.

"Thereupon the Justice ruled the young gentleman to appear before him that afternoon at 4 o'clock, to show cause. At the hour designated the young man filed the following:

'Justice's Court of Squire Noffsinger.
October Term 1879.

Commonwealth of Kentucky, - - - - - - - - - - - Plaintiff
vs. RESPONSE.
Y. H. Williams, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Defendant

Now comes the defendant, Y. H. Williams, and for response states, that the cause of complaint set out in the rule herein is barred by the statute of limitation, for the reason that the respondent has had contempt for this court for more than five consecutive years last past, and he therefore relies upon the lapse of time and the statute of limitation in such cases made and provided, in bar of any recovery against him in this case.

Y. H. Williams, Respondent.'

"The Justice could not understand how it was possible for him to deny the relief prayed for. While not fully appreciating the genuine humor of the response, he felt sure that the young lawyer had him where he could not escape, so he sustained the plea of limitation, dismissed the rule at his own personal costs, and asked everybody present to go over to the adjoining bar-room and take a drink at his expense."

A PAR OF CO-IN-CI-DENCES.

In the case of Shiel against four railroad companies, tried before Judge Knapp, of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in Chicago, in arguing the case, Senator Bradley said of the four railroad companies:

"That each raised the freight five cents and each gave notice on the same day of its action, is proof conclusive of conspiracy. Possibly, they may account for it in the same way that a lawyer in the feud-infested district of Kentucky accounted for a killing. The evidence showed that two men, each coming from different directions, armed with guns, arrived at a cross-roads at the same hour, and about a half-hour before their victim who daily passed that point at that time in going to his business; and that when the latter arrived, they promptly fired into him, killing him instantly. The defendant's attorney treated the evidence with great levity. Said he:

" 'Gentlemen of the jury, there are absolutely nuthin' in this case. S'pose my clients both did go thar from different directions and retch thar at the same time and shoot Bill Jones and kill him—it is nuthin' more nor less than a par of co-in-ci-dences, and the court no-whar tells you that co-in-ci-dence is agin' the law.' "

JUDGE GUFFY.

Judge B. L. D. Guffy, of Morgantown, Kentucky, was a most eccentric and original character. He located in Butler county many years ago, was County Judge, and, late in life, a Judge of the Court of Appeals. He was a sound lawyer, an honest man, and a great story teller. He very much resembled Abraham Lincoln in appearance, and some of his stories were akin to those told by Lincoln.

PECULIAR SIGN.

When the Judge commenced the practice of law, he obtained the widest plank that could be found and painted his law sign upon it, as follows:

"WAKE, SNAKES, AND COME TO TAW!
B. L. D. GUFFY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW."

KIVERED TOO MUCH TERRITORY.

The Judge told the following among his many good stories:

"One county court day a stranger came to Morgantown somewhat under the influence of liquor. He had been there but a short while when he announced in a loud voice: 'I can whip any man that lives in Morgantown.' No one paid any attention to him. After

taking another drink he returned to the center of the square and announced: 'I can whip any man that lives in Butler county.' Again his remark was unnoticed. He returned to the one-eyed grocery on the corner and, loading up a little more, came back on the square and announced: 'I can whip any man that lives in **Kaintucky.**'

"Thereupon, a strapping young fellow from Bowling Green, in the adjoining county of Warren, jumped on him, bore him to the ground, and beat him up to the Queen's taste. The crowd now interferred and separated them; whereupon, the stranger struggled to his feet, wiped the dust and blood from his face, and exclaimed:

" 'Gentlemen, excuse me, but in that last remark I kivered too d—d much territory.' "

A FRANK SINNER.

Judge Guffy told a story of a big revival that took place in his county. Many people joined the church, and on one occasion a large number surrounded the altar to be prayed for, among them old Jim Dobbs. He was praying in a loud tone:

"Oh, Lord, I never committed murder; I never stole anything; I never burnt any man's house; but, oh, Lord, what a liar I have been!"

HAD TO CLIMB THE TREE.

When Belknap defeated Willson for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1903, (in Kentucky), there was considerable ill-feeling manifested; it being claimed by Willson's friends that he had been unfairly beaten, and some of them declared that they would not vote for Belknap.

Judge Guffy was an ardent supporter of Willson, and the day following the convention was asked whether he would vote for Belknap. Said he:

"I am much in the fix of Snyder's pig. Snyder was a well to do farmer in my county who had a son who was an eighteen-karat liar. He was the source of profound mortification to his father, who tried by remonstrance, advice, and finally by cow-hide, to reform him; but all in vain.

"One day Tom rushed into the house and exclaimed, 'Pap, you know that'ar spotted pig of ourn?' 'Certainly,' replied the father, 'what about him?' 'Why,' said Tom, 'old Towze run arter him a while ago, and to get away he clum a tree.'

" 'Oh, Lord,' groaned the father, 'Tom, won't you never stop tellin' lies?'

"Tom replied:

" 'Pap it haint no lie, old Towze, kept a-gainin' an' a-gainin' on the pig, and had opened his mouth to bite him in the ham, and that ar pig was jest bound to clime a tree.' "

ANECDOTES ARE PUBLIC PROPERTY.

Senator Bradley related this story to the late Senator Bob Taylor, who, in making a speech in the Senate a few days after, appropriated it, locating it in Memphis, Tennessee. Senator Bradley remonstrated with him, when Senator Taylor replied:

"Anecdotes are public property. I take all I hear, and shall not complain when like treatment is meted out to me."

COME OUT THE SAME HOLE HE WENT IN.

Davy Crockett, who fell at the Alamo, for a time represented a Tennessee district in Congress. Above all things he had a contempt for vain and empty-pated men. At the time he was in Congress he had a colleague of the type mentioned. This young man sat behind a desk immediately adjoining Crockett. During one of the sessions he arose with his coat buttoned tightly around him, and delivered himself as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general are generally opposed to the generality of mankind in general."

Davy seized him by the coat tail and exclaimed:

"Sit down, you d——d fool; you came out at the same hole you went in."

A SWIFT PACE.

A negro testifying in a Kentucky court against another negro, whom he had had indicted for maliciously shooting at him, without wounding, said:

"In the percedin' June while I wuz doin' nothin' and sayin' nothin' and not thinkin' nothin', dat wuthless niggah drawed his pistol and shot at me, and he cum mity close to me for I heerd the bullet whiz as it passed my year;—'deed, Jedge, I heerd dat bullet whiz two times."

The attorney for defendant, desiring to impress the jury with this remarkable statement, asked:

"Are you certain you heard that bullet whiz twice?"

"Deed I is, boss," replied the witness.

"Now," said the attorney, "tell the jury when you heard it each time?"

"Well, boss, when I heerd dat bullit whiz de fust time it was a-passin' me, and when I heerd it whiz de next time, I was a-passin' it."

A DOG EXPERT.

Squire Joe Porch was a hare-lipped shoemaker and Justice of the Peace, residing in Somerset, Kentucky. He was a great wag. He professed, and was believed by many to be, an expert judge of dogs, and those desiring to purchase, frequently paid him for giving an opinion.

One day an awkward country boy brought a large dog to town in order to procure Porch's judgment. Porch walked all around the dog, eyeing him minutely, and then delivered himself:

"Young man, you don't want to buy that dog. In the first place his jew claws come out too close to the ground. In the next place his tail don't curl over his back to the right place to insure his proper balance while in action. And, in the last place, his nose is not built for smelling as it should be. Why, sir, that dog would set down on the ground and wear out a hundred tails barkin' up a tree where there never was a coon."

DRAW POKER SCHOOL.

The first and only poker school that ever existed was established by Porch. Being himself a remarkably fine poker player, he conceived the idea of teaching the boys how to play draw poker, and at the same time earning an honest penny. He induced a number of bright young fellows to take lessons, among them an unusually shrewd young man named Charlie Zachary. He was to give them six lessons for a dollar and fifty cents each. He told them that at the end of that period they would be qualified, and they would have a game, each man to bring with him two dollars and no more, and that in order to give tone to the affair, he would join them in the game.

It was further arranged that all the money that was brought by the class should be placed in the hands of the four graduates to bet for the class, the winnings to be equally divided among all the members.

The Squire delivered lectures every night, the substance of which was about as follows:

"Gentlemen, the game of draw poker, when played according to my rules, will enable you to own coal mines, steamboats, railroads and great landed estates; and if you strictly follow my directions, you are now on the high road that leads to fortune and renown. If you are in a game, no matter where or when, never, never, come in, when a man stands pat. I have seen more men ruined in calling pat hands than I have time to enumerate. It is the most dangerous thing in 'Draw' and the only way to be safe is to stay out."

He would then explain flushes, straights, royal flushes, pairs, full hands, threes, fours, etc., etc., giving the value of each as compared with the others, and indicated to them how to judge of a man's hand from the number of cards he drew.

At length the eventful night arrived, and a considerable number of spectators assembled in the large dining room of the hotel to witness the game. The four graduates and the Squire took seats at the table, and all their money was put up, except five dollars which Zachary had retained, a fact unknown to the others. The cards were dealt, and the draw commenced, the Squire standing pat and Zachary, who immediately followed him, taking one card. The other players threw up their hands. The Squire nodded to a friend in the audience who came over and loaned him a dollar, which the Squire threw down on the table saying, "I'll bet a dollar."

Zachary then drew his five dollars from his vest pocket, and threw it on the table saying, "I see you, and raise you four dollars."

The crowd applauded vigorously.

The Squire, seeing the jig was up, having only a pair of deuces, threw up his hand in disgust, exclaiming:

"The exercises are over, the audience is dismissed;—that d——d fellow Zachary has more sense than I have."

Zachary picked up the money and threw down his hand, which was worthless.

GRADING LAWYERS' FEES.

Milton L. Rice, of Barbourville, Kentucky, a lawyer, was a man of great force, a full-blooded Irishman by descent, having inherited the ready wit peculiar to his people.

A man indicted for murder who owned a considerable estate, but who was very penurious, sought him out for employment, telling him he had engaged other lawyers for the preparation and management of his case, and inquiring what was the least he would charge merely to sit by and make a speech.

Rice replied: "Before I can answer your question I will have to ascertain what character of a speech you desire, as I make several kinds of speeches. I make one of a half hour's length that is a fair speech for which I charge fifty dollars. Then I make another better speech of an hour's length for which I charge one hundred dollars. But, if you want a real speech, a regular spellbinder, replete with oratory and the highest order of logic—my charge is two hundred and fifty dollars. Now, my friend, tell me what sort of a speech you desire?"

The client, after a few moments of deliberation, answered:

"Well, Milt, your price is high, but I'll take the best you have in your shop."

LACK OF DISCRIMINATION.

In the same town there lived an attorney of excitable temperament, who would, in every case, big or little, make the same amount of noise. On answering one of his speeches, Rice, commenting upon his peculiarity, said:

"My friend S——— makes as much racket and grows as much excited when he is pursuing a mouse as he does when in full chase of a buffalo."

EMBARRASSING SITUATION.

Judge Durham was in the court house in Lancaster talking with his friend, W. J. Lusk. An imposing-looking man, with curly hair hanging almost to his shoulders, walked into the room, accompanied by a tall, slender man. Durham, turning to Lusk, remarked:

"That is the vilest looking man I ever saw. I would dislike to be in the dark with him if he knew I had ten dollars."

"I am sorry to hear you say that," said Lusk, "as that is Andrew Conn, and he is a relative of my wife."

"Pardon me," said Durham, "but which of the two men did you think I referred to?"

"The larger man with the long hair," rejoined Lusk.

"Oh," said Durham, "that is not the man, the tall, slender man is the one I spoke of."

"Well," replied Lusk, "that does not help matters, for he is my brother John."

Durham was very much embarrassed and confused, and, in a hesitating manner, finally said:

"Well, Lusk, the truth is I didn't mean either of them."

THE DISGUSTED JURYMAN.

Many years ago Henry Clay made a great speech in a murder trial at Lexington. As the jury filed out of the court room to consider their verdict, some of them were overcome by Clay's pathetic conclusion, the old foreman weeping copiously. A little eight-by-ten lawyer sprang up and moved the court for a rule against Jake Ousen, surveyor of road district No. 6. This motion, following the great speech of Clay, was regarded by the foreman as nothing less than an outrage. So, turning to the court, with his eyes filled with tears, and

his large bandana in his hand, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"Kill him, Judge, kill him!"

HENRY CLAY'S ADVICE.

When Mr. Clay was in the midst of a Congressional campaign he met an old friend who informed him, much to his astonishment, that he was against him. Of course Clay inquired his reason, and was promptly told that he (Clay) had given a vote for which he could not forgive him.

Mr. Clay remarked: "John, I have given many votes since I went to Congress; is this the only one you condemn?"

"Yes," responded his friend.

"Well," said Mr. Clay in that magnetic manner which was irresistible, "John, you are quite an old man and have been a famous hunter in your day. Did you ever have your old flint-rock rifle to flash in the pan?"

"Frequently," responded John.

"Well, what did you do?" inquired Clay.

"Why," replied John, "I picked the lock and tried her again."

"Then," said Clay, "can you not treat me in the same manner, and now that you have set me right, will you not try me again?"

The old man grasped Clay by the hand, and exclaimed:

"Yes, Henry, you have hit the nail on the head."

SEVERE REPROOF.

One exceedingly dark and rainy night in 1896, Senator Bradley was addressing a large crowd at Liederkranz Hall in Louisville. An ill-bred ruffian interrupted him several times, and the cry of "put him out" was raised, and several men started toward the offender for that purpose. Bradley remonstrated:

"My friends, do not expose him to the elements and add to the darkness of the night!"

THE MODEST YOUNG MAN.

Judge George Denny, when quite a young man, ran against Squire James Patterson, a Garrard county farmer, for County Judge. Judge Denny was a bold, forceful fellow who did not mince words and was always ready to talk. In his speech he answered Patterson's objection that he was too young a man to be Judge by telling what Napoleon, Washington, and other great men accomplished at an early age.

Patterson, responding, said:

"Why, fellow citizens, you remember when Washington performed his first military service, Congress passed a resolution of thanks. He arose to acknowledge the compliment, but was so embarrassed he could not speak, when Mr. Adams exclaimed, 'Sit down, Mr. Washington, your bravery is equalled alone by your modesty.' But, fellow citizens, if that had been George Denny, he would have been speaking yet."

EQUALLY INTELLIGENT.

A certain Circuit Judge in Kentucky, who was by no means famous for ability, was on bad terms with one of the attorneys of his court. The Judge, while the attorney was addressing him, in order to show his contempt, placed his feet on the desk before him and leaned back in his chair. The attorney was a bright, courageous man, and keenly felt the insult. So he remarked:

"I see that your honor has your feet elevated above your head. However, it is a matter of indifference to me, because you have as much intellect and courtesy in one end as you have in the other."

GOOD EVIDENCE.

Jonathan Jones, who was testifying in the Jessamine circuit court, on being asked by Mr. Houston if he was certain he knew the horse in controversy, replied:

"I know him just as well as I know your name is Houston."

Said Houston, in a rough manner:

"How do you know, sir, that is my name?"

"Because," replied Jones, "when court adjourned for dinner, I heard Major Downing say to you, 'come on, Houston, let's go and take a drink,' and you went."

A LUCID INTERVAL.

The Democrats had elected a Commonwealth's Attorney in the Eighth Kentucky District, who was rather a slow, but loud, talker. When circuit court came on at Lancaster he was promptly in attendance.

Keg Mason, a fat, round-faced, jolly, smart fellow, was the Democratic Clerk, and deeply interested in the impression the new officer should make. So, when his friend commenced his speech, Keg listened intently. After some considerable labor, the attorney said something that caused a ripple of laughter. Keg turned excitedly to a friend who was standing close beside him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed:

"There, now, by gosh, he has struck a lucid interval!"

DREAMED HE WAS A MONKEY.

Thirty years ago a little dancing master came to Lancaster. One night he imbibed too freely, and the next morning exhibited his swollen head to Huffman, the landlord, and told him the cause of it:

"You know that bedstead with the tall posts that is in my room? Well, last night just before I retired, these posts looked taller to me than ever before; indeed, they seemed to me to have increased at least three times in height. That is the last thing I thought of before I fell asleep. After I had been sleeping for some time, I dreamed that I was a monkey, and concluded I would climb up one of the tall posts, and wrap my tail around the top, and hang head down for the entertainment of a number of people who were admiring my performances. So, I climbed up to the top of the post, wrapped my tail around it and hung down; whereupon, I fell to the floor on my head—which was the first intimation I had that I was not a monkey."

DULANEY AND THE HOUND.

Judge B——— was Judge of a Common Pleas Court in Western Kentucky, and afterwards Judge of the Court of Appeals. He was a slow, deliberate man, of rugged honesty and substantial legal ability. At times, during a considerable portion of his life, he drank to excess. He was running for Common Pleas Judge against Judge Dulaney, who was a very accomplished man. The race was a close one, and in passing through one of the counties of the District, B——— stopped for dinner at the home of Captain C———, who was a wealthy farmer and famous fox hunter.

It was then only a few days until the election, and he believed that unless he could get the support of the Captain he would be defeated. The Captain was not at home, but his excellent wife entertained the Judge with a good dinner. While they were seated at the table, she told the Judge that Mr. Dulaney had sent her husband a fine fox hound that had arrived a few hours before. The Judge saw in a moment that something must be done to counteract this play of his opponent, so looking at Mrs. C——— very earnestly, with an expression of deep concern on his face, he exclaimed:

"Why, Mrs. C———, you are surely mistaken. Judge Dulaney could not have sent the dog."

She replied that she was not mistaken; that Judge Dulaney had taken dinner with them two weeks before and promised to send the dog; which promise he had complied with that very day. She then insisted that Judge B——— tell her what he meant by saying that Judge Dulaney could not have sent the dog. The Judge begged to be

excused but she, woman-like, insisted that he should answer. Finally, he replied:

"Now, madam, being a candidate against Judge Dulaney I naturally hesitate to say or do anything that might injure him, lest I should be suspicioned of taking unfair advantage; but the truth is the truth, and as the lives of yourself and family are in imminent danger, it seems proper that I should give you my reason. As you know, Judge Dulaney has a large pack of hounds. About a week ago, one of his dogs went mad and bit several of the pack, one of which has since developed an aggravated case of hydrophobia, and"—

Before the Judge could finish the sentence Mrs. C——— rushed to the door and calling one of the work hands, excitedly ordered:

"Get your gun immediately and kill that Dulaney hound! When election day comes Captain C——— will teach him how to endanger the lives of our family."

When the Judge left she thanked him for his kindness, and assured him of her husband's support. The Judge rode away with a quiet chuckle, saying to himself:

"C——— won't have time to confer with Dulaney until after the election, when I will be elected, the hound dead, and the joke will be fully appreciated."

IN A BAD FIX.

At one period during the Judge's career he was drinking to such an alarming extent that his friends became uneasy about him, and determined in a practical way to give him a substantial warning. An organ-grinder was in town and they induced him to place his monkey in the room at the hotel where the Judge was asleep, and leave him until the Judge awakened; when, it was taken for granted, he would claim he had seen a monkey; whereupon his friends would say there was no monkey there (having the Italian ready to step in behind them and carry the monkey off); and in this way would convince the Judge that he had delirium tremens, and thus alarm him so greatly that he would change his course.

However, it happened that the Judge awakened a little before it was expected. They heard him say, while standing at the door:

"If you are not a monkey, I am in a d——d bad fix, and if you are a monkey, you are in a d——d bad fix;" and they rushed in barely in time to prevent him from braining the monkey with a poker.

ONLY ONE AT A TIME.

A friend of the Judge's from Paducah, while in Frankfort, in the midst of a conversation told him that a Mr. B———, of his town,

had recently become offended at him and was so mad he had not spoken to him for a week. To his astonishment, the Judge remarked, he was glad to hear it. His friend asked:

"Why are you glad to hear it?"

"Because," replied the Judge, "he will make friends with me now, for he hasn't sense enough to be mad at more than one man at a time."

PREDESTINATION.

In the pioneer days there lived in Kentucky an earnest, faithful, and able old Presbyterian preacher, Isaiah Whitaker. One morning he left his home forgetting his rifle. In a few moments he returned. His wife asked him what had brought him back, and he informed her he had forgotten his gun.

"Why," said she, "that makes no difference, if your religion is correct, for if the Lord foreordained that you should die today, you can do nothing to prevent it."

"That is all true," replied Whitaker, "but the Lord may have foreordained that I should kill an Indian today, and I could not do it if I didn't have my gun."

HIS WIT SAVED HIM.

During the Civil War there lived near Danville, Kentucky, a queer genius named Berry Pitman. In early manhood he indicated great promise. He was a natural orator, and acquired considerable distinction. Unfortunately, his head was turned and he became a quick and easy prey of whiskey. The result was he lost his health, became afflicted with locomotor ataxia, was reduced to a living skeleton, and was totally destitute.

A company of Union soldiers was passing through the town, and Pitman defiantly yelled: "Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"

The Captain ordered a Sergeant to go with three men, arrest and bring Pitman before him to be dealt with. He was promptly arrested and dragged (for he was barely able to walk), before the Captain, who ordered that he should be placed under arrest indefinitely. Pitman cut a pathetic figure, diseased and ragged, as he was.

Said he: "Captain, why do you give this order?"

The Captain answered: "Because you are trying to break up the best Government the world ever saw."

Pitman, reeling in his tracks, remarked: "Captain, if the best Government the world ever saw can be injured by a poor, drunken, friendless, worthless cripple, like me, then I say, d——n such a Government."

The Captain, convulsed with laughter, ordered his immediate release.

"YOU DON'T KNOW ME."

All men when advanced in years, experience great difficulty in recognizing young men who change very rapidly as they grow older. However, when they are addressed by these young fellows, they speak as if they recognize them, disliking to admit they do not know them. Nothing is more disagreeable than for the young man to insist that he is not known.

Not long ago Senator Bradley met a young fellow, and the following dialogue ensued:

Young Man: "How are you, Senator?"

Bradley: "How are you; glad to see you again."

Young Man: "You don't know me, do you?"

Bradley: "Why, of course I do."

Young Man: "What is my name?"

The Senator did not recall it, and was vexed by the young man's persistence; so, with a severe look, he said:

"Well, sir, when I tell a man that I know him and he disputes my word, I am forced to one of two conclusions; either that he thinks I am so old and worn out that I am incapable of recognizing an acquaintance, which is an insult to me; or, he thinks that he is of sufficient importance to be recognized by everybody, and he is not, which is by no means complimentary to him."

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

And while on this subject another like occurrence which took place in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, some years ago, may be related.

An old doctor was approached by a young man who insisted, after the doctor claimed to recognize him, that the doctor did not know him, and that he should tell his name. The old doctor, carefully adjusting his spectacles, remarked:

"Young man, you must excuse me, for these spectacles are so confusing that many times I can't tell one d——d fool from another."

A FINE LEGAL DISTINCTION.

In the distant past, Nicholas Sandifer was Judge of the Garrard county court. He was a shoemaker by trade, but nevertheless very dignified, and a man of force and rare common sense.

He was holding an examining trial of Maria Lusk, a negro woman (whose character was by no means good for honesty), on a charge of grand larceny. The evidence was very weak, amounting

to comparatively nothing. At its conclusion, in a very dignified manner, he delivered this judgment:

"Maria, as Nick Sandifer, knowing you as well as I do, I am of opinion that you are guilty; but as Nicholas Sandifer, Judge of the Garrard county court, having in view the rules of evidence, I am of the opinion that you are not guilty; you are therefore discharged."

A CURT REQUEST.

Hon. Bland Ballard, Judge of the United States District Court of Kentucky, was a learned judge, but not without fault. He was high tempered and dictatorial, and when he did not desire to listen to an argument, plied the attorney with questions until he compelled him to cease.

Hon. James F. Robinson, ex-Governor of Kentucky, had a similar temperament and, besides, at times took a little more liquid refreshment than was absolutely necessary to his well being.

Whilst in this condition he was making an argument before Judge Ballard, who was anxious to get rid of him, and fired question after question, until Robinson, losing all control, roared out at him:

"Well, sir, if you know the story better than I do, tell it; if you don't, dry up, and let me tell it!"

NO RIGHTS.

R. D. Lusk, a Lancaster lawyer of no particular ability, but possessing wit, was sitting in his office when a man by the name of Hightower entered, and, in an excited way, told him that he had just had a row with a man by the name of Glass, and wanted to know what his legal rights were. Said Lusk:

"Well, sir, I am not willing to give advice unless I am paid for it. It takes money to buy sugar and coffee. Have you any money?"

"No," responded Hightower.

"Then sir," said Lusk, "you have no rights."

"GIGGLE SOME ON MY SIDE."

Mr. Lusk had been engaged in a law suit to sell land, settle an estate, etc., for several years, but had never been able to do anything except accumulate a huge pile of title papers and a large amount of useless evidence.

Senator Bradley was at length employed by one of the defendants, and immediately filed a demurrer. At the time, Frank Hubble was reading law in Bradley's office, and, like all law students, had a high opinion of his preceptor. When the Judge sustained the demurrer

and gave leave to amend, Hubble was very much tickled and gave a great giggle which did not escape Lusk. Lusk amended, and again went out on demurrer. This occurred several times, and on each occasion Hubble giggled at the result.

Finally, Lusk consulted a good lawyer, who showed him how to draft his pleading, and after he filed it, Bradley again demurred, merely for amusement, and the Judge overruled it. Hubble looked very serious, but Lusk grabbed him by the shoulder and, shaking him forcibly, exclaimed in a hoarse whisper:

"Now, d——n you, giggle some on my side."

LAYING BONES TOGETHER.

Sam Hite, a widower, was a splendid old man, who in his latter days was trying to pursuade a young widow to marry him. She told him she respected him very highly and intended to request her mother, when she died, to lay her bones along side of his.

"Oh," said Hite, "that is all tom-foolery. What I want you to do is not to wait until I am dead, but to lay your bones along side of mine while you are alive."

A MAN OF CONTRACT.

Elkin entered Jim Mason's bar room one day and told him that his farm was overrun with rabbits, and he would like to sell some of them to him. Mason bought a dozen for two drinks, which Elkin took during the day. Some weeks after, when Elkin was passing, Mason complained that he had not delivered the rabbits.

"Of course not," said Elkin, "I never agreed to deliver them. They are down on the farm and you can come and get them any day. I am a man of contract, I sold them on foot, and all you have to do is to go and get them."

FROM SOLEMNITY TO HILARITY.

Captain Willis, of Jessamine county, who fell at Buena Vista, was a lawyer of great promise and a most interesting and amusing speaker. He tried a case in which Mr. Ballinger, a very solemn and serious man, and Mr. Fox, a very genial and convivial man, swift of speech and comical of manner, had spoken against his client. In referring to their speeches he remarked that Ballinger's voice and manner reminded him of the old hymn:

"Hark! from the tomb a doleful sound; Mine ears attend the cry!" but when Fox waltzed out in front of the jury and delivered himself, he was reminded of the old nursery song:

"Oh, Jinnie, git yer ho cake done, my girl,
Oh, Jinnie, git yer ho cake done."

DEAD FOR GOOD.

About five days after an old Franklin county farmer's wife was buried, he came into General Rodman's office in Frankfort, and informed him that he had married that morning. Rodman expressed his profound astonishment that his client should marry so soon after his wife's death.

"Now, say, John," remarked the old fellow, "haint you got sense enuf to know that she is jest as dead now as she ever will be!"

STRANGE PRONUNCIATION.

Senator Bradley tells a story on John Cundiff, with whom he attended school in 1859. Said he:

"Cundiff was an overgrown boy about eighteen years old. He had large black eyes and the top of his ears was about level with the top of his head. A stiff roach stood like a faithful sentinel above his forehead, and, when brushed by his hand, actively vibrated for some time after. His voice was loud and resonant, and his manner strikingly defiant. His idiosyncracy was that, try as he would, he could rarely pronounce any word of more than two syllables correctly, and although every effort was made to enable him to make good, it resulted in failure. For instance, he persisted in pronouncing Socrates as **So**-crates and Hercules, Her-**cules!**

"The teacher required us to declaim every Friday, and while Cundiff exercised excellent taste in his selection of material, he persisted in mispronouncing, to the infinite amusement of all save the teacher.

"I do not now recall the author of the elegant piece of literature that begins 'Scipio and Hannibal were two competitors. They waged a bloody war and committed great slaughter.' However, Cundiff memorized and delivered it as follows:

" 'Ski-pio and Hanni-**bawl** were two great com-pe-ti-tors. They waged a bloody war and com-**i**-ted great slag-**gau**-ter.'

"Another of his declamations was a portion of Phillips' great speech on Napoleon, entitled, 'The Characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte,' and ran about as follows:

" 'He is fallen! We now pause before that splendid prodigy which reared itself amongst us like some ancient ruin! * * * * Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit wrapt in the solitude of his own originality! * * * * A pretended

patriot, he impoverished the country. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope!'

"Cundiff delivered it—

" 'He is fallen! We now pause before that splendid prod-i-gee which rared itself among us like some anchunt ruing. Grand, gloomy and pe-coo-ler he sot upon the throne, skeptered hermit, wropt in the solichude of his own o-rig-i-nal-ity. * * * A pretended pa-try-ot, he im-pover-i-shed the country; a professed Kay-thol-ic he im-pry-suned the Pup.'

"Each of us was required to announce the subject of the declamation in advance. Cundiff announced it in this way:

" 'The Ka-ric-teristics of Nap-o-le-an Bo-nap-er-tee.' "

MADE A MISTAKE.

A negro was convicted in the Fayette circuit court before Judge Ben Buckner for stealing a calf, and at the same term a young white man, of a prominent family, was acquitted for stealing a whole drove of cattle, upon the theory that he did so during an aberration of mind which rendered him irresponsible. The Judge told the negro to stand up and give, if he could, any reason why sentence should not be passed upon him.

The negro answered:

"Jedge, I have nothin' to say 'sept I made a mistake; ef I had a stole a hole druv instead of wun caf, I wood not hev bin foun' gilty."

COUNTENANCE AND CHARACTER.

In the earlier period of Kentucky there lived a Baptist preacher named Wolverton. He was an exceedingly pious man and effective preacher, but was afflicted with a low forehead and large eyebrows, a bushy head of hair, a large nose, and small penetrating black eyes.

He was invited, with several persons of quality, to take dinner with Billy Woods, a rich man, but not of the best character. Woods was a garrulous individual, who talked without ceasing, and had a happy faculty of always saying the wrong thing. Turning to Wolverton, he remarked:

"Brother Wolverton, considering what a good and great man you are, the Lord certainly did you a shameful injustice in giving you such an awful countenance."

"Yes," replied Wolverton, "my countenance and your character would hang any man in the world."

"THOROUGHLY IMPARTIAL."

Back in the days when the Kentucky militia had regular muster days, "fist and skull" fights were quite common. Indeed, if men had a difference, that day was selected for its settlement. In that period men made their reputation as fighters, and such a reputation was anxiously sought by the muscular young man.

Ike Camden had retired from the ring because past middle age, but was held in high esteem for his enviable record as a "knock-downer and drag-outer."

There were two young men in his neighborhood, neither of whom he liked, who were anxious to make a reputation, with as few scars as possible, by having a fight, which, they agreed, should be brought to an early close by Uncle Ike Camden, before it had become serious; and with a view of carrying the matter into effect, Uncle Ike was called upon and agreed that he would separate them in a short while after the battle began. When "Muster Day" rolled around the two young men soon managed to come to blows, but Uncle Ike failed to separate them. Faster and more furious the contest raged, but Uncle Ike did not move an inch. Finally one of them, with a bleeding nose cried out:

"Uncle Ike, you have forgot something!"

"No, I hain't," replied Uncle Ike, "the truth is, boys, I never wuz sich a impartial observer in all my life."

"LET ME, ISAAC, OUT."

In Uncle Ike's palmy days he managed in some way to become involved more or less in nearly every fist-i-cuff that came up. One muster day he arrived a little late, and observed, as he came up, that a fight was in progress in which a considerable number of men were engaged. Springing from his horse he rushed up to the combatants exclaiming:

"Boys, is this a free fight?"

Someone replied that it was.

"Then," said he, "let me, Isaac, in;" and in he went.

In a short while he was badly beaten up and, managing to get on his feet, he asked:

"Did you say this is a free fight?"

And being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed:

"Then let me, Isaac, out."

A HEARTFELT WISH.

Nearly all of Boyle county is composed of beautiful blue grass land, but a small portion of it is rough and called the "Knobs." In the latter section are, and always have been, some eccentric characters. A gentleman from that section witnessed a fight between his son and another man in Danville, after which he was called to testify in the police court. Having given his name and stated that he saw the fight, he was asked to proceed in his own way to tell all about it; which request he complied with.

"I heerd some loud chat and noticed a scatterment down by Evans's drug store. I got thar as soon as I could, and found my son Josier and one of the Rowseys in a fight. They wuz a havin' it up and down, and the dust, hit riz like a cloud. Of and endurin' of the fight I hearn my son Josier say, 'I wish to God I was outen here;' and then I made a rush for Rowsey, and some stranger, who I never seed before, struck me in the face, and I lost my riccolexyun, and neither seed nor heerd no more."

WORKING A BROKEN JAW.

Judge Frank Finley, of Williamsburg, Kentucky, was for a number of years, Judge of the circuit court in his district, and later served in the Lower House of Congress. His early opportunities had been limited, but, by reason of great strength of character, application, and common sense, he became very successful as a lawyer and a politician.

He related a story that took place in his court concerning an old horse that had a broken jaw, and persistently refused to take on flesh. Jones had been sued for damages for selling the horse and concealing its defects at the time. In testifying, the plaintiff stated:

"Men, when I traded for this hoss I seed nothin' wrong with him, and Jones told me he war all right. He said he would soon git fat if I would only feed him. Well, I fed him, and fed him, and the more I fed him the poorer he got. So I thought I would watch him and see what the matter wuz. I found his lower jaw was broke on the off side of his mouth, and there was a good size space between his jaws; while on tother side the jaws fit all right. I soon saw while he were a eatin,' that what went in on the good side, come out on the bad side; and that the reason he wuz pore wuz that he subsisted out more'n he subsisted in."

AN EASY-GOING NEIGHBORHOOD.

In another case, Judge Finley related that a witness was introduced to attack the character of another, and, after having qualified himself to speak, testified:

"His char-ac-ter wan't good—but I'll tell ye, men, in the locality whar he lives a mighty little char-ac-ter goes a mighty long ways."

A BIG TURNIP.

Many years ago there lived a preacher in Garrard county, whose name will not be given lest the feeling of his numerous descendants might be wounded. He was a man of great intellectual force and lived a blameless life, except for the wonderful stories he told, all of which he appeared to believe to be true.

He said that he once cleaned up a quarter of an acre of ground, fenced it in and sowed it in turnips. Some time after he noticed that the turnips near the center were forced out of the ground, and thus continued outward until there was but one turnip top visible, and that was in the center of the patch. After careful investigation he found that this turnip had grown until it covered the entire field, forcing the others out. About this time he lost a valuable heifer, and after looking everywhere on the place, he found that she had eaten her way into the turnip. Said he:

"I knew I would have to procure an enormous kettle in which to cook that turnip; so I went to the Red River Iron Works, in Bath county, and ordered it made. Three hundred men worked on it night and day for three weeks, and on Saturday night of the last week, when it was completed, the head workman carelessly dropped his hammer and just as we reached the spot on Monday morning early, we heard the hammer strike the bottom."

A GREAT HUNTER.

In the adjoining county of Madison, there is a hill of considerable size called "Round Hill." The name is very appropriate, for the base of the hill forms a perfect circle. The preacher located one of his most remarkable experiences at that place. He was really a very successful hunter, but from his accounts it will be seen that he was a remarkable hunter, as well. Talking to an admiring group of friends, he remarked:

"I once went to Round Hill a-hunting. In those days there was a forest around it. When I neared the hill a buck started up and took out around the hill. I followed for some time, but could not get a shot; so I bent my gun-barrel across my knee to correspond with the curve of the hill and fired, when the bullet followed the buck and killed him. I went on to where the buck had fallen and straightened the barrel. Near at hand, I saw some honey running out of a tree, where the ball had entered, and I drove a peg in the tree until I could

return, which I did, in a few days, and me and my friends took home five pounds of splendid honey. But this, aside. I cut off the hind quarters from the buck, slung them across my shoulders, and started home. I had on a very large and loose pair of pants which turned out to my advantage, for when I reached the creek the water was up and I had to wade. When I got on the other side of the creek I took fifteen pounds of jumpin' perch out of my pants, and you may easily understand how we lived on the deer, honey and fish, for some time."

CAPTURING A YOUNG EAGLE.

"Many years ago," said he, "when I was a young man I had business in the State of Maine. It was during the winter and was exceedingly cold. I located an eagle's nest at the top of a crag and determined to capture one of the young eagles. To do this, I was compelled to climb an icicle for about fifty feet to reach the place. Just as I got the young bird the two old eagles appeared on the scene; and, to escape their beaks and claws, I slid down the icicle so fast that I set the seat of my pants on fire, and from that day to the present I have always been prejudiced against eagles."

THE ROAR OF A LION.

"When I was a small boy," remarked the old man, "I attended the first circus and menagerie that ever came into the county. Some man punched the lion, which was an enormous beast, and he uttered a terrible roar—a roar that fairly shook the earth. When I undertook to run away I could not move. Looking down to see what was the cause, I found that I had sunk into the ground up to my knees. I had great difficulty in releasing myself, so much so, that I have never attended such a place from that day to this."

THE SQUIRRELS AND THE CORN.

Another story that he told was:

"I once had a hundred-acre river bottom farm as fine as a crow ever flew over. One year I raised an enormous crop of corn. After the corn had ripened, I noticed on the side adjoining the river that a large quantity had disappeared. So I concluded to watch and see who was stealing my corn. I concealed myself the following morning, early, in a small thicket that bordered the river. I had not been there long before I saw a number of objects start from the opposite bank. For a time I could not discern what they were, but as they came closer, I discovered they were squirrels—about a hundred of them—each seated on a shingle and propelling it with his tail. When they reached

the bank they left their shingles in a little cove and went out in the field. Presently, each one returned with an ear of corn, and, mounting his shingle, propelled himself to the opposite side of the river. The next day, in company with a dozen expert wood-choppers, we cut down every hollow tree on the side where the squirrels landed, and found four hundred barrels of corn, besides killing many of the squirrels; indeed, we lived on squirrels for several weeks."

SOME HEWER.

He also related the following:

"Many years ago I was in New Orleans, and saw in the papers that a 'hewing match' was to take place near the city; the best hewer to receive a premium of twenty-five dollars in gold. I concluded to compete for it; so, I sharpened my broad-ax until I could have easily shaved with it, and was there bright and early. There were many expert axmen present, and I waited until all of them were through, when, fastening the ax handle in my belt, I climbed a cypress tree two hundred feet high, and then went down it head foremost, cutting off the limbs and hewing it to a perfect eight square until I reached the ground. Of course the crowd was greatly astonished and when the twenty-five dollars was paid to me there was much hand-shaking and congratulations."

NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

In the late seventies and early eighties, the Kuklux operated extensively in Rockcastle county, Kentucky. Of course, they were condemned by many people, who were afraid to speak openly. However, matters grew worse until, at length, the better element came out boldly in denunciation; after which, the clan disbanded.

As time passed, the band fell into great disrepute and no set of men were more unpopular; not only those who were known to have been actively engaged, but also those who aided the organization by contribution. About this time Senator Bradley instituted an action for damages for a young Mr. Fish, through his next friend and grandmother, Mrs. Fish, against the Kentucky Central Railroad Company.

On the trial, the old lady was an important witness, and the defendant's attorneys introduced Wm. H. Albright, Sheriff, Willis Adams and William Stewart, proving by them that her moral character was bad, and that they would not believe her on oath where interested. Bradley could find no one by whom he could sustain the old lady's character; so after a few minutes consultation with her, he called her to the witness stand, and after proving by her that she was well ac-

quainted with the three witnesses named, and their general moral character, she was asked what that character was. She answered that it was "extremely bad."

Thereupon defendant's attorney asked her to specify how it was bad.

"Well, sir," said she, "as to Adams and Stewart, they both pretend to be mighty good men, but everybody knows they have been the mainstay of the Kuklux and spent money to organize it, and hired lawyers to keep 'em outen the penitentiary. As to Bill Albright, he is the ring leader of the gang."

The jury gave the plaintiff a verdict.

THE POOR LITTLE SCATTERED POTATOES.

There lives in Corbin, Kentucky, a lawyer, Sam Kash. He is the soul of hospitality, has succeeded remarkably well in business, and has become one of the most effective jury speakers and campaign orators in the State. In his younger days he made a most amusing speech. He was prosecuting a man for killing his mother-in-law. The evidence showed that on Sunday morning the old lady had gone out in the garden and "gravelled" a basket of potatoes with which she started towards the house, when the defendant shot and killed her.

Said Kash: "Ah, gentlemen of the jury, picture to yourself this awful scene. On that beautiful Sunday morning, the sun was shining brightly and the air was redolent with the perfume of the apple blossoms. The old lady, anxious to prepare an acceptable meal, had gone out in the garden, gravelled a few potatoes, placed them in a basket, and had started to the house to prepare the meal. Bent with age, she was thinking of the goodness of her Maker, who had spared her for so many years and quietly sending up a prayer of gratitude, not supposing for an instant that she was about to be ushered into His presence, when this beast, this worse-than-devil in human form, deliberately and maliciously took aim, and emptied the contents of his shot gun into her aged form.

"Aye, gentlemen, think of the wife of this brute who witnessed the murder of her mother; think of her little children who clung in terror to her skirts, think of the poor old woman hurled in an instant into eternity and think—think—think—" Here the speaker seemed to be unable to call something to mind, when, with a desperate effort, he exclaimed: "and think of the poor little scattered potatoes!"

WHY HE MARRIED THREE SISTERS.

Several gentlemen at the Pendennis Club were discussing the merits and demerits (mostly the latter) of mothers-in-law. After the subject had been pretty thoroughly exhausted, as it was thought, Col. Henry Watterson said, that he had known a great number of intelligent men during his life, but of all that number he was satisfied that Donald Graybeal was the most intelligent, as well as the most thoughtful, on account of the reason he gave for marrying three sisters. Several gentlemen inquired, simultaneously:

"What was it?"

"Well," said Watterson, "he said the reason was that he could not bear the thought of having more than one mother-in-law."

TAKE YOUR TIME FOR IT.

There lived in Lancaster, Kentucky, during the Civil War, a hotel clerk named Cook Suddath. He was given to droll sayings. A Pennsylvania regiment was encamped near the town and one of the soldiers, who was a stutterer of the most violent type, walked up to Suddath, who had gotten into a buggy to drive out on some business, and said:

"Mis—mis—mister ka—ka—ka."

"All right, my friend," said Suddath, "I'm goin' to the country, and will be back in an hour. Just stand where you are and take your time for it, and maybe you can say what you want to by the time I come back."

"AND McQUERTER DRANK HIS."

Some decades ago there lived in a Kentucky county a gentleman by the name of McQuerter, who was the most popular man in the county, and whose influence was anxiously sought by every Democratic candidate. He was in independent circumstances, the owner of a valuable farm on which was a pretentious residence, and he was the soul of hospitality.

"Little Phil" Thompson, who was running for Congress, was extremely anxious to obtain McQuerter's support; so he managed to reach his house about sun-down for the purpose of remaining over night. When he rode up to the stile block, the hearty voice of McQuerter rang out:

"Light, Phil, light, and come in!"

Phil "lit" without further invitation, and started up to the house, meeting McQuerter about half way, and receiving a hearty shake of the hand. When they reached the porch McQuerter introduced Thompson to his wife, a large, tall, handsome woman, weighing about

200 pounds. She greeted Thompson pleasantly and entered the house. The remainder of the story will be related in the language of Thompson.

"A few minutes after we sat down, Mrs. McQuerter came in with two steaming glasses of apple jack, saying: 'It's good and won't hurt you;' one of which I drank, and McQuerter drank his. Presently we were invited into the dining room and seated, when I observed two more glasses of the same delicious decoction, one at each of our plates—McQuerter politely asked me to partake, saying: 'It's good, and won't hurt you'; I drank it; and McQuerter drank his.

"After supper, McQuerter, his wife, and myself, remained seated at the table for some hours, and every few minutes hot apple jack was served, always with the assurance, 'It's good, and won't hurt you; drink it'; which invitation I did not refuse, and McQuerter always drank his. Directly, I noticed that Mrs. McQuerter, who sat at the head of the table, seemed to be a long distance from me, and the table, which was one of ordinary proportions, seemed to be about thirty feet long. Her voice seemd to grow fainter each time when she asked me to 'have a drink.' Finally, she seemed to be a very small woman, but managed in a still weaker voice to say 'have another drink,' which I always accepted, and McQuerter drank his.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes, when I noticed that Mrs. McQuerter was flitting back and forth about the size of a butterfly, and all at once she disappeared, leaving McQuerter and me at the table; and the last thing I remembered, until the next morning when I awoke, was, that after she left I took one more drink and McQuerter drank his. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that McQuerter voted for me and I was elected."

THE LAWS AND THE COURT OF APPEALS.

Humphrey Marshall was unquestionably one of the greatest intellects ever produced by Kentucky. He was an enormous man, physically, weighing over three hundred pounds. He served in Congress, was a Confederate Brigadier General, and most profound lawyer.

While the general was absent during the war, the Court of Appeals had rendered several opinions which he thought substantially nullified the statutes. The lawyers of the State, shortly after the war was ended, held a convention in Frankfort and elected General Marshall to preside. When he reached the stand he delivered a short address, returning thanks for the honor conferred, and, among other things, said:

"This convention has in view the accomplishment of many needed reforms, its chief office being to bring the Court of Appeals into harmony with the laws of the land."

CONTEMPT.

Azariah Merrill was a Justice of the Peace in Lancaster, Kentucky, who was naturally filled with importance by reason of his exalted position, but, at times, was otherwise full. On one of these occasions he was standing on the corner, for he was scarcely able to turn a corner, when a young lawyer, whom he disliked, passed by and failed to speak to him.

"I fine you two dollars for contempt," exclaimed the Squire.

"You can't fine me, because your court is not in session," retorted the lawyer.

"Young man," said Merrill, "I will have you understand, sir, that this court is at all times subject to contempt."

INCORRIGIBLE DEBTOR.

Samuel M. Burdett, of Mt. Vernon, Kentucky, was one of the most prominent and brilliant young lawyers in the State. He was a charming companion and intensely interesting. His greatest fault was borrowing money from his friends and forgetting to pay. Being in pressing need he borrowed some money from Senator Bradley, for which he gave his note with his partner, John Brown, as security. The note ran on for some years, Burdett having left the State and gone to St. Louis. Bradley needed his money, but was determined his friend John Brown, who was not blessed with a plethora of this world's goods, should not pay it. He suggested to Brown that he write to Burdett, requesting him to pay it. Brown thereupon wrote Burdett, informing him that Bradley was demanding payment, that he (Bradley) was really in need of it as he had expended a considerable sum shortly before in helping to elect his brother-in-law, Morrow, circuit judge, and that Bradley hoped he would liquidate. Burdett responded as follows:

"I don't know why Bradley should annoy me about that little debt. He has several houses, any one of which he could sell or mortgage and raise the money without difficulty. If he won't do this, then let him garnishee Judge Morrow's salary."

"BETTER WRIT A LETTER."

Granville Philpot was elected to the Legislature from Clay county, Kentucky. He had lost a leg in the Civil War and was a most

courageous, honest, sensible man who held in supreme contempt any man who professed to have ability when he did not really have it. There was a gentleman elected from Madison county to the same Legislature by the name of Durrett Tribble. Tribble was an exceedingly nice fellow, very dressy and remarkably fond of the company of young ladies; so much so, as to frequently be absent from the floor conversing with the girls in the lobby of the House.

Philpot was trying to have a bill passed in which his people were especially interested, and Tribble took the floor and opposed it. After Tribble concluded, Philpot arose, and driving his peg leg into the floor with great force, said:

"I don't see, sir, as how this is any of your business. You are never in your seat and don't know what is going on, nohow. I don't know why your people ever sent you here for, any way. They had better kept you at home and writ a letter."

"GO THROUGH HELL A-POPPIN."

Old Ben Hardwick, or "Hardick," as he was commonly called, lived near Lancaster. He was an ignorant old blacksmith, and was frequently drunk.

Finally, old age and liquor got him down, and it became apparent that he could live but a few hours. Appreciating his condition, he called his wife to the bedside, and made the following request:

"Old ooman, I am about played out, and I want you to see that I am buried in a cedar coffin so I can go through hell a-poppin."

ANTICIPATED "ONPLEASANTNESS."

Mrs. Sarah Philpot who lived in the feud district of Kentucky, gave the following evidence before a jury:

"Well, men, I went over to Bill Brown's to 'tend a party. Arter we had bin thar about a hour, the two Sairses come and raised a controversy with Pete Stivers, and cut him to mortal hash. Shortly, the Stivers boys got thar and commenced shootin at the Sairses, and the Sairses was a shootin' back, and two of the men fell to the floor, when I, thinkin' if the thing kept on thar would be some onpleasantness, riz up and went home, as I didn't want to see it."

DOCTOR BRECKINRIDGE'S BET.

Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge was one of the most distinguished Presbyterian preachers in Kentucky. He was an abolitionist, and later in life, a bitter, partisan Republican. He had two sons, William

C. P. and Robert, who went into the Confederate army, and another, Joseph, who went into the Union Army.

The Doctor was a great controversialist both in religion and politics.

Riding along the highway with a brother preacher of his church, he asserted that all the drunken, degraded element would be found in the Democratic party. His companion, being a Democrat, hotly denied the truth of his assertion. About this time they took a short turn in the road, and discovered a drunken man riding horseback on a sack of corn which he was taking to the neighboring mill. He was so drunk that he was swaying from side to side, and appeared to be in imminent danger of falling from his horse. Said Breckinridge to his friend:

"Now, I will bet you a jug of buttermilk that fellow is a Democrat."

The bet was readily accepted, when the two rode up to the man and Breckinridge informed him that they had made a bet on his politics, and desired to know what they were. Said Breckinridge:

"I have bet my friend that you are a Democrat. Am I right or wrong?"

"Mister," replied the stranger, "I'm a pore, one-gallused, drunk, triflin' man; I am nothin', and durned little of that, but I never yit have got so low down as to be a Dimocrat!"

The two preachers laughed heartily and rode on, agreeing that it was impossible to tell which one of them was the butt of the joke.

SORRY BILL BIRD COULD'NT HEAR IT.

Colonel Anson Clark was Commonwealth's Attorney in the London circuit court, and was one of the most powerful prosecutors in Kentucky. He had been a gallant Colonel in the Union Army, and stood high; after the circumstances mentioned he was elected Circuit Judge.

John Bossie, an Italian coal miner, killed Bill Bird, and Senator Bradley, in defending him had earnestly pleaded for equal justice for the man who had left his home in Italy to seek an asylum in the United States. Clark answered:

"Mr. Bradley has made a most eloquent plea, as he always does. I was deeply moved by his beautiful description of 'Sunny Italy;' indeed, I was moved almost to tears because of my deep regret that poor Bill Bird could not hear it."

A VI-GOROUS CAMPAIGN.

Walter Evans was a distinguished member of the Lower House of Congress from the Louisville District, and is now and for years has been a faithful, vigilant and able Judge of the United States District Court for Kentucky. In 1879 he was the Republican candidate for Governor in Kentucky. He had an appointment to speak at Columbia, and as soon as he reached the town a number of his polititал friends visited him at the hotel, among others, "Uncle" Johnny Murray. Murray was considerably advanced in years and was a man of high standing.

When he was introduced to Evans he gave him a hearty shake of the hand, assured him of his pleasure in meeting him, and the pleasure it would give him to vote for him. Said he:

"Colonel, I reckon you are nearly wore out making this tower of the State, and I reckon it is a costin' a sight, hain't it?"

"Yes" replied Evans, "I am nearly worn out, and the expense is considerable."

At this point of the conversation "Uncle" Johnny reached down into his pants pocket, nearly to his knees, and drew out an old-fashioned buckskin purse on which were two iron rings, and taking a silver quarter therefrom, handed it to Evans with this encouraging remark:

"Here Col. Evans, take this here quarter and make a vi-gorous campaign."

CICRUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Richard L. Ewell, of London, is both lawyer and preacher, and excels as either. In 1881 he made a remarkably fine race for Congress, greatly reducing the Democratic majority in the District. In joint debate his opponent, "Little Phil" Thompson, told an anecdote reflecting on the character of preachers generally, which of course ruffled Ewell, who, in his response, turning to Thompson, said:

"You may say what you please about preachers, but I thank God I was never cowhided by a woman."

Thompson got purple in the face, and said if Ewell meant the charge for him, he denounced it as a lie.

"Now Phil," said he, "don't get excited, if you never had such an experience, lest your excitement convinces people of your guilt!"

Thompson got purple in the face and said if Ewell meant the charge for him, he denounced it as a lie.

"The proof of the pudding is in 'chewing the bag,'" retorted Ewell. "I dare you to pull off your shirt and show your back to the crowd!"

Of course Thompson could not, and did not, comply with the request, by reason of which the audience yelled with delight. After the speaking was over and the two candidates were riding along the road, Thompson demanded an apology. Ewell remarked:

"You told a foul anecdote at my expense and I was only trying to get even with you; if you will never tell it again we will call it square, and I will not repeat my charge against you."

This was agreed to and the balance of the campaign was unusually pleasant.

A HAPPY ANSWER.

Major Rigney, of Casey county, was the Democratic nominee for State Senator. He had been a gallant Union officer during the War of the Rebellion, and, while deficient in education, was a man of sterling good sense and unquestioned integrity.

The Republicans nominated Capt. Sam Boone, also a gallant Union officer, to make the race against him. Boone was a well educated, shrewd fellow, and quite a speaker. So he laid a plan to trap the Major by exposing his ignorance. In a joint debate at Junction City, at the conclusion of his speech, he declared:

"I am going to ask the gentleman a question that he cannot, and dare not, answer. I dare him to tell this audience how he stands on transubstantiation."

Boone immediately sat down so as to give Rigney no opportunity to seek information.

The Major arose slowly, evidently meditating on what his answer should be. He was greatly perturbed, and energetically mopped the sweat from his face and bald head with a bandana handkerchief. In order to gain time, he requested Boone to repeat his question, which was readily and defiantly done.

Rigney replied:

"My friend wants to know how I stand on the doctrine of—what do you call it, Boone?"

"Transubstantiation," thundered Boone.

"Well, Mr. Boone, I stand on that question as I do on all others—flat-footed with the Democratic party."

NO GIRL TO PLAY ON IT.

An ignorant brother of the Methodist faith refused to contribute anything for the purchase of a church chandelier. This was a surprise to the congregation who knew him theretofore to have been universally liberal respecting the church. At length, the minister took him aside and asked him the cause of his strange conduct.

"Because, Brother Ambrose," he exclaimed, "it would be a useless expense, and a waste of money, for there is not a girl in the congregation that knows how to play on it."

COULD NOT RIDE IT.

However, the brother referred to was little, if any more ignorant than a prominent Central Kentucky politician, who declined to buy an encyclopedia on the ground that he "didn't know how to ride it, no how."

"THIRTEEN, ME CAPACITY."

Judge Holt, ex-Chief Justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, a most amiable and profound lawyer, relates the following amusing episode connected with his practice.

"We were trying a case in which an Irishman, Pat Dunnegan, testified against my client in a way that severely crippled his cause. Knowing Pat well as a drinking man, I concluded there would be no difficulty in showing that he was under the influence of whiskey at the time he referred to, and hence his testimony would be unreliable I asked him:

"Pat, how many drinks had you taken that day before the time you heard the conversation you have detailed?"

" 'Nine, Sor,' was his ready response.

"Well," said I, "were you not very seriously under the influence of liquor?"

" 'No, Sor,' he replied, 'I had taken only nine drinks whin me capacity is thirteen.' "

"MOST ONCONVENIENTEST PERSISHUN."

Clinton Todd, a harmless citizen of Rockcastle county, Kentucky, imagined when drunk, that he was a most courageous man; and, hence, gave himself the name, "Danger Todd."

He came to Lancaster to sell a carload of shingles and got gloriously drunk, but in some way eluded the marshal. Seeing Major R. M. Bradley a short time thereafter in Mt. Vernon, he related to him how he had bullied the marshal, who did not dare to arrest him; and threatened that he was coming back to Lancaster shortly to show "em all that Danger Todd was not afraid." The Major advised him he had best remain at home. However, about two weeks thereafter, the jailer of Garrard county called at the Major's law office and informed him that there was a man in jail who claimed to be a friend of his, and who desired that he should come and see him immediately.

Of course, the Major went, and as to what occurred, we will give his version on his return.

"When I reached the jail, the door of the dungeon was thrown open, and far back I could see the man's eyes like those of a mink in a hole. He came at once to the grating, when I recognized 'Danger Todd.' I at once reminded him of my advice, telling him I was not at all astonished.

" 'Well,' said he, 'Major, I don't want yer ter think that I am not dead game. The Marshal cum up ter me and said he had a warrant fer my arrest. I concluded I would run through Burdett's law office, retch the back alley, and make me escape. When I got through the office, I seed a little back yard with er iron fence, with sharp pailin's. I made up me mind ter lip the fence and done it; but as I went over, the seat of me breeches caught on one of ther palins,' and thar I wus, er hanging down with me hed clos' ter me feet, an' I hed ter give in fur et sho' wus ther most onconvenientest persishun I ever were in, ter fite."

PORK INSPECTOR AT JERUSALEM.

Many years ago there was a Kentucky Congressman whose chief conception of duty was obtaining places for his constituents. One day a wag told him that there was a good office vacant and he ought to go to the Secretary of the Treasury and obtain it for one of his constituents, as it paid four thousand dollars a year. Having obtained the particulars, he at once hurried away to consult with the Secretary of the Treasury. Imagine the astonishment, as well as amusement, of that high dignitary, when the Congressman told him he understood that there was a vacancy in the office of Pork Inspector at the City of Jerusalem, and desired to recommend one of his constituents for the position.

"SEZ JOHN TO CANTER."

About twenty-five years ago there lived in Garrard county, a queer fellow by the name of John Canter, the same individual who has been referred to in one of the preceding anecdotes as being defended by Colonel Dunlap. He finally joined the church and settled down. About a year after, Senator Bradley met him in the road and after mutually pleasant greetings were exchanged, Bradley congratulated him on his changed life; but Canter told him he had just "broken over" that morning. He then proceeded to relate his experience.

"I met a feller this mornin', and he a' knoin' I had got religion, and a-thinkin' I had furgot how to fite, told me I was a 'darn rascal.' Sez John ter Canter, sez he, 'Canter, that's mity hard ter bar;' but

sez he, 'don't furgit, John, you are a Christian.' So, I stood still and said nothin', though I bit my lips nearly in two. Sein' as how I tuck it, he sez, 'John Canter, you are a dinged coward.' Well, that ar wuz the fust time mortal man ever sed that to me, so sez John ter Canter, sez he, 'Canter, I wouldn't take it.' Then sez Canter ter John, sez he, 'John, I don't believe I can stand it, religion or no religion.' So, I jest cast my religion aside fur the time bein,' an' lit rite on that feller an' beet him to a jelly. Bill, don't you think I dun rite?"

Bradley told him that he did, and rode on.

NO USE FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

A certain statesman, sojourning in Washington, who was an imposing looking man of but little knowledge, was, during the War with Spain, asked what he thought of the Philippines.

"Well, sir," he responded, "I have never had any use for them on account of the way they treated Samson."

UNDISPUTED FACTS.

A lawyer by the name of Carter, who was a Government teamster during the Civil War, settled in Mt. Vernon, Ky. He was a good natured, kind-hearted man, of but scant education and very little, if any, knowledge of law. Brown was being tried for the murder of an excellent citizen by the name of Billy Fox. In addressing the jury, Carter, who was for the prosecution, said, among other things:

"Thar air some things, gentlemen of the jury, that air admitted in this case. The first is that Billy Fox air dead; the next is that Brown killed him, and the last and most important pint is, that at the time he war killed he was a retreatin' backwards and fell with his hed yans way."

GENERAL LANDRUM.

W. J. Landrum was one of the first citizens of Lancaster. He was Clerk of the county court, later a Colonel in the Union Army, brevetted Brigadier General, an accomplished musician, excellent lawyer, and a ready story teller.

HAVE YOU GOT AIRY DOLLAR.

He related that, during the War, one warm Sunday afternoon he was resting under the shade of a tree near the road, in fatigue uniform without straps, when a Union cavalryman rode along, and, mistaking him for a private soldier, inquired:

"Pardner, have you got airy dollar."

Landrum replied that he had; whereupon, the soldier commenced dismounting from his horse, saying:

"Well, I'll git rite down and play a game with you for who shall have it."

THE DOUBLE BARREL OF CIDER.

Another of his amusing experiences was that concerning the soldier who got permission to sell a barrel of sweet cider to his comrades. The barrel was placed in a tent, and the owner was standing at the faucet selling it for ten cents a glass. A soldier seeing another pay this amount, called him to one side and informed him that just around on the outside of the tent, he could buy it for five cents a glass. On examination this was found to be true. Further examination, however, developed the fact that the soldier just outside of the tent had bored a hole in the same barrel and was dispensing it to his friends at five cents a glass.

WALTON AND THE WASP.

Along in the eighties there lived in Lancaster, Kentucky, a young man—Sam Walton, who was a promising young lawyer, given to writing poetry. Walton disliked Senator Bradley, and in a jury speech undertook to make fun of him. In following him Bradley remarked:

"The young man has spoiled a poet in an attempt to become a lawyer. At a recent Sunday School convention he commenced the recitation of a pathetic poem, running this wise:

'Oh bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground;
Where the whangdoodles come in most serious moods
And the straddle bugs tumble around.'

"At this point his brother-in-law, Ben B—— wept profusely and pathetically pleaded:

" 'Stop, Sam, stop, or you will break my heart; that is the most movenist poetry I ever heard.'

"Of course, out of sympathy for his relative, Sam stopped; and hence the remainder of his tender tribute to Bartholomew has never been disclosed to an anxiously awaiting public. Gentlemen of the jury, he reminds me of a wasp, which is bigger the day it is born than at any subsequent time of its life."

PROPER ADJUSTMENT OF A FEE.

When Justice John M. Harlan was practicing law in Louisville, Kentucky, he was celebrated for charging large fees. Mr. Goodloe, a

brother lawyer, was attempting to arrange a compromise of a suit instituted by Harlan, and every detail had been agreed upon except the amount of Harlan's fee.

"Now, Harlan, in fixing your fee," suggested Goodloe, "I do not desire that you shall not be well paid. However, I suggest that you make it compensatory and not punitive."

A CONSISTENT RECORD.

Hon. Aaron Harding, who served in the Lower House of Congress from Kentucky, was a great lawyer, but given to hair-splitting and contention. While trying a will case at Danville before Judge Fox, he made many objections, saving exceptions to the ruling of the court in each instance. In the course of the trial, the Judge sustained one of his objections, to which Harding asked that an exception should be noted. Of course, the Judge was astonished, and exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Harding, do you object when I sustain you?"

"Because," said Harding, "if there is any thing I am particular about, it is to appear consistent on the record."

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

About twenty-five years ago, Hon. R. P. Jacobs, a famous lawyer of Danville, Kentucky, with other attorneys, instituted an action in favor of the National Bank of Lancaster, against J. W. Miller, for a large sum, about eight or ten thousand dollars for rent of the farm which had been occupied by him during a litigation. Senator Bradley and Hon. John W. Yerkes defended for Miller. The case was tried at Danville where old Centre College is situated, and at that time Rev. Ormond Beatty was its president.

The people of Danville had always justly taken pride in that famous institution. However, out in the "Knob portion" of the county, the college was not so popular, it being regarded as a high-browed, aristocratic concern.

The witnesses for the plaintiff were bank presidents, directors, and wealthy farmers; while those for the defendant were farmers of small means, and, in some instances, farm laborers. It so happened that a number of the members of the jury lived in the "Knob" section.

The plaintiff, however, had a great advantage. Knowing this, Bradley determined to work the poor man's racket for all it was worth, and to make as much fun as possible of Centre College so as to anger Jacobs, who had the concluding argument, (and who was feared by Bradley, not only on account of his ability, but because of his

great personal popularity), and thus throw him off his balance. After alluding to the wealthy and prominent witnesses who had testified for plaintiff, Bradley said:

"And so, gentlemen, you find this great aggregation of wealth here swearing to the most ridiculous and exorbitant rent ever heard of before.

"On the other hand we have brought before you a number of farmers of very small means and farm laborers, who place the rent at about one-third of the amount fixed by this rich and aristocratic band of brothers who have combined to destroy an honest man.

"I am thankful that you are honest men, who do not think poverty a crime, or riches a certificate of good character.

"There is a controversy, as you know, as to the number of acres contained in the farm. We have introduced O. T. Wallace, who is a practical surveyor of twenty-five years' continuous experience. He tells you that there are forty acres less in the tract than claimed by the plaintiff. On the other side the Rev. Randolph, professor of mathematics in Centre College, testifies to the number of acres claimed by the plaintiff. Now what does Preacher Randolph know about measuring land, when his mind is constantly on heaven and heavenly things? It would be morally and physically impossible for him to fix his mind on earthly objects. He knows all about the 'tree of life,' but he knows nothing about the trees that grow on this earth. He could not tell the difference between a spotted oak and a hackberry. But he is a professor in Centre College, and on this account Mr. Jacobs would have you believe he is infallible; indeed, gentlemen, it is next to sacrilege for any man in this vicinity to question the infallibility of Centre College.

"Some years ago a friend of mine visited your beautiful little city in July and stopped at the Gilcher House. He had no bars over his bed, and the mosquitoes well nigh devoured him. The next day he complained to Gilcher, and was astonished when Gilcher denied that there were any mosquitoes in the place. In vain he exhibited his swollen hands and face. Gilcher stuck to his denial. Angered and astonished he hunted up my friend Yerkes, and asked him to explain what it all meant, and Yerkes informed him that the reason for Gilcher's denial was that President Beatty, up to that time, had failed to issue a bulletin announcing the arrival of the mosquitoes."

This argument angered Mr. Jacobs, who bitterly complained that his gray hairs had been insulted, and the most celebrated college in the world slandered in an inexcusable manner. He also claimed that Professor Randolph had been most shamefully attacked. He then

proceeded to name the distinguished men who had graduated at Centre College, and by the time he was through he had no time remaining to argue the case. He contended for more time, but the court told him that the limit had been fixed and the time would not be extended.

The case was submitted to the jury which soon returned a verdict for about one-fifth the amount for which the plaintiff sued.

POCAHONTAS.

Justice Miller of the Supreme Court of the United States related an amusing anecdote concerning his brother-in-law, Mr. Wainscott, of Richmond, Kentucky, who was an exceedingly good man, but wofully deficient in literary knowledge. The wife of Wainscott was a sister of the Justice, and a remarkably intelligent woman.

There was a meeting of the Woman's Literary Club to be held one night at Wainscott's residence. His wife, knowing his literary deficiency, tried in every possible way to dissuade him from his declared purpose to be present, but without avail. The question for discussion was, "what country of the world had most cruelly mistreated its greatest son."

One lady read an article on the mistreatment of Columbus, and another on the injustice shown Dante. Then the discussion became general until, at length, Wainscott remarked:

"Ladies, you may all say what you please, but of all the badly treated men I have ever heard of, Pocahontas was the worst."

Of course this provoked a roar of laughter, when the wife in an annoyed and disgusted way, exclaimed:

"Why Mr. Wainscott, I am astonished that you do not know Pocahontas was a woman."

Wainscott retorted: "How could you expect me to know that when you know I never read the Bible?"

A GOOD ARITHMETICKER.

Elder Franks, who was a most successful minister, lived in Lancaster, Kentucky. In one of his sermons, wherein he condemned the practice of ministers preaching laudatory funerals over any man who had prominence or money, whether deserving or not, he related a story of an old preacher of his native county who was famous for preaching such funerals, and of whom it was said he could always find some good to say of the dead.

The meanest man in the county (of considerable wealth), having died, the old minister was sent for to preach his funeral; and knowing

his capacity in that line, and believing that nothing good could be said about the deceased, a large crowd attended through curiosity alone.

The preacher thus delivered himself:

"My Brethren and Sisters; The deceased as you all know was a drunkard and frequently took the name of the Lord in vain; he was a notorious liar and mischief-maker; he was a gambler and usurer, and robbed the widows and orphans; but I can truthfully say one good thing about him, he was the best arithmeticker I ever saw."

WITHOUT LEGAL KNOWLEDGE.

At the conclusion of the Civil War, Phil Lee (later a distinguished lawyer), Will Welch, and several other Confederate officers, who were preparing to return to their homes, were discussing their future plans. In the midst of their conversation some one suggested to Lee:

"Phil, you will not have any trouble, for you will be able to practice law."

"No, no," Lee replied, "I didn't know but one law when the War broke out and that was repealed while I was in the army."

GENERAL CHARACTER.

Dick McRoberts, of Lancaster, was a negro of amusing character. When the weather was such that he could not work on the farm, he engaged in trapping coons, polecats, etc., and selling the skins.

He was ignorant, but exceedingly shrewd. During a prosecuting trial in the Circuit Court he was introduced as a witness to attack the character of Garland Leavell. After qualifying himself, he stated that Leavell's general character for truthfulness was bad, and he would not believe him on oath when he was interested. He was then turned over to Senator Bradley for cross-examination.

"You say Garland's general character is bad?" queried the Senator.

"Dat's what I sed," promptly responded Dick.

"Now, Dick," asked the Senator, "what is general character?"

Dick complained that this was not a **"far"** question and stated, "I's not gwine to answer it."

The Judge instructed him that the question was a legitimate one, and he must answer it.

"If I must, I must," said Dick. "Mr. Bradley, will you please ax dat question agin?"

The request was granted, and the question again propounded. Dick pondered a little, and finally answered:

"Well, I jist don't zackly know what a general cha-rac-ter is, but I do know Garl' Leavel haint got enny."

A HESITATING AIDE.

Everybody in Kentucky knew Maj. Alex Grant. He was pre-eminent as a story teller and all-round good fellow.

In relating one of his war experiences, indicating fear with his big eyes—though he was a man of unflinching courage, it all being assumed—he would invariably convulse his hearers with laughter.

He said that at the battle of Stone River, when he was acting aide to General John C. Breckinridge, he was ordered by the General to convey an order to the extreme left, and, in doing so, would have been compelled to ride several hundred yards directly in line with the enemy's fire. He started promptly, his horse in a gallop, and suddenly he turned his horse's head, rode back and most earnestly requested the General to send some unmarried man in his place. The General sternly ordered:

"Alex, I don't want any of your foolishness. Go immediately or I will have you court-martialed and shot."

"All right," replied Alex as he turned away, "but if I ever get back home to Kate and the children you'll never catch me again trying to break up the best government the world ever saw."

HE DID NOT LIKE 'EM.

A good old Democrat in Central Kentucky one day said to Senator Bradley:

"Billy, you know I don't like Radicals except you; but they are much better than these new-fangled people who are all over the country. If there is any set of people that I hate perlitically it is these Fannyticks, Anniechrists, and Mugworms."

REMARKABLE LIBERALITY.

Tom T——, in making a speech alluded to the remarkable kindness of heart and liberality of his father, notwithstanding the old man was a well known skin-flint. In answering him, his opponent said:

"Yes, I know his old daddy well, and have known him for years. He is a most liberal man—every time he kills a shoat he gives the bristles to the poor."

LUSK AND MARSHALL.

Samuel Lusk was a severe judge of the distant past. Tom Marshall was a practicing lawyer in his court. Marshall was a man of rare genius, great personal magnetism, a finished orator, and served from Kentucky, with great distinction, in the Lower House of Con-

gress. He was a natural-born wit and, perhaps, never got the worst of it save in his encounters with Judge Lusk. It should be added that Marshall was in the habit of taking sprees. During one of these he appeared before Lusk and was guilty of some seeming disrespect; whereupon the Judge fined him five dollars for contempt of court. Marshall expressed regret that he should have done anything to offend the Judge, which, he asserted, was foreign to his purpose. He added that he did not wish to be humiliated by being confined in jail because of his inability to pay the fine. Said he:

"Judge, I do not know of any friend to whom I can more confidently appeal for help than you. Will you please loan me the money?"

Turning to the clerk, the Judge remarked:

"Mr. Clerk, enter an order remitting that fine; the State can better afford to lose it than I can."

SPEAKING ON BOTH SIDES.

A rich old farmer of Woodford county shot, and severely, but not fatally, wounded a sixteen year old boy whom he had repeatedly warned not to hunt on his place. The boy sued him by next friend, and took a change of venue to Jessamine county, Marshall being his attorney.

When it came Marshall's time to address the jury, he was very drunk. He spoke for sometime on the harassing character of devilish boys; their utter disregard of the injunctions of men; their contempt for old age, etc., etc. Mr. Hewitt, who was associated with Marshall, tried several times to indicate to him that he was speaking against his client, but on each occasion Marshall would thrust him aside. At length Hewitt unable to restrain himself longer, spoke out excitedly:

"Great God! Mr. Marshall, you are speaking against your client."

For the first time the truth dawned upon Marshall, who, with the most perfect self-possession, exclaimed:

"I know that, sir, as well as you. I have spoken thus to the jury in order to show them what will be said on the other side; and now, gentlemen of the jury, I will proceed to answer it."

He then launched into a speech replete with scathing abuse, brilliant eloquence, and tender pathos, until the jury were in tears, when he wound up with a stirring appeal for justice.

The jury gave his client a handsome verdict.

MARSHALL, BRECKINRIDGE AND CLAY.

Tom Marshall and Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge were about the same age, and being young men of great attainments and considerable prominence, concluded they would force a debate with Henry Clay, who was considerably advanced in years. Never before was there a more forcible demonstration of the truth that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Clay literally wiped them from the face of the earth.

Years after, when Breckinridge had become distinguished for religious controversies, and Marshall had become a confirmed drunkard, the two met and shook hands, and Marshall exclaimed:

"Well, Bob, old Clay drove you to the pulpit and me to the bottle; but I believe that I have stuck closer to my text than you have."

ANOTHER LETTER IN THE ALPHABET.

Marshall lived in Danville for some years, and was always popular with the Centre College students, he having graduated at that institution. One bitter cold night several of the students were out on a lark, when they came upon Marshall lying on the street, almost frozen. They immediately picked him up, conveyed him to the hotel, and saw that he was given every care and attention. They concluded to sit down and wait a few moments to be assured he was out of danger, and then go to their different abodes. While waiting they got into a learned discussion as to whether or not another letter could be added to the alphabet. They finally concluded that such a thing was impossible, but seeing that Marshall had revived and was manifesting great interest, one of them inquired:

"Mr. Marshall, can you add another letter to the alphabet?"

To their astonishment he said he could.

"Well," they inquired, "what letter would you add,"

"Letter Ip," (Let her rip), was his sententious answer.

THE CROSS-EYED LANDLORD.

Marshall boarded at the Field House in Danville for some time, and having failed to comply with his promise to pay board, Field became worn out with him and ordered him from the house. Marshall made a reply which enraged Field, who was a cross-eyed man, beyond endurance, and he raised his cane to strike. Marshall, with perfect self-possession, exclaimed:

"Strike, strike, you old heathen. If you hit where you look you will miss me a mile."

PLAYED HIS HAND OUT.

Grip Scott was a prominent citizen of Bryantsville, who was pretendedly, very strict with his children. One day he caught his son Robert playing poker; whereupon, he gave him a severe drubbing, and then sat down in his presence and played out his hand.

A BEER EXPERT.

Sig Lascher, an excellent old German, was the proprietor of a brewery in Frankfort, Kentucky. In a case pending a witness had testified that although he had drunk fourteen glasses of beer during the day, he was thoroughly at himself at the time he witnessed the transaction concerning which he testified. Several physicians had testified as experts that the witness, in their judgment, could not have been free from intoxication, but, on the contrary, must have been in a confused state of mind.

The attorney, desiring to sustain his witness, called Lascher to the stand, who testified that he had drunk beer daily from his earliest recollection; had for several years worked in a brewery, and for ten years had been engaged in the manufacture of beer; that during all this time he had seen a large number of men drink beer; and that he knew he could state with certainty the amount of beer necessary to intoxicate.

The court ruled the witness competent; whereupon, the question was asked:

"Now, Mr. Lascher, from your experience as detailed, please tell the jury whether fourteen glasses of beer drunk at intervals during the day, would seriously, or otherwise, affect the body or mind of the individual who drank it?"

"Vell," replied the witness," "ven I gets up mit te morning I trink haf tuzzen pottles pefore preakfast. Den, I sits down at te taple and trink six pottles, and at tinner I trink ten pottles. Den, after tinner I trink six pottles, and at supper I trinks six more pottles, and it does not make me trunk, or even affect my mind a leetle pit. I tells you, shentlemen, no man will git trunk on peer unless he makes a tampt hog of himself."

A SLIGHT CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

James Dinwiddie had been a dreadful sinner, but finally determined to change his course and join the church. Brother Cook, through whose preaching he was converted, some eight months after, was passing in the neighborhood, and, meeting a faithful negro slave

of Dinwiddie's, inquired after his master's health, and, also, his spiritual welfare. Uncle Ned answered:

"Well, Marse Cook, Ole Marse's helth am fine—he's jes as spry as a two year ole colt wid a ban of music behind him. Afore he jined de church, when he went out on Sundays to chop wood, he allus toted his ax on his shoulder, but now, pleeze de Lord, he allus totes it under his coat."

JAKE BRONSTON AND THE BULL.

Thomas Bronston, of Madison county, Kentucky, was a thrifty farmer and an old-fashioned preacher. He had the peculiarity of prefacing many of his sentences with the expression, "That thar is to say."

Like some preachers, he had a wild son who now and then drank to excess. This boy had been given the scriptural name of Jacob, but had about as few of the characteristics of that patriarch as any other living man. One day the old gentleman was going home, when he met his promising son astride a bull.

"That thar is to say, my son, where are you goin'?" inquired the angered father.

"I am going to town," said Jake as he passed, reeling, on the bull.

"That thar is to say, my son, you are a liar; you are goin' to hell just as fast as that thar bull can carry you," was the old man's parting remark.

MULLINS' GRACE.

Dr. Mullins was a fine doctor of the old school, and an exceedingly hospitable citizen, living in Garrard county, Kentucky. He was an intense Whig and was much prejudiced against Democrats. There was a political debate at Bryantsville, near his home, and he invited the speakers and some of their friends to take dinner with him. After they were all seated, the doctor closed his eyes very devoutly, and pronounced the following blessing:

"Oh Lord, bless these table comforts and make each of us thankful. I don't like Democrats much, no how, sah."

THE TWO DOCTORS.

Dr. Alex McKee, of Danville, Kentucky, was an excellent physician and a man of high character. He was called by Albert Herndon, a well-to-do farmer and horse doctor near Lancaster, in old slave times, to attend a slave whose leg was broken. After the negro recovered, the doctor presented his bill to Herndon for fifty dollars. Herndon complained that the bill was too much. McKee told him that it had required considerable expense and much study to enable him to learn how to do such things, and that, besides, he had made

two trips, about forty miles in all, and he could not afford to take less; besides, his reputation was at stake. So the bill was paid.

Sometime after this McKee's horse was slightly crippled and he sent him to Herndon for treatment. In about a week the horse, fully recovered, was sent home to McKee.

About two weeks after this occurred, Herndon presented his bill for fifty dollars. McKee denounced the charge, when Herndon said:

"Doctor McKee, it took me some time to learn how to doctor that horse, as well as cost me some money. I made two trips to Danville; one to to take him to my farm, and another to return him. Besides, I beg you to remember that my reputation was at stake."

McKee thoroughly appreciated the joke, and paid the bill.

"CUSS" THE COURT.

A young lawyer who lost his first case in the Kentucky Court of Appeals, went to one of the judges (Duvall), and stated his trouble.

"Judge, this is my first case in your court. I told my client that if I did not gain it, I would never practice law another day. Now, what on earth am I to do?"

"Oh," said the Judge, "my young friend you are not in much trouble after all. Go home, and 'cuss the court.' "

JUST ONCE.

Madison C. Johnson was a famous lawyer of Lexington, Kentucky. He was a very sober, sedate, dignified man, who was never known to lose his temper or tell an anecdote, but once.

Major Turner, of Richmond, told before a crowd in Johnson's presence how Major Bradley had criticised a section in the Kentucky Code, (which was compiled by Johnson), declaring that the singular should include the plural, and the plural the singular; and the masculine, feminine and neuter gender, should each include the other two. He said that Bradley had said that a client of his bought a cow, and sued for two cows, and that a woman had undertaken to milk a cow when, all of a sudden, it turned into a bull and horned her to death.

Mr. Johnson was very sensitive, and the story by Turner angered him even more than the criticism. So he asked the Major if he had heard the story of the young lawyer, who, a short while before, had appeared before an old Justice of the Peace in his county. Turner answered that he had not.

"Well," remarked Johnson, "he arose with his coat tightly buttoned about him and said: 'Non est factum'; does your Honor understand that?"

"I do," replied the Justice. In even a louder voice the young man exclaimed:

" 'Nadum pactum'; does your honor understand that?"

"I do," responded the Justice with some heat.

The young man, then standing on tip-toe, roared out in a voice of thunder:

" 'E pluribus unum'; does your honor understand that?"

"Yes," replied the Justice, "and I understand you to be not only a d——d fool, but an ill-bred ass."

"And I now say the same to you, Major Turner;" and Johnson walked away leaving the Major somewhat dazed.

PUNISHMENT AFTER DEATH.

Bill Fritz Baker, of Garrard county, Kentucky, was a queer citizen. He was cross-eyed, bandy-shanked and knock-kneed, a stranger to soap and water, and blissfully ignorant of the purpose of a brush and comb. Coming upon a snake in the road, he chopped off its head with a hoe, and then commenced laboring it with the handle. A gentleman standing by remarked:

"Bill, don't you know that snake is dead?"

"Shore!" replied Bill.

"Then, what are you beating it for?"

"Becuz," said Bill, "I want ter show him that thar's sich a thing as punishment arter deth."

STORIES BY ED. MORROW.

The following are a couple of stories from the "reportoire" of Edwin P. Morrow.

CHARGE TO A GRAND JURY.

A Circuit Judge in Eastern Kentucky delivered the following charge to his grand jury:

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury: I have heretofore instructed you concernin' the totin' of pistols, the sellin' of liquor, disturbin' religious worship and all the other crimes that infest this neighborhood. But now gentlemen, I want to call your attention specifically to the most heinous offense that has been committed within the knowledge of this court.

"Gentlemen: The good deacons of the Piney Grove Meetin' House, in the righteousness of their hearts, went down to the banks of the Cumberland River and thar, with great care, selected two of the most promisin' saplins growin' thereon and brung them back and planted

them in the yard of the meetin' house, expectin' them to grow and flourish and spread a grateful shade, and, gentlemen, them trees was a growin' fine to behold; gentlemen, witness the pervarsity of mankind; long comes two or three of them Buck Boys with their hats set on the back of thar heads, with red bandana handkerchiefs round thar throats, and cattrige belts around thar middles. They rode into the meetin' house yard and hitched their nags to them foresaid saplings, and while the congregation war interested at thar worship them nags chawd all the bark ofen' them saplins and totally destroyed 'em.

"I say to you, gentlemen of the jury, that a man that would do the like of that, would hitch a jackass to the Tree of Life; indict them, gentlemen, indict them."

PLEA OF SILAS SULLIVAN TO U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

"Mr. Destrict Attorney: I war a republican storekeeper at the Big Spring distillery in Russell county.

"The Presidential election war at hand and the Democrats a workin' tooth and toenails. I rit to the Republican campaign charman askin' him to send me money and liquor with which to fight, but I got nothin', and thar cum in the Bertrams and thar folks a-scourin' the whole neighborhood for the Democrat party, and I sez to mysef, sez I, this air liquor were made under a Republican administration and I am a Republican storekeeper-gauger, and the welfare of this air country is at stake, and I went into that air warehouse and tuck therefrom ten gallons of Kaintucky liquor and used it for the eternal good of the grand old party.

"Indite me, if you will, but I would ruther that my heart should feel the chill of chains, than to see the American Eagle whupt by a Shanghai rooster."

LITTLE CHANGE.

An aged member of the Methodist church, during a "love feast," related the following experience:

"My brethren, years ago I was a very wicked boy, who indulged in every perversity and sin. One day about forty years ago, I looked down into my heart and discovered that I was as mean as hell and as ugly as the devil, and—"

At this juncture an old brother observed:

"Well, brother John, considering the great length of time that has passed, I think you have changed less than any man I ever knew."

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN GUILTY.

At a time when all that was necessary to convict a negro was to charge him with crime, such a conviction was had in Garrard county, Kentucky. General Dan Collier, who was a brave, intelligent man, who despised injustice, arraigned one of the jury severely for the verdict, saying there was not only no evidence sufficient to establish the man's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, but there was really **no** evidence against him at all.

"That may be true, General," replied the juror, "but you know jest as well as me, that nigger might have been guilty."

UNDERSTOOD HIS DUTY.

Hon. Charles Simrall, of Covington, Kentucky, was for many years the chief attorney of a railroad in Kentucky. While engaged in trying a suit for damages against the company, he introduced, and had sworn, an Irish section boss of the road, as a witness. Having proven his name, place of business, and the position he held under the company, he inquired:

"What are your duties?" (of course, referring to the duties of the place he held); when, to his consternation, and the great amusement of the audience, Pat responded:

"Misther Seemrall, I tho't ye knew that 'tis me duty to swear to the best advantage of the company."

ADVANCING BACKWARD.

Miles Schooler was a very dignified and pretentious old negro who regularly swept and dusted the Baptist church in Lancaster, Kentucky. He possessed a wonderful vocabulary, as appears in this story. He was called as a witness and was requested to state all he knew about the difficulty:

"Well, gentle-**men,** I saw a consternation and believed a catas-**tro-phy** wuz about to happen. I rushed up whar the crowd was dis-sembled, and when I retched thar, Mister Bill Baker was advancing forrids in a menacin' manner and karving attitude on Mister Tait; Mister Tait advanced backwards with Mister Baker followin' him; and finally Baker cotch up and stob'd him. I then attired, and seed no moah of the dif-**fi**-kilty."

A FARMER'S ADVICE TO HIS SONS.

Governor John B. Thompson, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, was engaged in a case where a number of doctors had sworn against his client, and was undertaking to ridicule their testimony. He said

that an old gentleman of his county, many years before, while lying on his death bed, called his four sons, who were quite young, around him, and gave this advice:—

"William, you are a bright, smart fellow, and you must prepare yourself to practice law.

"Charles, you are shrewd and quick, and you should qualify yourself as a trader.

"Thomas, you are sober, serious, and industrious; by all means you should be a farmer.

"John, you are a hopeless fool, and I suppose you are not fit for anything but a doctor."

A CHOLERA DOCTOR.

In 1843, the cholera raged in the little town of Lancaster, Kentucky, and among the doctors who remained at their posts was Dr. Sternberg, an old German, who knew absolutely nothing about the practice.

He was called one day to attend a stone-mason, and being detained did not reach the house for some time, when he found the man much relieved and able to sit up. He inquired of the wife what remedy she had given him, and was informed that she gave him a plate of beans and a piece of bacon.

He immediately drew his memorandum book from his pocket and made this entry:

"Remedy for cholera: Plate of beans and a piece of bacon."

Shortly afterward he was called to the bedside of a cobbler. He immediately prescribed, "A plate of beans and a piece of bacon," which the wife happened to have at hand, and immediately forced down her husband's throat. In less than twenty minutes the cobbler died; whereupon, Sternberg jerked out his memorandum book and made this entry immediately below that made a short while before:

"The above is a good remedy for stone masons, but a darned poor remedy for cobblers."

A GENEROUS INVITATION.

Illustrative of the generous hospitality of the Kentucky mountaineer, Col. John W. McCullough, of Owensboro, Kentucky, relates:

"I was traveling through the Kentucky mountains, and lost my way. The sun had gone down and darkness was rapidly approaching as I rode up to an humble cabin and stated my unfortunate plight, and asked if I could remain over night.

" 'Light, stranger, and come in if you can put up with out fare,' was the ready response.

"When supper time arrived I was invited to partake, and was astonished to observe that the only food on the table was a plate of potatoes. My host passed the plate with the request:

" 'Stranger, take a tater,' which I readily did.

"In a short time he invited me to 'take another tater.' At length, seeing that I had eaten the second potato, he pushed the plate over to me and said:

" 'Stranger, take d——d nigh all the taters.' "

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Ex-Senator Paynter and Senator Bradley were the best of friends, and the following incident transpired between them on the floor of the Senate. Senator Owen, in addressing the Senate, referred to the fact that the Kentucky Legislature had endorsed the bill he favored. Senator Bradley remarked that the Kentucky Legislature was not at all times sane. Senator Paynter asked Senator Bradley "if in making that remark he referred to the Legislature that met about two years before." (The time when Bradley was elected to the Senate.) Senator Bradley answered:

"I did not, but I did have especial reference to the Legislature that elected my colleague." (Senator Paynter.)

HEARTY APPROVAL.

Before Chief Justice Peters of the Kentucky Court of Appeals was elevated to the bench, a client from a distant section spent the night with him. When the hour of retiring arrived the Judge, who was a strict member of the Christian Church, seated himself by a small table and, taking up the bible, said:

"My friend, we always have family worship before going to bed."

The client repiied:

"D——d good idea, d——d good idea, Judge."

PECULIAR FORTIFICATIONS.

During the Civil War, Col. Hoskins, in command of a brigade, was fortifying the Columbia road which entered Somerset, Kentucky, in order to resist the approach of General Zollicoffer's Confederate forces. However, this was not the only road entering the town.

Being very proud of his work he invited Hon. Joshua F. Bell to go out and view the fortifications, which Mr. Bell readily did. After viewing the works, Mr. Bell remarked:

"They are certainly splendid fortifications, but, Colonel, have you any agreement with Zollicoffer that he will enter the town by this road?"

UNDER COMPULSION.

Dr. W. F. Scott, of Somerset, Kentucky, at the breaking out of the Civil War, was an intense Union man and engaged actively in procuring young men to join the army. Among others he advised M. Claunch to volunteer. Claunch asked him why he (Scott) did not take that step. Scott responded:

"Because I am a doctor, and am compelled to remain here in order to look after the health of the people."

"Well," said Claunch, who was an undertaker, "I, too, am compelled to remain for the purpose of burying your patients."

Speeches of William O. Bradley

SPEECH SECONDING THE NOMINATION OF GEN. GRANT FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1880, AT CHICAGO.

NOTE—This convention is so historic that no especial reference to it is here needed. William O. Bradley was one of the "immortal 306" delegates in the convention who stood in solid voting plalanx for the third-time nomination of General Grant until the nomination of Garfield resulted. Grant was placed in nomination in a great speech by the superb Conkling, leader of the Grant forces, and this great seconding speech was delivered by Bradley.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Convention: I have never before witnessed such a scene of enthusiasm as this, and never expect to again until after the election of Gen. Grant in November. (Cheers.) We, too, heard the portentous storm of which the gentleman from Maine spoke. We beheld the bright lightning and heard the rolling thunder in its stately march. We saw the old Ship of State—strained in every timber—tossed upon the foaming waves of an angry sea. Again we beheld her as she safely entered port, but the pilot who sat at her wheel was the grand old hero, magnificent in the majesty of his silence. (Cheers and laughter).

I desire to second the nomination of that man who, through the goodness of God, during the darkest hours of our nationality, became the leader of the noblest army whose banners ever darkened the sky. (Applause.) Swept on by the waters of the lordly Mississippi from victory to victory, he, at length, wound his grand army like a serpent around the embattled hosts of treason and crushed them within its ample folds. (Cheers.) He gave voice and strength to the proclamation which struck the shackles from four millions of fellow-creatures. (Cheers.) The merciless slave driver tremblingly read it by the flash of his victorious cannon. (Cheers.) He pinned it on the breast of murderous treason with a million loyal bayonets. (Loud and prolonged applause.) And when the Confederate chieftain surrendered his sword he accepted it with one hand, while, with the other, he gave substantial aid to his brave and fallen foe. (Applause.) There never was a success, however complete, that witnessed his persecution of a powerless enemy; there never was a misfortune, however dire, that visited his country or his friend, that witnessed his betrayal of either. (Immense applause and cries of

"never") Called by a grateful people twice to the office of President to perfect that which was baptized with the fires of battle and sealed with the covenant of blood, he, at all times, proved honest, efficient, capable, and brave. (Applause.) By his wise statesmanship our relations with other countries were extended and strengthened, protection was offered the humblest man beneath the flag, and arbitration palsied the hand of war. And when the hour of financial distress came upon us, and some of our most trusted leaders were lost in its tangled meshes, in a laconic message of half a dozen lines he dispersed the angry horde that was clamoring at the door of the Treasury, and made specie resumption a possibility. (Applause.) Descending from this high estate, he girdled the earth with renown as he traveled in the pathway of the sun. (Applause.) Wherever he journeyed kings lifted their crowns in recognition of his merit, and nations hastened to do him honor. (Cheers.) But amid all this pageant, this hero worship, this grandest experience the world has ever known, he ever remained the plain and unassuming American citizen. We heard his voice as it came over the white-caps of the sea: "It is not on my account these honors are done me, but by reason of the great country I represent." (Loud cheers.)

In this momentous hour, when we reflect upon our recent history; when we remember that only a few months since the dominant party in Congress undertook to starve the Nation to death and throttle the Executive; when we recollect that only a short while after that Democracy attempted to defeat the will of Maine at the ballot box; when we recall the recent threats of those exalted in power to inaugurate "their" President, whether elected or not, we turn instinctively to Grant. (Loud cheers.) We demand a man whose very name will carry terror to the hearts of our country's foes. (Cheers.) We demand a man, at the sound of whose bugle call, a million soldiers will spring into being to inaugurate him, if legally elected. (Tremendous applause). We demand a man, who, rising to the necessities of the hour, may say, "Let us have peace," and whose voice will be heard and heeded all over our beautiful land. (Cheers.) We demand a man whose name is the synonym of power—not kingly power, but the power which represents a preserved nationality on the one hand and a defeated treason on the other. (Cries of "good" and cheers.)

I come not here to sound the praises of a trained politician; of a trumpeter, who, inciting others to battle, slily creeps away and hides himself during the conflict, and, when it is over, crawls forth and claims the victory which others have honorably won. (Applause and

laughter.) He sits enthroned in the hearts of fifty millions of people, wearing no imperial crown, but a wreath of modest laurel, in which glitter such names as Donelson, Vicksburg, Shiloh, and Appomattox. (Loud applause.) The slanders of lying tongues, the malice of envious hearts, have not been able to tear a single leaf from that crown. (Applause.) They may, for a moment, have darkened the luster of his name, but, vanishing before the light of truth as clouds before the sun, have left it only brighter by the contrast. His fame is as broad as the universe, as deep as the ocean which, with pride, so recently bore him on her bosom, and will live as long as the heavens bend above us, or the stars are reflected in the sea. (Immense applause.)

Kentucky,—holding within her bosom the ashes of the "Great Commoner," and in her heart the memory of her best and greatest native son, the adopted child of Illinois and our martyred President,—instructs me, in the name of these and her hundred thousand brave soldiers who marched under his command, to second the nomination of U. S. Grant. (Loud and continuous applause.)

SPEECH DEDICATING THE KENTUCKY BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO, JUNE 1st, 1893.

Into this splendid presence we come to dedicate the "Old Kentucky Home." Surrounded, as it is, by the buildings of the other States, it is appropriate that, while honoring Kentucky, we should honor the Nation, as well.

Today, the history of our country passes before us in grand panoramic review. The humble colonies which, but little more than one hundred years ago, gave utterance to that immortal declaration that went ringing 'round the world, have been transformed, as by the magician's wand, into the richest country on the globe, the workshop and granary of the world. The principles then enunciated expanded as the years rolled on, until the last vestige of slavery that obscured the flag was torn away, and its unveiled stars lighted the world. Meanwhile, we have been taught that poverty is not a badge of inferiority, but that intelligence and true manhood alone constitute the standard of American citizenship. From every cabin there is a path-

way that leads to fame, and along its unpretentious course, to the Chief Magistracy, have passed the nation's most illustrious sons.

In view of this almost boundless wealth, these wonderful possibilities, this perfect liberty, let us renew our vows at Freedom's shrine, and form higher and nobler resolutions for earnest and patriotic endeavor. Let us not forget that this nation was created by the people, that it is founded on their intelligence and patriotism, and that its perpetuity depends on the ceaseless cultivation of the one, and the unfettered promotion of the other. Education is the fountain of national prosperity, and, if neglected, the Republic must sooner or later take its place in the scepterless empire of forgotten dust. Let us strive to awaken the mind and conscience of the masses, to a realization of the truth that party fealty should at all times be held subservient to the public good; and that, after each contest for national supremacy, the contending waves of political strife should sink to rest as the billows after the storm.

In this dedication, Kentucky gives homage to the undaunted courage, indomitable perseverance, and unerring judgment of Christopher Columbus. The sheen of his fame extends across the waters, culminating here in a blaze of glory.

But, while we congratulate ourselves on the country's splendid progress and the liberality of its institutions, and while we honor the memory of men, we should remember, that for all we are and all we hope to be, we owe the first and most sacred debt of gratitude to the power that directed the caravels of Columbus across the trackless deep; that strengthened the arm of Washington in the struggle for Independence; that has watched over us with so much tenderness during all these eventful years; and the State and Nation should, on bended knees, with reverential voice, give thanks to Him "who layeth the beams of his chamber in the waters, and rideth on the wings of the wind."

This day, with her sister States, Kentucky joins in Freedom's swelling chorus as it sweeps from sea to sea. With them she extends, in hospitality, a hand that never struck defenseless foe and never knew dishonor. God, bless Kentucky! We would not part with one atom of her soil or one line of her history. Would that I might weave a fitting garland for her brow! Would that I possessed the brush and genius of Raphael, that I might paint her as she is! Would that, with the chisel of Phidias, I might create anew the forms and features of her glorious sons! Would that, with the descriptive power and vivid imagery of Byron, I might portray the lives and actions of her heroes and statesmen! Would that I were gifted with

the sublime and soaring melody of Milton, that I might charm the world with the song of her glory! But, even then, I should be unable to reproduce the verdure of her fields, the grandeur of her mountains, the brightness of her skies, the heroism of her people, the wisdom of her statesmen, and the beauty of her women—God, bless them!—"the fairest that e'er the sun shone on."

As convincing proof of the truth of this claim of Kentucky's superiority, we point with pride to the chief lady officer of this Exposition, Mrs. Potter Palmer. It is difficult to conjecture what would have become of this great state of Illinois had not Kentucky given her, Lincoln, Stevenson, Cullom, Carter Harrison, Oglesby, and Mrs. Palmer.

One hundred and one years ago, this day, Kentucky was admitted into the Union. She was among the first to enter, and will be the last to leave it. Her history has been eventful. The trials, endurance, and heroism of pioneer life were never more fully exemplified elsewhere. Harrod, Boone, Kenton, Clark, McAfee, Whitley, and Logan are names blended with hers as the warp is blended with the woof. They hewed their way through forests primeval, and drove the savage beyond her borders. After them came the pioneer statesmen, Marshall, Bullitt, Nicholas, Brown, Breckinridge, and Clay. The sons of these knight-errants of civilization inherited the endurance, bravery, and ability of their sires. No wonder then, it is, that the name of Kentucky is famous throughout the world.

Her statesmen have taken a leading part in every great contest since she became a State. In every battle fought for the honor and safety of the Republic, she has taken an important and enviable part. The blood of her sons has enriched every field, and their deeds illumine every page of the Nation's history. In the beautiful cemetery, that from the frowning cliff overlooks the Kentucky's placid waters, sleep many of her bravest sons. The monument to gallant Richard Johnson tells the glory of the Thames, while within its shadow lie the remains of McKee, Clay, and others, borne by loving hands from bloody Buena Vista. Above them the State has reared a monument, to whose base, the rising generation may go for patriotic inspiration, and read the simple story of the brave and true, whose death and lives, as well, added luster to the name of their dearly beloved Commonwealth. In life, they loved their State; in death, she has not forgotten them.

Nor would we draw the veil over the Civil War that swept with cyclonic fury across the State; for, the anguish and desolation that followed in its path are more than compensated for by its splendid achieve-

ments. From Kentucky came the two chief actors in that memorable struggle—Lincoln and Davis. The one, imbued with the zealous faith of Peter the Hermit, wielded the ax of Richard; the other, endowed with the chivalry of Bayard, wielded the scimiltar of Saladin. On either side Kentuckians went forth to battle, and wherever they fought or fell, won fresh laurels for their mother's crown. It is not proper at this time that we should enter into a discussion of the cause or merit of that great conflict. Its glories belong to us; its animosities to oblivion. Nature, with vines and flowers, has obliterated every mark that defaced the landscape; the roar of cannon has been succeeded by the sad, sweet notes of the dove; while time has healed every wound, and with fingers, kindly deft, erased malicious hate from every heart. With equal warmth the same bright sun shines over all; the same pure stars their ceaseless vigils keep above the silent chambers of her soldier dead; while Kentucky, with impartial tenderness, holds their ashes in her bosom, their memories in her heart. From their mingled dust has bloomed the flower of Hope. Forever perish the impious hand that would pluck it from the stem!

In coming years, after the survivors of the blue and gray have crossed the shadowy line, their backs to time, their faces to eternity, should foes without, or enemies within, assault this fair fabric of constitutional liberty, the Hobsons and Morgans, the Harlans and Blackburns, the Frys and Lewises, the Landrams and Helms, the Colliers and Dukes, the Rousseaus and Prestons, the Clays and Johnsons, the Boyles and Hansons, the Kellys and Marshalls, the Nelsons and Breckinridges, will be found marching side by side under the dear old flag, protecting its shining folds from every stain, and planting it in triumph wherever honor points, or duty calls.

To mention the names of all Kentucky's sons who have won renown, would require more than the time allotted now. In the realm of statesmanship, we point to Beck, Speed, Breckinridge, Letcher, Crittenden, Clay, and Lincoln. In surgery, to Jackson, Dudley, and McDowell. In journalism, to Penn, Harney, and Prentice. In theology, to Bascom, Waller, Johnson, Reece, and Breckinridge. In invention, to Kelley, Rumsey, and Barlow. In jurisprudence, to Owsley, Nicholas, Boyle, and Robertson. In oratory, to Marshall, Barry, Daviess, and Menefee. In advocacy, to Rowan, Hardin, and Wickliffe.

Proud as she is of these departed sons, Kentucky may be congratulated upon the fact that she has within her borders living sons, whose ability, learning, and distinction in all the avenues of life, are not surpassed by those who left her the legacy of their renown.

From Translyvania, Georgetown, and Centre College, have graduated many able and brilliant men, who, as Congressmen, Governors, Senators, Judges, and Vice Presidents have reflected a halo around the names of Rice, Campbell, and Young.

It was the hand of a Kentuckian that wrote the immortal proclamation which struck the chains from four million human beings. In common with Illinois, we revere his memory. Kentucky gave him birth, Illinois a home, the Republic its most exalted station. In return he gave freedom to a race, peace to the nation, his life to liberty, and to posterity a name, the most illustrious in all the tides of time.

While contemplating Kentucky's achievements, we are not unmindful of her faults. We know that she does not, in wealth and progress, occupy the position to which she is entitled; but she is awakening from her lethargy; she has entered, with spirit and determination, the race for supremacy; and, strong of arm and swift of foot, must be the State that passes her before the goal is won. There is no State in the Union that possesses so many natural advantages. She has forests that have scarce felt the stroke of the woodman's axe; water power sufficient to propel the machinery of the world; inexhaustible deposits of coal; the swiftest horses; the most valuable cattle; a fruitful soil that is never ungrateful to the husbandman; and a people whose rugged honesty, open-handed hospitality, lofty chivalry, and native intelligence are unsurpassed in any clime. Today, she invites, not the pauper and the anarchist, but all the worthy people of the world who may desire new homes, to come and sit down under her roof tree; to seek the hidden wealth of her mountains, or to revel in the beauties of her pastoral repose where the bluegrass spreads its verdure, the tassle of the corn bends gracefully in the breeze, and the golden grain in rich profusion falls at the reaper's feet.

All honor to Kentucky and Kentuckians! May her future be even more glorious than her past. May her name grow brighter with each coming sunrise, and her fame broader with each setting sun. May her matchless daughters continue to occupy the same high place of womanhood, their beauty surpassed alone by their Christian virtues. May her sons, with sword and pen, write more enduring and illustrious names on the pillars of the Nation's temple than those who have gone before, and may her children never forget God or betray their country. And may all her sister States move grandly forward, overcoming every obstacle, accomplishing every desire, until the Nation shall become the perfection of human liberty and wisdom, the Anointed of God!

"Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light;
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,—
Union and liberty!—one evermore!"

EXTRACT FROM WILLIAM O. BRADLEY'S SPEECH IN REPLY TO THAT OF GEN. P. WAT HARDIN, IN JOINT DEBATE AT THE OLD AUDITORIUM IN LOUISVILLE, KY., ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 19, 1895, WHEN THEY WERE OPPOSING CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR.

NOTE—General Hardin, in his opening speech, had made some reference to "Carpetbagger" and "Carpetbaggers" in speaking of Bradley and the Republican party, and Bradley, in his reply, made this response thereto:

It is not my purpose here, tonight, to undertake to recount to you the history of the Republican party. I am here to discuss the living issues, and not those that are dead. The history of the Republican party, and the achievements of the Republican party, have been written by the pen of its statesmen and carved by the sword of its soldiers, and shall live when the memory of the present is dead. Neither am I here to speak of the War—as my friend (General Hardin), spoke of it. Thank God! the War has been over for many, many long years; and I am one of those who believe that its animosities belong to oblivion, and that its glories are the heritage of all.

My friend, tonight, in undertaking to tell you the terrible things which would come upon Kentucky in the event that the Republicans should succeed, referred to the "carpetbag ring" in the South after the War. I would have my friend understand—and I have for him the highest personal regard; but, as much as I love him, I want him to understand—that I am as much a Kentuckian as he is, and I am entitled to as much at the hands of the people of the State as he. I am

no "carpetbagger." I am not asking that I be permitted to fatten on the misfortunes of my State; but I am asking that you turn out of power the party that has fattened on her misfortunes. "Carpet-baggers!" Did I hear you say, "carpet-baggers?" My father and my grandfather before me, were Kentuckians. My people, on both sides, and my mother and my father, were Kentuckians; and I thank God for it! In this grand old State repose the dust of my ancestors, and the dust of my loved ones; and I love old Kentucky, God bless her!

The past is behind us, the future before us. Let us march forward to the future with steady step, and true. Let us look for the good of our common country. Let us remember that we are brothers, all; and, however, much we may condemn the political party opposed to us, we are one people, of one flesh, one bone, and one destiny; and that destiny, the noblest, I trust, that God has ever vouchsafed to man.

TRIBUTE, AS GOVERNOR, TO KENTUCKY, DELIVERED AT THE TIME OF THE CHRISTENING OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY," AT NEWPORT NEWS, VA., MARCH 24, 1898.

NOTE—Contrary to the usual custom of breaking against the vessel, in the ceremony of christening and launching, a flask of champagne or other spirituous liquor, in the christening of the Battleship "Kentucky," performed by Miss Christine Bradley, daughter of Governor Bradley, a flask containing water from a spring on the farm in Hardin County, Kentucky, where Abraham Lincoln was born, was used.

Which Kentucky?

It is the Kentucky whose people, with one acclaim, return thanks to the distinguished Secretary of the Navy for the splendid compliment paid them today, and to the builders of the ship for their kind and generous courtesy and hospitality.

It is the Kentucky whose name is written indelibly upon every chapter of the nation's history since her admission into the sisterhood of States.

It is the Kentucky whose brave, bold pioneers rescued the wilderness from the savage and made it blossom as a rose.

It is the Kentucky, the eloquence of whose Clay, Crittenden, Marshall, and Breckinridge shook the halls of Congress and stirred the hearts of the people on the hustings.

It is the Kentucky of waving grass, and crystal streams; of blended mountain-top and sky, and chivalrous men and beautiful women.

It is the Kentucky whose gallant sons have won fame upon the ocean, and christened heathen lands with their precious blood.

It is the Kentucky whose great heart beats with sympathy for every land, whose children hope and pray for recognition of the independence of suffering and starving Cuba, such as will send a thrill of joy to the hearts of struggling patriots and shake the palace of Madrid.

Of this Kentucky I cannot fittingly speak in the short time allotted. But it is the other Kentucky that calls for speech and poetry and song; the "Kentucky" which today gave its first kiss to the sea. There is no better ship; there could be no better name.

When fully manned and equipped, she starts on her mission, we shall exclaim, "God, bless Kentucky on the land; God, speed and protect Kentucky on the sea!"

No ship has ever been christened as it has been. Not according to the custom of pirate Viking, clad with the skins of wild beasts—but with sparkling water from the spring which quenched the infant thirst of him who saved our country from destruction. And when the great ship majestically moves to the glorious destiny which is in store for it, it will be sanctified by the prayers of more Christian women than for all the others that have moved on the bosom of the deep.

Whether under calm and cloudless skies, or struggling with tempest and wave, whether in peace or war, there shall hover over it, not the spirit of alcohol, which has destroyed so many lives, desolated so many homes, and caused the shedding of so much blood and so many tears, but the spirit of Kentucky's noblest son, the grandest man in all the tides of time, symbolized by God's gift to man—that which causes the earth to yield its fruits and harvests, which cleanses and purifies, which quenches the thirst of the living and relieves the parched lips of the wounded and dying.

Purity and patriotism have today been blended in the christening of this ship, which, I predict, shall win more fame, gather more laurels, and accomplish more good, than any that has ever swept the sea.

And, in parting with this noble vessel, Kentuckians with one voice, exclaim:

"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers and tears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!"

ADDRESS, AS GOVERNOR, AT CHICKAMAUGA PARK, ACCEPTING AND DEDICATING THE KENTUCKY MONUMENT—A NOBLE SHAFT, APPROPRIATELY INSCRIBED—MAY 3, 1898.

NOTE:—The State of Kentucky erected a monument on the site of the Chickamauga battlefield to commemorate the brave deeds of Kentucky soldiers on both sides of the conflict in the Civil War. This erection—the first of its kind—was made agreeably to recommendation of Gov. Bradley to the Kentucky Legislature, and, on May 3, 1898, formal ceremonies were held at Chickamauga, and the shaft accepted from the Commission appointed to erect it, and turned over and presented to the Chickamauga Park Commission, Gov. Bradley making the following beautiful and patriotic speech of acceptance and presentation:

The State of Kentucky thanks you, and each member of the Commission, for the promptness, economy, efficiency, and ability with which you and they have discharged every duty connected with this good work.

Standing within the shadow of Missionary Ridge, whose crest and sides but little more than a third of a century ago were lighted with glistening bayonets and the fires which flashed from musketry and cannon of Lookout Mountain, where contending armies mingled the colors of their uniforms with those of the clouds that hung about them; surrounded by hills and valleys, across which swept armed legions to victory or defeat; within sight of the spots hallowed by the blood of Croxton and Helm, a rush of glorious memories comes over us, causing each heart to throb more rapidly, and each bosom to expand with patriotic emotion. Here and there are beautiful monuments, erected by the various States in honor of their gallant sons; and, today, Kentucky comes, with gentle and loving hand, to unveil a tribute to her noble race, placing upon the graves of the dead a wreath of immortelles, and crowning alike with laurels the brows of all who survived that terrible conflict.

Every land has its traditions, poetry, and song. In each is some monument which, with mute eloquence, proclaims, "Stop, traveler, thou treadest on a hero." History, indeed, is but the epitome of patriotism, and the whole earth its monument.

But to be enabled, as are our people, to point to numerous battlefields, where opposing armies of embittered enemies met in the shock of battle which startled the world, and, in a third of a century thereafter, to behold the remnants of those armies and their descendants congregating upon this historic spot in one common brotherhood, under one flag, each striving to do it most honor, is without a parallel in the annals of time, and its like will never be seen again. This is the grandest of all monuments. A monument composed of love of country and complete reconciliation, whose base is as broad as our national domain, and from whose summit angels of love and peace soar heavenward with each rising sun.

Many monuments have been erected upon battlefields of this Republic, but it has remained for Kentucky to be the first of all the States, with tender and motherly devotion, to erect a blended monument to all her sons; a monument that carries with it, and upon it, complete reconciliation of all contending passions.

This shaft is dedicated, not alone to those who died on this and surrounding fields, but, also, to the gallant survivors, who, when the frowning clouds of war were dispelled by the bright sunshine of peace, returned to their homes to repair broken fortunes, and are today numbered among the best and most distinguished citizens of the Commonwealth.

Kentucky has evinced no partiality in this evidence of loving remembrance. It carries with it no heartburning, no jealousy, no invidious distinction. It is not an emblem of honor to the victor and reproach to the vanquished—but an equal tribute to the worth of all. In the future, the descendants of chivalrous Confederates may proudly gaze upon it, realizing that the State has honored their ancestors, and that, although their cause was lost, their heroism is revered, and their memories perpetuated. And the sons of the brave men who fought on the other side may look upon it with equal pride, feeling that it fitly commemorates the gallant deeds of their illustrious ancestors, who preserved the nation from destruction. May it endure forever, standing guard over victor and vanquished, with the statue that surmounts it, in one hand holding the torch of liberty shedding abroad its benign rays; in the other grasping the sword, emblematical of the strength of one people, ready and anxious at all times to uphold the integrity of

our country, and to drive, wounded and bleeding from its shores, any insolent foe that shall ever dare invade them.

The heroism of Buckner, Breckinridge, Helm, Preston and Lewis is the inheritance of every man who wore the blue; the gallantry of Rousseau, Crittenden, Whittaker, Croxton and Price, the inheritance of every man who wore the gray. They were all Americans, each, from his standpoint, contending for what he believed to be right, and now that we are one people in mind and heart, their common glory is our common heritage.

The conflict of 1861 was inevitable. For years preceding that period we had two civilizations. One, founded on the "justice of slavery," and the sovereignty of each State, espoused by a brave and impetuous people; the other, founded on the declaration that all men were created equal, and the sovereignty of the nation, espoused by a conservative and brave people. For years antagonisms and bitterness increased between the sections until the dispute, by force of circumstances, was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword.

The struggle was inaugurated by the South, not so much to dissolve the Union—though that was its natural sequence—as to preserve property rights and to vindicate the doctrine of State sovereignty. It was met with the purpose of preserving the Union, establishing the supreme power of the nation, even though slavery should die; and, later, for the direct purpose of making all men free.

The statesmen of that day compare favorably with those of any period of the nation's history. The soldiers were as superb as any who ever veiled the sun with their banners, or shook the earth with their martial tread. Grant and Lee, Johnson and Sherman, Sheridan and Jackson, Longstreet and Thomas, rank with the great captains of ancient or modern times. Battles were fought, which in point of fatality and numbers engaged, surpassed all which preceded or followed them.

And now, after the mists of prejudice have melted from our eyes, and we are enabled to see the bright stars of truth and reason which shine beyond, all can plainly divine the sentiments which inspired the actors in that bloody drama.

That the Union should have been preserved and slavery abolished, all are ready to concede. That the victors won in honorable fight, no one will dispute. But while this is manifest, it is equally true that those who were fortunately defeated were inspired by sincere devotion to principles conscientiously believed to be just; that they fought with valor, equaled alone by those who opposed them, but never surpassed;

and their heroic suffering and bravery entitle them to the admiration of all mankind.

There could be no more convincing evidence of the righteous termination of that great struggle than the present grandeur and power of the Republic—today the richest nation on earth, the workshop and granary of the globe.

No sane man would revive the institution of slavery, for the heroic blood of our negro troops has obliterated every lingering regret of the master, and proclaimed, in unmistakable language, that the liberty of 1898 is better than the slavery of 1861.

A famous poem represents an imaginary midnight review of Napoleon's army. The skeleton of a drummer boy arises from the grave, and, with bony fingers, beats a long, loud reveille. At the sound the legions of the dead Emperor come from their graves, from every quarter where they fell. From Paris, from Toulon, from Rivoli, from Lodi, from Hohenlinden, from Wagram, from Austerlitz, from the cloud-capped summits of the Alps, from the shadows of the pyramids, from the snows of Moscow, from Waterloo,—they gather in one vast array, with Ney, McDonald, Massena, Duroc, Kleber, Murat, Soult, and other Marshals in command. Forming, they silently pass in melancholy procession before the Emperor, and are dispersed with "France" as the password, and "St. Helena" as the challenge.

Imagine the resurrection of the two great armies of the Civil War. We see them arising from Gettysburg, from the Wilderness, from Shiloh, from Missionary Ridge, from Stone River, from Chickamauga—yea, from an hundred fields—and passing, with their great commanders, in review before our martyred President. In their faces there is no disappointment, no sorrow, no anguish, but they beam with light and hope and joy. With them there is no St. Helena, no exile, and they are dispersed with "Union" as the challenge and "Reconciliation" as the password.

The monument dedicated today may, in the rush of years, crumble and fall into dust, but around the summits of Lookout and Missionary Ridge, like gathered mists, shall remain forever the memories of these historic fields, and in every heart shall be a monument of love and strength and patriotism, which will perpetuate, through all coming time, the glories of that great conflict.

Looking into the future, may not the fond hope be indulged: That, in the end, our country may, in all things, be deliberate, just, and wise? That our flag may wave in triumph, feared by tyrants in every land and on every sea? That beneath its folds shall gather the oppressed of every clime; and that the slave, struggling beneath the rod of op-

pression, shall feel his chains grow lighter, his heart to leap with joy, and shall hail its colors as a deliverance? That nations which have been bitten by the serpent of rapacity and conquest shall look upon its folds and be healed, as were those, who, with faith, looked upon the brazen image which was lifted up in the wilderness? God grant that ours shall be the victory of enlightenment and liberty, the triumph of right over might, of justice over injustice, of humanity over cruelty and oppression, until empires shall have passed away and the nations of earth become one!

And now, sir [to Gen. H. V. Boynton, President Chickamauga Park Commission] after thanking you for your uniform kindness and courtesy, I deliver into your worthy hands, as President of the Chickamauga Park Commission, with the full assurance that it shall be properly cared for, this heartfelt tribute of Kentucky to her valiant sons.

NOTE:—On this monument there was inscribed the following noble inscription, vital with the spirit of reconciliation and patriotism, written by Governor Bradley, and quoted in his Arlington and Kentucky Capitol addresess included herein:

> "As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and preserved every star on the Nation's flag."

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON, MAY 30, 1910.

This beautiful and impressive service should not be characterized alone by sadness. It is, indeed, a sad thought that we are surrounded by the graves of so many brave men who died that our country might live. Nevertheless, we rejoice that they did not die in vain.

Nor is this the time or place to indulge in bitterness or hate. Such feelings have long since been consigned to oblivion by all patriotic Americans. If there be one who fought for the Union or who sympathized with the cause, or if there be one who fought or sympathized with those who fought against it, who has not forgotten the heart-burnings of the past, and who today cherishes malice or ill-will against his brother, he merits the anathemas of mankind, should receive divine pity, and be born again.

The war having ended nearly half a century ago, for the instruction of the rising generation it is appropriate to refer to its causes without entering into their discussion, for they have been settled forever by the sword. These causes were a difference in constitutional construction and the contention concerning the justice of slavery. The overwhelming majority of the white people of the South owned slaves or sympathized with those who did, and believed the institution to be just and right. They believed, also, that the States were the source of all power, could rightfully control the Nation, and might resist it even to the extent of withdrawing from it.

Happily, in my State, there had lived a statesman who differed from the large majority of the great statesmen of the South, Henry Clay, who, many years before, had taught the people of Kentucky that they owed their first duty to the Nation, and their next to the State. Consequently, when the supreme moment arrived, the State of Kentucky, true to his teachings, loyally stood by the Union, contributing more than 86,000 of her sons to the Union army.

Let no man say that the people of the South were actuated by a desire to destroy this country purely from malice or wickedness, for it is not true. We but do them simple justice when we say that they believed in the teachings of their statesmen, while those who opposed them believed in the teachings of theirs. These differences of opinion, alone, were the occasion of the bloodiest war in all history; a war whose pathway was marked by the graves of dead heroes and the broken hearts of their widows and little ones. And yet, that war was a supreme blessing. We never could have settled the controversy except by the sword, and now it is settled forever, and no man but an enemy to his country's peace and welfare will ever attempt to unsettle the fact that this Nation is sovereign, and that no State can withdraw from it without its consent. Nor will any sane, honest, or patriotic man ever attempt to again place the blot of slavery upon the American flag. And the Spanish-American war, too, was a blessing to our country, because, when the swords of Grant and Lee no longer flashed over contending hosts, but reflected their blended light beneath the old flag, the whole world knew that while the swords of our countrymen were legion, "their bosoms were one." Nothing can be gained by recalling the animosities of the past. This is our home, this is our country; and, if we are to succeed, we must live as brothers and cultivate peace. I am not here to revile the soldiers who fought on the other side; but, on the contrary, I declare that their bravery and prowess entitle them to the admiration of mankind. They fought for what they **believed** to be right; we fought for what **was** right. It can not be

possible today that any sane man doubts that those who, in their silent chambers surround us, battled for the right.

When we contemplate this great country, its network of railroads, telegraph, and telephone lines; its great cables laid through the chainless waters of the mighty deep, across which flash messages from every country of the world; when we appreciate that the United States is the most wonderful Nation of the earth, the workshop of the world and its granary; when we see our broad fields of waving grain, our almost endless carpetings of grass and foliage lifting their rich offerings unto God; when we behold our flag waving in the distant Philippines, and Hawaii, carrying with it religion, morality, and education; when we see it floating from the ancient battlements of Porto Rico, and, but a short while ago, saw it waving triumphantly from the ancient walls of China; when we behold our splendid navy riding the waves of every sea, and our country, with all its power, at peace with all the world;—what manner of man must we believe him to be who would say that the settlement of that contest was not right?

On the battlefield of Chickamauga stands a monument erected by the State of Kentucky. The Commission conferred the very great honor of selecting from a message delivered by me as Governor the inscription on that monument. You will pardon me for quoting it, for I believe it epitomizes the feeling of every liberty-loving American citizen:

> "As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and preserved every star on the Nation's flag."

To the brave soldiers who saved the Union this country owes a debt of imperishable gratitude. Whenever I hear complaint of the pensions which these men are drawing my mind travels back to the full realization of all the suffering they endured, and I can not refrain from feeling a supreme contempt for him who utters it.

I have seen with pain that many old soldiers and soldiers' widows are being turned out of the government service in order to economize expenses. This seems nothing short of base ingratitude. These widows gave their husbands to the Nation; these old veterans gave their service and risked their lives for it; and now the Nation that they have saved seems to have forgotten them. Well might they exclaim, had they but served their God as faithfully as they have served their country they would not be thus abandoned in their old age. Had it

not been for them it is possible, even probable, that we would not have any governmental departments.

In a Swiss town, fenced with iron and protected by stone, stands an ancient lime tree. Ask the humblest citizen what it signifies, and he will proudly answer: "It is the nation's monument." That tree carries us back more than four hundred years to the day when the liberties of Switzerland were staked on the bloody field of Morat. After the invading French legions had been defeated, a wounded soldier ran to proclaim the glad tidings to his countrymen. On the way he assisted himself in climbing the mountain and fording the stream with a staff cut from a lime tree that stood near the battlefield. On reaching the town, exhausted and covered with blood, he sank to the earth and, shouting the one word, "Victory!"—expired. The staff was taken from his lifeless hand and planted upon the spot, where it soon grew into a beautiful tree, through whose foliage the winds for four hundred years have been singing, "Victory!"

On this day we should realize that every soldier's grave is the Nation's monument. Around them for nearly half a century the passing winds have been singing, "Victory!" Not a victory of conquest, but a victory marked by kindness and forgiveness, which saved the life of the grandest and best nation the world has ever known. We rejoice not in the death of those who opposed us, but we do rejoice in the death of their cause. With one hand we draw the mantle of forgetfulness over the mistakes and bitterness of the past, while with the other we hold aloft the star-gemmed flag of the Republic, which, we trust, shall wave in glory until the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll and the earth shall melt with fervent heat.

History records that Hamilcar accompanied his son Hannibal, when a youth, into the temple, and had him take an oath of hate to Rome. And the pages of history tell the fidelity with which that oath was kept. On this day in each year our children should assemble around these graves and register an oath, not of hate, but of loyalty to our institutions; an oath to preserve the Union of the States; an oath to protect the liberties of the people and the Constitution, which was conceived in so much wisdom and patriotism, and has been baptized and re-baptized in the blood of so many of our brave sons.

Today, we remember with pride the matchless services of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas, and their great armies which shook the earth with their martial tread. Many of these brave men have passed, and many are passing away. It is estimated that more than one hundred and thirty of them are dying between each rising and setting sun. The survivors and the widows of those who are dead are

the wards of the Republic, and should be remembered with an unsparing hand. While so many have died and are dying, their service to this country can never die. As long as the Potomac pours its waters into the Bay, as long as these firm hills shall stand, as long as these graves are watered by the clouds, mantled by the snows, and gilded by the sunshine, just so long will the name and fame of these heroes live and their sacrifices be unforgotten.

Flowers are the reflection of God's smiles. Whether they adorn the brow of the beautiful, nod their heads on the hilltops, or nestle in the valleys, they have a language peculiar to themselves. In their services they are used to honor the memories and emphasize the actions of the dead soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. Hence, they speak with myriad tongues. They tell us of the white wings that shielded the soldiers from the storm, the bustling camp, the weary march, the ringing notes of the bugle, the furious charge, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the groans of the wounded, the pangs of defeat, and the shouts of victory. They tell us of the sufferings of widow and orphan, the calm quiet of the grave, and the everlasting love of a loyal people. They tell us of the shattered regiments that came marching home after the conflict had ended and melted back into civil life "as the billows melt into the sea." With tender hands and loving hearts we strew them above the hallowed dust of our heroes. Today, I would weave a garland of roses and forget-me-nots for the graves of the Union, and one of lilies and myrtle for the graves of the Confederate dead. Upon the latter I would inscribe:

> "In loving forgetfulness of the animosities of the past we place these blossoms above those who bravely fought for a cause they believed to be right, and for the Republic as they thought it was."

While on the former I would inscribe:

> "In loving remembrance of those who fought for a cause that was right and for the Nation that is."

In all the national cemeteries are graves upon whose tablets are inscribed the sad and pathetically significant word, "Unknown." Such a monument is erected in this cemetery over more than 2,000 soldiers buried in one common grave. For these our feelings are peculiarly tender. They left happy homes, and weeping wives and mothers who

have never known their last resting place. Even now, ofttimes, in the stillness of the night tears are shed for these noble dead, and many a wife or mother longs—

"For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Some years ago, in a secluded spot in a Kentucky cemetery, I observed a grave, on the headstone of which was rudely carved the words, "A Federal soldier." An aged lady was kneeling by it, seemingly engaged in silent prayer. When she arose she placed a wreath of flowers on the grave, and turned to depart. Attracted by her action and kind motherly face, I asked:

"Is that the grave of your son?"

With tears coursing down her withered cheeks, she responded:

"No; my boy was a Confederate soldier and died in a Northern prison. I was unable to bring his remains home, and he sleeps among strangers. On every Decoration Day a noble Northern mother, who has a soldier son sleeping somewhere in an unknown grave in Southern soil, places flowers on the grave of my boy."

Then, pointing to the little mound on which she had placed the wreath, she said:

"It may be her boy is buried there, and, as long as God gives me strength, I shall come every Decoration Day and place flowers on that grave."

Alas! alas! these dead are unknown here, but we indulge the hope that they are not unknown up yonder; that their loved ones shall clasp their hands on the other shore;—

"For, oh! if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering, heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

The steps of the old veterans are feeble and slow, their locks are white, their eyes are dim, but to them how beautiful must be the picture of America's present greatness. It is the star of freedom in the West. It sheds its light throughout the whole world; it shines on every ocean wave, illumines every mountain crag, spreads over every smiling and restful valley, and is an inspiration to the oppressed of every land. These veterans preserved this asylum of the free. Let us thank them, not from our lips alone, but from our hearts. Let us thank them not, alone, with words, but by acts. When the country

needed them they found a sword, and now that they need the country, let it find for them a home.

Sometimes we are criticised for "flying the flag." Such a criticism is unjust. Too much can not be said about it, for it is loved by all. It is the emblem of the Nation's history, its grandeur, and its power. It borrows its colors from the sky. Its red symbolizes the blood of patriots, living and dead, from the War of the Revolution to 1910; from Bunker Hill to San Juan Hill; and from Lake Erie to Santiago and Manila Bays. Its blue represents the uniform of the Nation's heroes; its white the purity of our institutions; its stars the great States of our glorious Union, firmly set in the firmament of freedom. It was the flag of Washington, Paul Jones, Jackson, Perry, Scott, and Grant. It is now the flag of every citizen of the Republic. It carries no badge of slavery, no stain of dishonor. On land or sea, at home, in Korea, in the Philippines, in Porto Rico, in the Hawaiian Islands, and on the frowning walls of China, it has been borne in triumph and in honor. It is the symbol of prosperity, liberty, and peace. It is lifted up for the healing of the nations as was the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness.

Oh, the flag! the flag! We gaze upon it with patriotic emotion akin to adoration; we press it to our bosoms with fervent affection. It was the flag of our fathers; it is the flag of their sons; it shall be the flag of those who come after us until there shall be sounded the last note of time!

ORATION DELIVERED JUNE 2, 1910, AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY, AT THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES OF THE NEW STATE CAPITOL.

We are assembled at this splendid Capitol, the most enduring monument to those who conceived and constructed it, near the historic stream that laves the base of cliffs which, for ages, like grim sentinels, have stood guard over it; above whose rugged brow lies the beautiful city of the dead in which sleep so many brave and gifted sons of Kentucky. In the midst of this inspiring scene, looking backward through the vista of the past, we are moved by many tender memories, and inspired with an ambition and patriotism which renew the strength of the old, and nerve the arms and hearts of the young who are soon to take the places of those who now direct the affairs of our beloved

Commonwealth. God grant that in wisdom, learning, and in all that makes men truly good and great, they may surpass those who have gone, and those who are now entering the twilight that soon shall melt into everlasting earthly darkness, as much as this splendid building surpasses in grandeur that which it supersedes!

While we, with so much pleasurable pride dedicate this building, we turn with painful and affectionate regret from the old Capitol around which cluster so many precious and glorious memories. To-day, the din of party clamor is stilled, and the wings of political strife are folded and at rest. Every sword is sheathed, and beneath the overhanging sky, peace, sweet peace, like a gentle benediction, hovers over all. We have forgotten all animosity, and are impressed only with the inspiring thought—that we are Kentuckians, proud of the State which we all love so devotedly, and which, those who come after us, shall love—

> "'Till the sun grows cold, and the stars are old,
> And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

The whole history of the Commonwealth now passes before us, not as an insubstantial dream, but as a splendid reality that causes each heart to swell with pride.

We see Kentucky in the beginning—a gloomy and almost impenetrable wilderness, whose stillness was broken, alone, by the cries of savages and wild beasts, the songs of the birds, and the rippling of many waters. Into this wild and dangerous land, boldly and fearlessly came Boone, Kenton, Harrod, Logan, McAfee, Whitley, and many other sturdy pioneers. Their muscles were strong as iron, their nerves elastic as Damascus blades, and their heads and hearts imbued with indomitable courage and noble resolution. Soon followed the struggle with the savage which lasted almost continuously for twenty years. The sound of the woodman's ax was the first note of civilization. Gradually, the darkness of the forest was broken with clearings made by stalwart hands. Inch by inch, foot by foot, they pressed onward and forward until they carved from the wilderness a State whose name and fame compare favorably with any the world has ever known.

The coming of women in 1775 was the crowning glory in that period, for with them came purification, love of home, and the elevation of the men. Nothing is more wonderful than that they should willingly have turned from security and civilization and followed their husbands, fathers, and brothers into a wilderness, unexplored, forbidding, and dangerous; and nothing could have impelled them save

the sublimest courage, combined with unwavering faith in the Great Ruler of the Universe. The most exalted place in all that trying period is held by the noble, intrepid mothers of the Commonwealth, who exhibited so much heroism and labored so faithfully and loyally to cheer the solitude and strengthen the hands of their loved ones.

"Not as the Conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the forest gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

To detail their deeds of daring and harrowing experiences cannot be attempted now, for days and even weeks would be consumed in their recital. While they are recorded in letters of blood, those letters are gilded with living light.

To Daniel Boone who said of himself that he "had been ordained by God to settle the wilderness," we owe our profoundest debt of gratitude; for his bold and adventurous spirit, his lofty courage and splendid leadership, inspired all others. Kentucky never did a more creditable act than when she brought his remains and those of his devoted wife, from Missouri, interred them on yonder cliff, and placed above them a fitting monument in evidence of her gratitude.

Nor should Kentucky alone be grateful to Daniel Boone. The whole nation owes him a debt of gratitude, for he inaugurated the great march of civilization over the mountains, which crossed the continent and rested not until it halted on the shores of the Pacific.

Notwithstanding George Rogers Clark's illustrious services, his remains now rest in Cave Hill Cemetery, unmarked by any monument, which is but little less than a disgrace to the State and Nation for which he accomplished so much. But, while this is true, his deeds are recorded in history, and in all coming time the name of George Rogers Clark shall shine with resplendent lustre.

A French officer who met Clark at Yorktown, on his return to France, said to the King, "Sire, there are two Washingtons in America." "What do you mean?" said the King. "I mean,' he replied, "that there is a Washington whom the world knows, and there is George Rogers Clark, the conqueror of the Northwest, as great a man as Washington in his field of action for the opportunities given him."

In those early days there came to Kentucky a number of earnest Christian ministers bearing the banner of the cross into the wilderness. To them we are indebted more than can be estimated.

As early as 1787, the Kentucky Gazette, the first newspaper west of the Alleghenies, was published at Lexington; and from that unpretentious beginning has grown the splendid press we now have, which in point of influence, learning, and genius, is second to that of no other State of the Union.

In 1787 the Transylvania Seminary, the first college west of the Alleghenies, was chartered by Virginia and endowed with 20,000 acres of land. Its first session was held at the home of David Rice, the first pioneer Presbyterian preacher at Danville, but was, the following year, removed to Lexington, where it took the name of Transylvania University; and through all the vicissitudes of peace and war for more than one hundred and twenty-five years, it has flourished, sending from its classic halls many of the distinguished men who have contributed to the upbuilding of the State and Nation.

In the history of American Commonwealths there can be found no people who struggled so actively, earnestly, and persistently and against so many adverse circumstances for Statehood, as the people of Kentucky; and the people of no State have so frequently demonstrated their unswerving loyalty to the Union. Many times they were disappointed, but each disappointment added fresh impetus to their efforts.

From 1784 to 1791, through numerous conventions, the effort was made for State independence; and during that period it is estimated that fifteen hundred settlers were slain by their savage foes. Beset with savages, unable to legislate for their own protection, far distant from Virginia, considering the means of travel then existing, with both Virginia and the general Government seemingly deaf to their entreaties, their condition was indeed both precarious and pathetic. Meanwhile, they were denied free navigation of the Mississippi, which was a severe blow.

Thus situated, Spain offered free navigation of the Mississippi and all else that might be asked, while England offered to obtain such navigation for them and give them the same protection she was then giving to Canada; each offer, however, being made on condition that Kentucky should secede from Virginia and become an independent republic.

Though Spanish gold was sent to corrupt the people, it was accepted only in one or two instances. But brave and loyal young Kentucky, apparently deserted as she was by her friends, turned a deaf

ear to the tempters, and bearing her burdens with Spartan fortitude, declared her loyalty to Virginia and the Union, and from that time to this, through all vicissitudes, however trying, she has continued loyal, and will so continue as long as the Union shall exist.

At length her petition was granted, and in February, 1791, Congress passed an act to admit Kentucky as one of the States of the Union, to take effect June 1, 1792. April 3, 1792, delegates met and framed the first Constitution, which became effective on the 1st day of June thereafter.

Vermont did not seek Statehood until long after Kentucky, but, being more favorably situated, with characteristic Yankee shrewdness, managed to first become a State. We justly contend that Statehood should equitably date from the time of application, and that in truth Kentucky was the first-born of the Union.

It is not strange that from the sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestors of pioneer days, have sprung the strong, brave, intelligent, and patriotic people who now inhabit this State.

There are no people in the world who have such marked individuality, and who are so thoroughly devoted to their State. Recently an Indianian, Ohioan, and Kentuckian were conversing concerning their birthplaces. The Ohioan said if he had not been born in Ohio he would prefer to have been born in Indiana, and the Indianian, not to be surpassed in politeness, said that if he had not been born in Indiana, he would prefer to have been born in Ohio. Then, turning to the Kentuckian, they asked him his second choice for a birthplace; whereupon, with characteristic Kentucky individuality, he replied, "If I had not been born in Kentucky I would be ashamed of myself."

In 1792, the State Capital was located at Frankfort, and, despite many efforts to remove it to other localities, the determined citizens of this little city succeeded in retaining it. Among them Col. Edmund H. Taylor did the most effective work, and to him the Frankfort people owe their chief debt of gratitude. The controversy was finally put to rest by the last Constitution, which provides that the Capital should continue at Frankfort unless removed by a vote of two-thirds of each House of the first General Assembly that should convene after its adoption. At that session no removal was attempted, and now the matter is settled forever.

Here the people of Kentucky shall assemble in coming time; here they shall be inspired with patriotism as they stand beside the monuments of Boone and Johnson, and that majestic marble shaft which commemorates the deeds of the heroes of the Indian wars, the War

of 1812, and the Mexican war, of which Kentucky's immortal O'Hara wrote these surpassingly beautiful and enduring lines:

"Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

* * * * * * *

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

The rough draft of this greatest of all martial elegies was written by O'Hara in the Frankfort Cemetery as he sat beside the graves of his comrades who fell at Buena Vista. All of its verses appear on tablets in the National Cemetery at Arlington, while some of them may be found in other cemeteries of America, and even in military cemeteries of the Old World.

After Kentucky became a State she was again involved in conflict with the Indians, and in 1811 her sons with alacrity went to the assistance of their comparatively defenseless brethren in the Northwest, and at Tippecanoe, under Gen. Harrison, gallantly and materially assisted in defeating and routing the Indians. Harrison said of them in one of his general orders: "It is rarely that a General has to complain of the excessive ardor of his men, yet such appears always to be the case whenever the Kentucky militia are engaged."

During the Napoleonic wars England and France blockaded their ports. The English upon this shallow pretext for a period of twenty years, seized and confiscated many American ships with their cargoes, and impressed thousands of American sailors. Imbued with hatred for the British by reason of their cruel conduct, which he witnessed in Virginia in early childhood, intense love of country and just indignation by reason of these outrages, our own Henry Clay in the Senate of the United States, portrayed the wrongs inflicted on America with such tremendous power and resistless eloquence that he pre-

cipitated the War of 1812. When war was declared, the President called for 100,000 militia—Kentucky's quota being 5,200 men. Within a few weeks 7,000 Kentuckians volunteered. Meanwhile, the English, with their Indian allies, continued to murder the settlers and lay waste their homes in the Northwest.

After many conflicts of lesser importance, in 1813 Commodore Perry won his famous victory on Lake Erie, reported in that memorable dispatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." We are justly proud of the fact that one-fourth of the force engaged in that battle was composed of Kentuckians.

Shortly after this, Kentucky, led by Gov. Shelby, under Gen. Harrison, participated in the battle of the Thames. In that decisive battle the regiment of mounted infantry, commanded by Col. Richard M. Johnson, won imperishable renown. With the cry of "Remember Raisin, and Revenge!" they charged into the ranks of the British and Indians, and with resistless fury drove them from the fields before the regular infantry could arrive to take part in the conflict.

Kentuckians remained at peace until the breaking out of the Mexican war. During this period the State began a system of internal improvements. Many miles of turnpike were constructed, a railroad built from Lexington to Frankfort, and the locking and damming of various rivers commenced. Smith in his history—the best State history ever published—estimates the amount expended for internal improvements from 1830 to 1845, alone, at seven millions of dollars. And in 1838, a law was passed establishing a uniform system of common schools.

For more than thirty years after the battle of New Orleans, Kentucky was not called upon to engage in war. But, in 1845, Congress admitted Texas as a State of the Union against the protest of Mexico, which up to that time had declined to recognize her independence. Mexico thereupon declared war, and an army of invasion was sent by the United States, commanded by Gen. Zachary Taylor, a Kentuckian. Soon thereafter Kentucky was called upon for twenty-four hundred troops, when ten thousand militia promptly volunteered. Only three regiments and one company, however, were accepted. At Monterey, Saltillo, Cerro Gordo, Buena Vista, and other engagements, they bravely fought and fell. The brilliant victory in the bloody pass of Buena Vista was tinged with gloom by reason of the death of McKee, Clay, Willis, Vaughan—Kentucky's gifted and distinguished sons,—and the shouts of the victors were mingled with the cries of mourning.

Within less than two years the Mexicans were ingloriously defeated, and Kentuckians carved with their trusty swords another famous chapter in the history of the State.

Concerning the political struggles between the court and country, Relief and Anti-Relief parties, the controversy which arose over the merits of the French Revolution and the Alien and Sedition laws, I will only say that they developed many statesmen, lawyers, and jurists, whose brilliancy, ability, and power reflected great credit upon, and contributed invaluable literature to, the Commonwealth. The history of the Democratic, Whig, and Republican parties may be summed up by reference to two principal political differences.

Unfortunately for Kentucky, indeed, for the Nation, the institution of slavery found lodgment in the United States at an early period. From its inception there was a dispute among the master minds of the Republic as to its justice. Notably among those who, in Kentucky, condemned it, was Henry Clay. His great mistake was subsequently made in condoning it; but his motives cannot be questioned. He was impractical enough to believe that by compromise and concession war could be averted and the Union preserved. To this purpose he dedicated his life, and for years postponed the evil day. But the conflict could not be averted—it was inevitable. In the language of Lincoln, no nation could permanently exist half free and half slave. At this day, in the light of past events, there can be found no intelligent man who for a moment would think of restoring slavery, and all wonder why such a horrible institution ever existed in a free country. It may be said with equal truth that no intelligent man doubts the honesty of those who believed in the justice of that institution, and who, in the main, gave the most humane treatment to their unfortunate bondmen.

From the inception of the Government there were two distinct schools of statesmen; one, holding to the doctrine that the States were the source of all power, and might resist the enforcement of what they believed to be unjust national laws, and even rightfully withdraw from the Union at pleasure; the other, that every citizen owed his first duty to the Nation, which was supreme, and that no State could rightfully withdraw from the Union. The many discussions of the illustrious statesmen of America on this question are perhaps the ablest and most powerful that have occurred during our national existence. Naturally, the people of each section were deeply impressed with the views of their leaders.

The threats to nullify and the declaration favoring State sovereignty, so frequently made by leading men, together with the belief in the South that the institution of slavery was in danger by reason of

the accession of the Republican party to power, led to secession and the firing on Fort Sumter. These acts plunged the country into the bloodiest war of all time. Brother contended against brother, and father against son, homes were desolated, and the flower of American manhood went down in death. The curtains of gloom hung heavily over every home, and the whole land was filled with broken and bleeding hearts. But I refrain from referring further to the horrors and immense sacrifices of blood and treasure during that frightful period.

In this titanic conflict Kentuckians were divided, the large majority, true to the teachings of Henry Clay, standing by the Union, loyal as were their forefathers in pioneer days when they refused to listen to the siren songs, or accept the alluring offers, of Spain and England. That those who went with the South were honest in their convictions cannot be doubted, for the motives of men who are willing to die for a principle cannot be questioned. Whatever may have been the difference of opinion then, we are all thankful now that the conflict ended in the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery. And we are all proud of the heroic deeds of our brave sons who fought or fell on either side. They made a record in that, as in every other war in which they have been engaged, for sublime courage and unswerving devotion to the principles they espoused.

To Kentucky fell the highest distinction of that memorable struggle, that of furnishing the Commanders-in-Chief of the two great contending armies—Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. The former was the most wonderful and illustrious man in all the rolling years of time. Endowed with superhuman wisdom, yet simple as a child, gifted with the loftiest courage, yet tender as a woman, the saviour of the Union, the liberator of a race, he fell a martyr to human liberty, revered and honored by the people of the civilized world. The latter won imperishable fame on the fields of Mexico, left the impress of his remarkable mind upon the records of the mightiest deliberative body on earth, was endowed with magnificent courage and unshaken belief in the righteousness of his cause, and received the most enthusiastic plaudits of his followers, who sorrowfully furled their tattered and battle-stained banner forever—the heroes of a "Lost Cause."

These two mighty Kentuckians, descendants of the pioneers, occupied the nation's stage for four years, while the people of the whole world witnessed the most thrilling drama of time.

On the monument erected by Kentucky on the bloody field of Chickamauga, where her sons contended with each other in much

larger numbers than on any other field, cast in enduring bronze is this inscription:

> "As we are united in life, and they united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and preserved every star on the Nation's flag."

The writing of that inscription was the proudest act of my life, and truly expresses the sentiment of every patriotic Kentuckian.

It is believed that this was the first monument erected since the dawn of creation whereon the deeds of victor and vanquished were alike extolled.

Of the Spanish-American War it may be said that Spain was defeated before Kentuckians could take active part; but, quick as was her defeat, it would have been accelerated had they earlier reached the front. In that war, as in all others, our sons responded with alacrity to the nation's call. The gray was merged into the blue and former foemen marched as brothers beneath the folds of the old flag, each struggling for the post of honor.

In the call for volunteers the President gave the preference to the three State guard regiments, which patriotically volunteered in a body. Later, other volunteers being required, there came from the mountains of Kentucky another regiment of infantry and two companies of cavalry, composed of equally patriotic men. Twenty regiments could have been readily placed in the field had their services been required.

Much as Kentucky suffered during the Civil War, it was a blessing in disguise, for it settled forever the supremacy of the nation and removed the incubus of slavery which for so many years materially retarded progress.

The Spanish-American war was a like blessing, for it demonstrated beyond all question that the bitterness of the past had been buried forever, and Kentuckians were once more keeping step to the music of the Union.

Time forbids that I should call the long roll of Kentucky's illustrious sons. Her statesmen, soldiers, orators, physicians, inventors, poets, sculptors, judges, preachers, lawyers, and politicians, have been the equals of all, and in some instances the superiors of, those of any other State of the Union. She has contributed seven Judges to the Supreme bench; ninety Ambassadors, foreign Ministers and Consuls;

twenty distinguished commanders to the Army of the United States, and Admirals, Commodores and Vice-Admirals to the Navy; during the War of the Rebellion, nearly sixty famous generals—about equally divided between the contending armies; and, aside from Governors and Congressmen representing the State, one hundred of her sons as Governors and Congressmen in other States of the Union. Six Kentuckians have served as Vice-President, two as President, and one as President of the Confederate States.

In 1790 our population was only seventy-three thousand, six hundred and seventy-seven; now, it is two million, five hundred thousand. Then, our wealth was so insignificant that we have no estimate of its amount; now, the taxable wealth is eight hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars.

During this period we have built cities, towns, turnpikes, bridges, railroads, colleges, churches, and school houses; improved rivers, developed mines, felled forests, increased and improved agriculture in all of its branches, erected telegraph and telephone lines, and advanced materially in all the avenues of life and trade.

But, my countrymen, this dedication would be a meaningless ceremony, a shadowy nothing, should we fail in the exultation of the moment, to appreciate our shortcomings and acknowledge our faults.

Material as has been the State's progress, it has not been what it should have been. For years before the Civil War she was cursed by slavery which enervated the people, and for years after crippled by ill-will and party prejudice growing out of it.

She has not the wealth, enterprise, energy, or development of younger States not blessed with her great natural advantages.

Her colleges have kept reasonable pace with those of many of the States, and while, during the last quarter of a century, there has been material improvement in common school education, the system is by no means creditable to the State. However, the recent quickening among the people, due to the efforts of the late Superintendent of Public Instruction, gives brilliant promise of future advancement.

There have been periods of lawlessness and violence that have seriously prejudiced us at home and abroad. It is cause for congratulation, however, that these violations of law have not been continuous, and that the State is now substantially free from their perpetration. But, considering these faults, serious as they are, they pale into insignificance in the light of glories achieved by the Commonwealth.

It would, indeed, be difficult to estimate the wealth and power of Kentucky had these unfavorable conditions never existed.

On this day, standing near the shadows of the past, in the bright light of the present, and facing the substantial promise of the future, we should dedicate, not this Capitol alone, but ourselves, to the service of the State; and when we return to our homes with renewed faith and zeal, we should encourage others to work ceaselessly for the moral and commercial upbuilding of the Commonwealth, so that the influence of this gathering may extend, as the constantly enlarging circle resulting from the casting of a stone into the waters, to every portion of Kentucky.

We need more and better public roads, more telegraph and telephone lines, more improved waterways, more railroads, greater development of forest and mines. If we but do our duty, every material interest will advance, and, rich as are other portions of the State, the mountain counties, derided in the past, will become the richest section of the State.

While these commercial interests are of vast importance, they by no means constitute the dominant factors in our well-being.

First, of all, the people should be taught the highest respect for the enforcement of law and order; otherwise, all may become chaotic and worthless. The murderer, the mob, and all organized bands of lawless men must be convinced that this is not a healthy locality for their action. When the time comes that every citizen, however humble, is fully protected in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, he will love his State because of such protection; and until that time we cannot boast of the "Old Kentucky Home."

We should labor effectively and earnestly, and contribute liberally, to the education of the children of the State, so that when they grow into manhood and womanhood, they shall love the State on account of what it has done for them. Kentucky can never become truly great until every child, white and black, within her borders, may drink freely at the public fountain of knowledge. Nor can she, by any other means, more effectively succeed in eliminating crime and disorder. Education is not only the foundation of moral, physical, and intellectual improvement, but it is the open sesame to success in every avenue of life. Whenever it becomes manifest that Kentucky protects her citizens and affords liberal advantages for education, the honest, intelligent, and sturdy immigrant, instead of avoiding us, as has largely been his custom in the past, will gladly come among us, and foreign capital will flow in a golden stream over the Commonwealth.

Mr. Gladstone said that the first duty of a State is to care for the health of its people. While not agreeing fully with him, it is clear

that such is one among its most important duties. Liberal appropriations should be made from the Treasury to destroy and prevent the contraction and spread of contagious diseases by applying proper remedies, taking necessary precautions, and removing the causes. And, for the purpose of accomplishing this good work, there should be a special course taught in every school to enlighten the masses.

There are some who will complain of expenditures to enforce the law, to educate the children, and to protect the public health. Such contention is not only disgusting parsimony, but little less than a crime against humanity. They argue simply against themselves, even financially considered, for every dollar thus expended will be returned a thousand-fold.

We should not forget that while every citizen has a right to the fullest and freest expression and exercise of his political views, there are matters of much greater moment that should call into energetic action our liveliest energies. The first and most important civic duty is, to love the Union; the next, to love the State. Then, in the language of the Holy Writ, we should "love one another." We sprang from the same common ancestors; each has the same interest in the Nation and State, and each is struggling, or should be, to accomplish the greatest good for the whole State. Our hearts, our hopes, our aspirations, are the same. Hence, we should, at all times, cultivate fraternal love.

We should appreciate that we are living in the world's greatest era. There are mighty forces of good and evil confronting each other. Wonderful improvements and inventions are revolutionizing the world, overcoming distance, and almost defying space. The earth, the sea, and the air, are fearlessly and successfully invaded and utilized by man. National differences and controversies threaten to involve the whole world. "Commercial supremacy" is the slogan of the nations; and here and there are specters that may soon become substantial and dangerous realities. Let Kentuckians seriously think and profoundly study all these problems, so that whatever conditions arise they shall be ready and able, as their fathers were, to take an active, successful, and glorious part.

Human imagination cannot conceive, much less can pen portray, the splendid future of Kentucky. And when she has reached the zenith of her glory, when she shall blossom in the fullness of her beauty, and another Capitol, grander and more capacious than this, shall be erected, may we not indulge the hope that something we have said or done will justly call forth a word of commendation? If such word be spoken, we shall not have lived in vain.

Regretfully we turn from this spot, because each appreciates the fact that never again shall he feel the inspiration of national and State love that this occasion inspires, for the probability is that even the youngest will not live to witness another dedication. In comparatively a few years you shall rest in the soil you love so well. May the summer's sun shine brightly, and the winter's snows fall lightly as they deftly weave their white mantle above you. May the tempests abate their fury as they sweep over you. May the springtime entwine its most beautiful garlands above you; and may each of you, reunited with your loved ones, in that realm beyond the stars where summer's heat and winter's cold are unknown, where the grass never withers and the flowers never fade, abide in His presence forever.

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